





*Feargus O'Connor. Esq.<sup>re</sup>  
M.P. for Nottingham.*

# THE LABOURER;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, POETRY, &c.

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BY

FEARGUS O'CONNOR & ERNEST JONES, ESQRS.

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## PREFACE.

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WE are fortunate in being able to say that our Preface is warranted in being short. We have no lengthy explanations to give with regard to pledges broken, or promises not realized. We have set ourselves a task—we have performed it honestly and to the best of our abilities, and, in issuing this First Volume of "THE LABOURER" to the public, we look back with pleasure to the hour when we first became acquainted with our Readers, and with confidence as to the results of our future intercourse. Our object has been more instruction than amusement—we, however, had one great goal before our eyes—the redemption of the Working classes from their thralldom—and to this object we have made the purpose of each article subservient. Yet, convinced that all which elevates the feelings or heightens the aspirations, can but strengthen the political power of a people, we have placed poetry and romance side by side with politics and history. In the "Insurrections of the Working-classes" we are shewing how the People were mastered and oppressed in former times; in the "Romance of a People," how they are injured in the present day; in the "Confessions of a King," how they may be used as the tools of ambition; while a series of political articles has been the connecting link of bringing these lessons to bear on our present prospects and position.

We are not of those who boast of what they have done, or of what they will do, but in acknowledging the success which has attended our undertaking, we may, perhaps, be permitted to observe, that "The Labourer" is one of the very few magazines which supply their readers with entirely original matter—and the only one which fully and fearlessly stands forward as the advocate of democracy—and the exponent of popular grievances and popular rights. We have devoted a considerable portion of our space to the Questions of the Land and the Bank, convinced that in these we behold two of the levers destined to remove the dead weight of monopoly from the shoulders of the people; and we now conclude these prefatory remarks, with which we lay the fruit of our labours before the Reader, in the hope that we may be cheered and encouraged in our onward course by the best stimulant to exertion that we can receive: that of beholding democratic spirit and democratic power spreading and prospering among the ranks of the oppressed.

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# THE LABOURER.

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## THE LABOURER; A CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY ERNEST JONES.

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In a cottage on a moor  
Famine's feeble children cried;  
The frost knocked sharply at the door,  
And hunger welcom'd him inside;

In the moonlight cracked the leaves,  
As the fox across them passed,  
And the ice-drops from the eaves  
Rattled to the whirling blast;

On the black hearth glowed no ember,  
On the damp floor lay the rhyme,  
Elfin-haloes of December  
For the sainted Christmas-time;

And a pale girl sat there chaunting  
Mournfully to children twain,  
Like some sweet house-spirit haunting  
Old men's homes with childhood's strain.

Ellen was a maiden fair,  
With that beauty meek and frail,  
Softened by the hand of care  
From the red rose to the pale.

But the children had no feature  
Of the blythe child's merry grace,  
Still of spirit—small of stature—  
Manhood's thought on childhood's face.

And a woman, thin and eager,  
Tossed upon a litter low,  
Lifting up large eyes of fever,  
With a look of angry woe.

Harsh complaints, and words unkind  
To each and all in turn addressed,  
For pain, with searching hand, will find  
A bitter drop in every breast.

Bearing all with passive mood  
 While her sharp invective ran,  
 In cold and fearful calmness stood,  
 A silent, melancholy man.

O'er his brow the moonbeam lingered  
 'Mid the lines that passion wrought,  
 Like an angel, glory-fingered,  
 Shewing heaven the dangerous thought.

He had toiled in hope's assurance,  
 Toiled when hope had changed to fear,  
 Toiled amid despair's endurance—  
 These were sorry thanks to hear !

Yet he chid not her reproving,  
 Bore it all in quiet part—  
 Said: it is but misery moving  
 Pulses, foreign to her heart.

Still in solemn silence bound,  
 Scarce a sign of life he gave,  
 But fixed his eyes upon the ground,  
 As though his look could dig his grave.

Sudden through the broken pane  
 Faintly gleamed a ruddy light,  
 And something like a festive strain  
 Came thrilling through the heart of night.

With flashing eyes that woman wan  
 Rose like a shade against the wall:  
 "Hark ! hark ! the festival's began !  
 "The tables groan at Leawood-hall !  
 "The Rich man feasts—and Leawood's near—  
 "What honey stores his golden hive !  
 "Go ! bid him give those, dying here,  
 "One crust to save their souls alive !"

The night grew dark—but from a height  
 Afar the lordly mansion shone,  
 Shone pillar white—and portal bright,  
 Like trellice-work of fire and stone.

Along the roads, from every side,  
 The blazing lamps were seen to race,  
 As fast the guests invited hied  
 To share the feast at Leawood-Place.

It was a Norman castle high—  
 It was a keep of ages rude,  
 When men named murder, *chivalry*,  
 And robbery was called—a *feud*.

There barons stern once housed in pride,  
 And coined the labourer's heart to gold:  
 On field and fell the labourer died,  
 While they were gay in holt and hold.

What they had lavished, to replenish,  
 They o'ertaxed endurance' length,  
 Drunk his labour down in Rhenish,  
 And grew strong upon his strength.

Men of haughtiness! unthinking  
 In their selfishness of caste,  
 'Twas his life-blood they were drinking!  
 But 'twould poison them at last.

From the dust that they were treading,  
 Some stood up by force or craft,  
 'Till, the scutcheoned peer o'erheading,  
 In his face the *trader* laughed.

Then, his triumph once ensuring,  
 This new conqueror fiercely rose,  
 Smote the people's neck enduring,  
 After they had crushed his foes.

And those mighty tyrant-blasters  
 Settled into slaves again;  
 They had only changed their masters,  
 And that change was worse than vain.

Since then, a sterile-thoughted man  
 Had lorded it o'er Leawood fair,  
 Who as an errand-boy began,  
 And ended as a millionaire.

And his son, by slow degrees,  
 Mounted life with golden feet,  
 For the son knew how to please,  
 As the sire knew how to cheat.

Before he rose, the people's friend,  
 He feigned at all their wrongs to burn;  
 Now, as he bent, made others bend,  
 And played the tyrant in his turn.

Patronized each bible-mission;  
 Gave to charities—his *name*;  
 No longer cared for *man's* condition,  
 But carefully preserved—his *game*.

Against the Slave-trade he had voted,  
 "Rights of Man" resounding still;  
 Now, basely turning, brazen-throated,  
 Yelled against the Ten Hours' Bill.

---

Oh! Leawood-place was gay that night,  
 Shone roof and rafter, porch and door,  
 And proudly rolled the sheeted light  
 Its glory over Leawood-moor.

Full in the glare the labourer stood;  
 The music smote him like a blast,  
 And, through the rich ancestral wood,  
 He heard the fat deer rushing past.

"While we are starving!" cried his love;  
 "But they are watching!" said his fear.  
 'Twixt hell below and heaven above—  
 What dost thou on the balance here?

Through the hall the beggar spurning,  
 Menials drove him from the door:  
 Can they chide the torch for burning,  
 They cast smouldering on the floor?

Say not: "This is no fair sample,  
 "This was but the menial's part!"  
 'Twas the master's past example  
 Filtered through the servant's heart.

"Man is born—and man must live!"  
 Thus anger read its maddening creed:  
 "If I take, what they won't give,  
 "Can heaven itself frown on the deed?"

---

That night a fierce and haggard man  
 Was seen to rush from Leawood-place,  
 And fast the keen pursuers ran,  
 And rang the rifle on the race.

His blood is on the frozen heath;  
 The man-hounds speed to track his lair;  
 Thus dooms the rich the poor man's death,  
 Who dares to claim the poor man's share.

Ye pampered drones! pursuit is vain,  
 Give o'er the godless, cruel strife!  
 As well o'ertake the hurricane:  
 Despair and love fly there for life.

---

Long the anxious wife sat waiting,  
Fainter grew the children's cry;  
E'en the wind, the desolating,  
Slept to his own lullaby.

The father came—but, hot and wild  
The open door he staggered past;  
His brow was knit, but still he smiled,  
Like sunset over tempest cast.

"Food! food!" he cried, "they feast to night,  
"And I have brought our share as well;  
"Wife! we were starving—'twas our right!  
"If not—as God wills—heaven or hell!"

Then spoke his wife with inward pride  
To think her counsel proved so brave;  
"I knew you could not be denied;  
"Now bless the gentle hand that gave."

He strangely smiled in wondrous mood,  
And, with the haste of fever, quaffed  
Down to the dregs a fiery flood;  
And still he smiled—and still he laughed.

He laughed to mark their spirits rise,  
And that his wife had ceased to sigh,  
And how the ardour in her eyes  
Gave her the look of times gone by.

He laughed to think how small a cost  
Might brighten poverty's eclipse;  
But sudden silence strangely crossed  
With blanching hand his quivering lips.

Then oft he kissed each little child,  
And looked as one who'd much to say;  
But, ere he spoke, some pinion wild  
Waved the unuttered thought away.

And Ellen marvelled to behold  
Such fitful change and sudden cheer;  
He had so long been stern and cold,  
This kindness seemed a thing to fear.

And fainter grew his smile, and bitter,  
And his face turned cold and gray,  
While slow he sunk down on the litter,  
And strength's last bravery broke away.

Then they saw, where, heartward glancing,  
Deep the cruel rifle smote;  
While death's gurgling march advancing  
Sounded up his gasping throat.

Clung, like leaves of Autumn's serest,  
 Wife and children to his side:  
 He turned his last look on his dearest,  
 And, thus sadly gazing, died.

Courage now no more dissembled  
 Broken strength and baffled will:  
 The wistful children stood and trembled,  
 And the room grew very still.

Still in Leawood laughter loud  
 Sped the dance athwart the floor;  
*That* was Christmas for the Proud,  
*This* was Christmas for the Poor.

In this Poem, the author has drawn but a faint picture of a poor man's Christmas, as will be seen by the following extracts from the public letter of Mr. Cummins, a magistrate of the County of Cork, to the Duke of Wellington, which was published in the *Morning Herald* and other journals of Tuesday, the 22nd of December last.

Mr. Cummins says, that,

"Having heard so much of the distress in the western parts of the county, I accordingly went on the 15th inst. to Skibbereen, and to give the instance of one townland which I visited, as an example of the state of the entire coast district, I shall state simply what I there saw. It is situate on the eastern side of Castlehaven harbour, and is named South Reen, in the parish of Myross. Being aware that I should have to witness scenes of frightful hunger, I provided myself with as much bread as five men could carry, and on reaching the spot I was surprised to find the wretched hamlet apparently deserted. I entered some of the hovels to ascertain the cause, and the scenes that presented themselves were such as no tongue or pen can convey the slightest idea of. In the first, six famished and ghastly skeletons, to all appearance dead, were huddled in a corner on some filthy straw, their sole covering what seemed a ragged horsecloth, their wretched legs hanging about, naked above the knees. I approached in horror, and found by a low moaning they were alive—they were in fever, four children, a woman, and what had once been a man. It is impossible to go through the detail. Suffice it to say, that in a few minutes I was surrounded by at least two hundred of such phantoms, such frightful spectres, as no words can describe. By far the greater number were delirious, either from famine or from fever. Their demoniac yells are still ringing in my ears, and their horrible images are fixed upon my brain. My heart sickens at the recital, but I must go on.

"In another case, decency would forbid what follows, but it must be told. My clothes were nearly torn off in my endeavour to escape from the throng of pestilence around, when my neckcloth was seized from behind by a gripe which compelled me to turn. I found myself grasped by a woman with an infant just born in her arms, and the remains of a filthy sack across her loins—the sole covering of herself and babe. The same morning the police opened a house on the adjoining lands, which was observed shut for many days, and two frozen corpses were found, lying upon the mud floor, half devoured by the rats.

"A mother, herself in a fever, was seen the same day to drag out the corpse of her child, a girl about twelve, perfectly naked, and leave it half



covered with stones. In another house, within 500 yards of the cavalry station at Skibbereen, the dispensary doctor found seven wretches lying, unable to move, under the same cloak. One had been dead many hours, but the others were unable to move either themselves or the corpse.

“To what purpose should I multiply such cases?”

Compare this with the fact that, as stated in the public papers of the same day, “the ports of Galway, Tralee, Limerick, and Sligo, are filled with shipping taking in cargoes of oats for London, Liverpool, and Scotland, while the shipping notes are silent respecting arrivals of Indian corn or other articles of food,” and the reader will have a tolerable idea of the condition of the people, and the worth of the government.

E. J.

## A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

GREETING to the new year! I love his advent, for with him come new hopes, new prospects, and new plans. Fresh foot-print on the path of time, as he is urging to eternity. Time! mankind still follow as he leads: now his way lies through arid deserts, now through flowery and refreshing gardens, now the red blood of battle seethes around his departing foot, and now his noiseless passage fleets through the stillness of peace. But hope and courage cling around him; action and enterprise look up to him. He is the eternal *onward*, he is progression advancing to completion. Dread inflicter and gentle healer! It is he who takes the bright blush of girlhood from the face of beauty—yet sets the seal of dignity upon the brow of woman; it is he who quenches the undaunted sparkle of the manly eye, yet gives the white-haired glory of age to well-spent life; it is he who destroys the tree, yet matures the seed;—it is he who decays the body, yet exalts the mind; it is he who moulders the fortress, yet rears the daisy; it is he who strikes the heart with partings and with death; it is he who lulls the pain with oblivion and distance; it is he who draws the veil from the face of crime, and sets the crown upon the brow of truth!—Then hail to thee, father of years, and parent of progression! The people of the earth look up to thee for what thou shalt bring and what thou shalt take away!———and, as I spoke, the annual train rushed up the line of the ecliptic. Four engine drivers, whom I soon found to be the seasons, slackened speed at Old Year Station, but the train of Time never stopped, it went fast, or it went slow—sometimes very slow, but it was going ever.

An elderly gentleman, stepping from a first class carriage, alighted on the platform. He had a pleasant look and a winning smile, and a roguish twinkle in his mild, grey eye; yet, at intervals, an expression of sadness stole over his face and passed away. His dress was an admixture of the modern dandy and the antiquated beau. Inveterate habit seemed to cling about his Hessian boots, and knowing cockneyism to jaunt about his well placed hat. His bow had the graceful courtesy of a Louis, dashed with the wild chivalry of a Bayard—and his voice reminded you of many things; it had old, familiar tones, that one seemed to have heard before, like snatches from the songs of childhood, with the airs remembered, but the words forgotten. Yet, at times, a harsh, new sound would break the current of his speech, startle with novelty, and then die, mingling with the measured cadence of the past. Numbers left the train at this station, and numbers entered. An omnibus was waiting for all those who left;—a dark, black, shadowy thing, with a yawning door, and a strange conductor on the board. He held up one gaunt finger unceasingly, beckoning away and away—but no breath passed over his fleshless lips; the wheels turned, and the steeds trampled—but without a sound—and, when the last passenger had entered, the door closed heavily, like the shutting of a coffin lid, and the conductor, DEATH, gave the signal for departure.

Simultaneously, numbers had been arriving—some with great noise, having outriders in livery, blowing horns and trumpets; others silent, cold and cheerless, like a flake of wintry snow.

Porters, too, were there, with uncountable bales of goods, mostly ticketed by Hope, for the stations of Futurity, while Disappointment, like a careless servant, lost, or injured, many by the way.

“As usual, more come, than go!”—said the old gentleman. “Five hundred thousand more this year, than last. Put on more carriages! Well, no matter! There’ll be less to carry; we have more human beings, it’s true, but then there’s much less food!”—and old Time smiled as he spoke, half satire, and half sorrow. I saw him look with a doubtful eye, as piles of blunderbusses, for Ireland, were placed on the luggage vans;—and I noticed another consignment that attracted my attention—it was entitled “The Labourer,” and addressed “To the care of the blistered hands, fustian jackets, and unshorn chins.”

Meanwhile the old gentleman kept bustling about the platform, while the train was passing so slowly, that its motion was almost imperceptible. “I always give my passengers some

"leisure at this station. It is the opportunity they have to "think," he said; "the reminder of the progress of their "lives;" and I saw him stepping from one to the other, saying a little word to each, that some acknowledged with a start or sigh, and others laughed off with a careless laugh, even while the thunder of the lingering train was droning in their ears.

He held the waybill in his hands, and I noticed the stations printed in large capitals. Strange names they bore too;—after a time the line appeared to separate into two;—on one were the stations of Excess and Disease,—Waste and Want,—Power and Crime,—Oppression and Pride;—on the other those of Virtue and Happiness,—Toil and Strength,—Perseverance and Success,—Liberty and Equality; the distances, too, between each, were marked; but, although the one station clearly led to the other in the due course of the line, the time it took to pass from each to the next, was not distinctly marked; and I subsequently found, that the passengers themselves could not at all agree as to how long it would require. The opinions were very conflicting, in particular, as to what time it would need, before we arrived at the station of Liberty and Equality.

Having been a traveller on this line for some years, I have slight experience in the matter; I have booked right through for Equality station, and, if my opinion has any weight, I must say, I think that we are getting near it.

The train had first, second, and third class carriages, but they were called, on this line, upper, middle, and working class. In the first sat kings, priests, soldiers, lawyers, nobles, ladies and gentlemen, young and old; in the second, merchants, bankers, and shopocrats, with their families; in the third, *men, women, and children*.

The first and second class passengers mostly got out at the station to stretch their legs, and take refreshments; the third class, having no money to spend, and no leisure to spare, kept in their carriages, or remained near them, on the platform.

Suddenly the signal for departure pealed like a thunderblast, and all were scrambling to regain their places. The poor did so easily, having little luggage to carry or look after—but many a prince and peer, encumbered by his trappings, nearly missed a seat, and was glad to cast some of his pomp away, to accommodate himself to the new progress of the train of time. In the scramble, many a crown and coronet were loosened on the head—many a mantle of old privilege trailed insecurely on the ground—many a merchant threw down part of his profits—many a shopocrat resigned a portion of his pelf, lest, impeded by these, he should be left behind alone, in the progressing

travel of the human race ; and many a landlord, burthened with a mass of game, began to share it with his poorer brethren.

Various were the travellers by that train, and various the places of their destination ; some travelled in *Luxury* to alight at *Want*—or with *Ambition* to depart in *Shame*, but many a poor man paid for his journey in the coin of patience, privation, and perseverance, and, though he had a hard seat and a rough way, got a ticket that would take him to the promised “*LAND*.”

Among my fellow passengers, I especially noticed one, who had travelled by this train for many years. He had two fair children with him, the one verging on boyhood, the other still in its infancy, and he seemed to take an especial delight in their fine and healthy appearance. I had also noticed, on previous journies, that the first and second class passengers appeared to shrink back in great alarm when he approached, but those of the third class ever made room, and welcomed him among them. This year a change seemed to have taken place in the feelings of some of the former—for many a voice was heard out of the middle class carriages, asking him to join them, and many were seen opening the doors. But the father took his children more firmly by the hand, and, true to his old friends, resumed his former place by their side.

The signal sounded again !—through the funnel of the engine rushed a vast, party-coloured cloud : it was the vapouring schemes and speculations of the human brain ; the slow motion changed to a whirlwind speed ; wigs began to blow off the head of the lawyer, plumes off the cap of the soldier, the worn out badges of old class distinctions began rapidly to drift away before the wind of our course ; many a head waxed dizzy, many a heart turned sick, many an eye grew blind, but that father and his children seemed gladdened at the swift progress of Time, since they were booked for the station of *Liberty* and *Equality*, and were joyous to mark the old barriers, placed by the hand of *Privilege* upon the line of *Life*, vanishing one after another as we hurried onward. Curious to know the names of these fellow travellers, whom all seemed thus to love, I asked a working man, who sat beside me. He appeared astonished at my ignorance, and replied : “ The name of the father is the “*People’s Friend*,” his eldest child is called “*THE CHARTER*,” and the other is christened “*THE LAND*.”

# THE INSURRECTIONS

## OF

# THE WORKING CLASSES.

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### CHAPTER I.

*How the people lost their lands and liberty.*

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THE casual, or attentive reader of the following events may be pleased by the romance, or struck by the moral, of History; the ardent find an incentive to fiery action, the philosopher to calm reflection, or the cynic to the bitter luxury of a sneer; but all will feel alike, that a great principle has been the prompting spirit of these insurrections, although, at times, vindicated by unequal champions, ever rising superior to its best defenders, surviving its worst opponents, and still marching onwards with the progression of humanity.

The reader is left to draw his own inference; there is no didactic reasoning, arriving at foregone conclusions, or prejudging the merits of contending powers; it is a narrative of oppression and resistance, the one following the other as apparently as the explosion of the mine succeeds the firing of the train. The naked facts have greater eloquence than the discursive pen; the bared anatomy of history is spread before the reader's eye, and his the fault, if he become not skilled in its wonderful, yet simple, mechanism.

It has been a nice endeavour, to distinguish the delicate whisper of truth amid the din of conflicting testimony. The howl of priestly virulence and feudal rapacity frightened many an honest witness, the hand of fanatic power darkened the picture of the people's struggles,—the pen of the victor has written the history of the vanquished, and what remains for *your* historian, but—*Facts?* Facts, difficult to arrive at, it is true, yet stubborn things, that pride nor prejudice can efface: insurrection, that points back to servitude; servitude, that points back to oppression. With these for his guide, excluding the false arguments of partial annalists, the historian arrives at a terrible and damning truth, learns a deep and elevating moral, gains a powerful and glorious hope, while he receives a great and salutary warning.

The truth—that an evil tendency is ever working among nations, to subjugate the many to the few.

The moral—that violence breeds violence again; that liberty prospers in the sunshine, not by the glare of conflagrations; and that the sword, although it may be the hallowed instrument of retribution, is too often a haflless blade, cutting the hand that holds.

The hope—that the path of redemption leads from the burning ordeal, through which liberty has passed—a child of heaven whose pure brow has been baptised with blood and fire, to harden it against the storms of earth—a hope, founded on the glorious evidence, that the period between the repression and recurrence of an insurrection, has each time become more short, and though the yoke might prove more galling, the victory has been less complete; that in every succeeding struggle the principles of humanity have been asserted in greater purity, and that from every defeat they have arisen with accumulated power.

The warning—that no form of government is in itself sufficient to secure the independence of a people; that every heart must be its living talisman, and every tongue speak its undying oracle.

This history confines itself to European countries, commences with that period, when the different people of Europe, classified in nations, emerging from the obscurity of foreign conquest, began to assume a self-dependent existence, and will necessarily be divided into three distinct epochs: the first indignant struggles of the oppressed against the oppressor, ending, in almost every instance, with the complete subjugation of the former, and centuries of mental and physical slavery; the subsequent partial resurrection of liberty, in a religious form, while the civil rights of man remained almost entirely disregarded; the further developement of the popular principle, when political emancipation became the watchword of the working-classes—baffled by the league of kings and dissension of nations, but destined to re-appear in the nineteenth century and engage the very readers of these pages in its stirring vortex.

The earliest records of European nationality represent man as in a state of freedom, the unshackled owner of the untaxed soil of his country; in possession of sufficient land to secure a maintenance, and bearing arms for the defence of his personal liberty, while wood, water, and pasturage, fish, fowl, and game, were the common property of all. The people were governed by equal laws founded on traditionary precedent, or established by common consent; every man had a voice in the election of the chief magistrate, whose duty it was to carry the decrees of the general council into effect, and who, though frequently bearing the title of king, enjoyed no prerogative not shared in by the humblest of his countrymen. Separate from the regal power was that of the duke, or military commander—a function, however, only exercised in times of war, for which, as also for the kingly office, every freeman was equally eligible.

Even in this age of independence, however, there existed men deprived of certain rights—nay! actual slaves; these were either prisoners of war, inhabitants of conquered countries, or such as had rendered themselves obnoxious to the laws of their own. A conquered country was either divided among the victors, and the people treated as slaves; or part of their possessions, and a certain amount of personal liberty, was left to the vanquished, on condition of paying tribute and performing stipulated services,—while the convicted criminal became deprived of his rights as a freeman, and was frequently assigned as the slave of him whose person or family he had injured.

The reluctant bondsman gradually changed into the devoted follower, since, once imbued with the spirit of slavery, and aware that his condition must necessarily be that of servitude, it became his interest to please the master whom the chances of war or the decrees of justice had assigned him, and since every act of kindness he received was a voluntary one, a feeling of attachment was created in the course of time, the more dangerous to popular liberty, as it gave a tinge of romance to the relative position of master and dependent.

Thus a state of inequality originated, a feeling of servility was engendered, by the hands of war and crime, and, as in the case of foreign conquest, the most distinguished warrior ever received the largest portion of the spoil and captives, a class was soon created, pre-eminent in wealth, with a large body of martial men subservient to their will.

A nobility once established, with a strong disposable force, naturally sought to encrease its power by the same means employed in its formation; wars of personal aggrandisement were therefore undertaken, and national animosities carefully fomented. The state of war being almost continual, the military leaders contrived to establish a permanent sovereignty. Receiving a greater share of the conquered lands than their companions in arms, they could afford to bestow fiefs on those, who, in return, rendered them homage and obedience as the most powerful, their intervention was sought in private feuds, and thus, a royal prerogative began to loom above the general level of the community.

A power had now arisen, subversive of the equal rights of man; it remains to be seen by what steps the strength and independence of the people were undermined and broken.

The extent of a country, encreased by foreign conquest, soon rendered it impossible for the entire nation to meet in one great general council. Delegates had to be elected, and the superior power and influence of the aristocracy enabled them almost always to ensure their own election. As an invariable result, laws were framed promoting the interests of the rich, emanating from a *part* of the community, though worded in the *name* of all. Thus, the first exclusive representative privileges gradually became the prerogative of a class.

Kings and aristocracies, however, were as yet obliged to proceed but slowly and cautiously in this system of encroachment, since the people still bore arms and owned the soil. History invariably teaches, that the liberties of men were undermined in the same proportion, in which the ownership of the land went out of their possession.

The period of subjection might have been deferred much longer, had not, at this time, a new element been infused into the polity of states. Entering Europe from the South and East, a hungry priesthood poured like an invading host across the frontiers of the western world. As men of peace—no sword could be drawn against them; as preachers in the name of God, they clothed themselves with superstitious terror, and appealing to the hearts of rulers by

throwing a divinity around a crown, supplied the royal prerogative with that which it had hitherto lacked, a higher sanction and a moral dignity. Kings were not backward in appreciating the advantages to be derived from this new religion, and thus we almost always find the first man, who was converted in a country, was its monarch. The aristocracy soon following his example from similar inducements, and possessed of armed power in the way already narrated, had now a plea for turning it against their countrymen, and commencing their subjugation in the name of God. Conversion soon spread wide by dint of fire and sword, and if we ask after the creed of these apostles, had they not given it a name themselves, we should, at this period of time, have no small difficulty in travelling to its source. The worship they claimed for their God, was money to the priest, palaces to house an immaterial deity, and tithes of earthly produce for etherial spirits.

The Historian may smile or sigh, in our later day, when recording, that they called this christianity ; but, in that time, tears of blood had failed to expiate the crime of doubt, and the religion of eternal peace was propagated by unceasing war.

The magnificence of churchmen recalled their oriental origin. Displayed in sumptuous buildings and luxurious dress, velvet and gemmed girdles, golden spurs\*, and silk so costly in that time, (sack-cloth and the rope, ashes and the scourge, were, it is true, a simultaneous growth, as one extreme tried to correct itself by another;) their marble altars and their precious vases, their swelling choirs, rare incense and rich banquets, could not be supplied by ordinary means ; voluntary contributions fell far short ; tithe and tax failed vastly in amount ; all the promises of heaven and threats of hell were exhausted, to draw supplies from the pious believer. He was induced to hope, that the wealth of Heaven would be his if he gave the riches of earth to the priest, and dying men bequeathed their lands to the church, to save their immortal souls from eternal pain. So great, however, was the rapacity of churchmen, that they were known to resort to intimidation, force and fraud, perjury and forging of wills, to obtain the property of the reluctant sinner.

Thus the church began the first encroachment on the landed power of the people. The aristocracy soon followed their example. The defence of the country, which had been the general care of all, now became the especial business of the government, and the formation of armies, to carry on the ceaseless wars of royal ambition, was enforced by military levy. Every man was liable to serve, but the extent of his liability was regulated by the size of his freehold. Whoever owned a certain amount of land, had to pay for his own equipment, expences on the march, and maintenance for three months ; he, who possessed less, joined with another, the one bearing the expense, the other doing military service, the

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\*The arms and emblems of knightly and temporal distinction were asumed by these meek pastors of the christian flock.



amount of property deciding the number requisite for sending a man to the field. The mass of freeholders was so great, however, that this onerous duty would rarely have devolved oftener than once on the same man, even in the time of Charlemagne, every year of whose reign was signalised by sanguinary wars, had not the local nobility been entrusted to enforce the levy. They rendered it a source of revenue. The man who paid them a consideration was never summoned to the field; he, who refused, was obliged to serve twice, thrice and even four times. The expense of frequent equipment, the cost of so many campaigns, and the necessary neglect of his little farm, gradually ruined the refractory freeman, until he was unable, when called upon, to find the means for serving or to pay the fine for neglect, and his property was accordingly confiscated by the rapacious noble.

By these means, the lands of the people were being gradually absorbed in the fast extending domains of the aristocracy, and those, who were thus beggared, had no other resource, than to surrender their liberty at the bidding of a master, whom their own property had made rich enough to supply their wants, while the numbers of these law-made paupers were constantly increased by the sons of those who had bequeathed their freeholds to the church.

Lands were now given them for life, on tenure of feudal service, such as finding horses for the lord and his retinue; working in his fields and gardens; hewing and carrying wood; fetching water; beating for game in the preserves, and many other exactions, to which hunger and destitution forced them to submit. Those, who refused, had no other resource, than to beg, rob, or wander starving about the country; but even this last alternative they were not permitted to embrace, in the very land that had been once their own, for in such cases they were hunted down like wild beasts, as vagabonds and dangerous men, dragged back in chains, and forced to serve a master. The first symptom of parochial location.

Many a freeholder, to escape the inevitable results attendant on the mal-administration of bad laws by the laity, gave his lands to the church, with reservation of a life-interest for himself, in consideration of being thus exempt from military service, and protected from the exaction of the noble. Henceforth he lived in undisturbed possession of his property, but as his own no longer; he held it of the hierarchy, to whom it reverted at his death.

Thousands of freeholders were thus annually annexed to the church, and the disinherited children gradually gathered into a vast pauper population, who were obliged to toil as hired labourers on the very lands their fathers had possessed as freemen.

So rapidly had this system of surrender extended, that, as early as the year 840, four thousand farms were held of the see of Augsburg alone which possessed 421 in addition, cultivated by its own serfs.

The hierarchy, not content with the ultimate reversion of the lands, began gradually to impose a tax on the occupier, in consideration of the protection they afforded. At first it was only

sought for as a voluntary donation; but since protection was withheld in case of refusal, it very soon became not only precedent, but law.

Although, however, the vassals of the church were exempt from feudal rapacity and military service, their condition does not appear to have been much superior to that of the lay-vassals, as the following occurrence of a somewhat later age will indicate.

In the year 1252, the inhabitants of Chatenay, a village near Paris, belonging to the chapter of Notre Dame, had fallen in arrears with their annual impost. The Chapter had the peasants brought to Paris by a detachment of its men-at-arms, and immured in a dungeon underneath the church. The damp, dark vault was insufficiently ventilated, crowded to suffocation, and so foul and filthy, that after a few days a pestilence broke out, the captives fought for air, and many died. Hearing of this, Blanche, the young Queen Regent, requested their liberation and offered bail; but the Chapter replied, the church had authority to let them die if it chose, and a right to do as it liked with its own. Immediately, in defiance of the Queen, they again sent their men-at-arms to Chatenay, had the women and children seized as well, and plunged them in the already crowded dungeon. The horrors were now at their height, and while the churchmen were pouring their magnificent praises to God along the aisles of the cathedral, faint and unceasing cries for air and water were heard from the prisons under ground. Blanche, assembling a party of her knights and retainers, now appeared before the gate. The priests threatened the first man, who should dare to touch their property, with the curse of heaven. The soldiers fell back terrified, but the gallant lady advanced alone to the portal, and struck it with her riding whip. This encouraged her attendants, the doors were burst, and the ghastly remnant of those once happy villagers were brought once more into the light of day, to chaunt the praises of the God of mercy.

How sad the condition of the lay vassal must have been, when it was thought fortunate to be a vassal of the church.

The scene to which the foregoing events form but the prelude, is growing still more dark. The system of fighting on horseback had become general, and as cavalry began to decide the fate of battles, the powers of the aristocracy increased in proportion. Under this mode of service, ruinous to the small freeholder, the old military levy commenced falling into abeyance, and the people became strangers to the use of arms. Fines and surrenders were rapidly reducing independent holdings into vassalage, and men paid heavy sums to the local nobles, who had to raise the disposable force of their district, that they might provide substitutes in their stead. The nobles took the money, hired the substitutes, and thus the deathblow was given to the independence of the people, by the creation of the THIRD, or MILITARY CLASS. Regular armies may be considered to date from this period.

We now behold the machinery perfected. Aristocracy, priesthood, and soldiery, ranged beneath the shadow of the Crown.

The nobility themselves formed the nucleus of the military class. Rallying around them all those who were too poor to maintain themselves, and lawless enough to plunder others, they gave them fiefs on military tenure.

The age of feudal wars had arrived. The country was pillaged, burnt, and destroyed by the armed followers of hostile noblemen. The first mode of harrassing a feudal foe, was by killing his vassals, burning their cottages and levelling their harvests. Famine was the result. The belligerent nobles, however, had previously collected food in their granaries; the church had its accumulated tithes; they and their retainers were safe from the pressure of want; but the people began to perish by thousands, and multitudes came streaming to the doors of castle and convent, surrendering themselves as slaves for the sake of food, like Esau, selling their birth-rights for a mess of pottage.

Despite the previous system of extortion, plunder, and gradual enslavement of the original proprietors of the soil, a considerable number of small freeholders were still scattered about the country, stubborn relics of an ancient race—powerless witnesses of the surrounding ruin, though as yet independent, both in property and person. But these small, isolated freeholds were surrounded by the vast domains of nobles, and by swarms of feudatory vassals, armed, disciplined and united, holding lands by military tenure. How easy it became to oppress! How powerless the resistance of one man against the immense array! In feuds, wherein he took no part, his cottage might be burnt, himself murdered, and his family outraged with impunity! He was, therefore, glad to pay an annual tribute to the nearest feudal chief for safety of his person and possessions. His body, it is true, was still free, his estate was still his own, but it had now become burthened with this impost, and as the number of nobles and retainers encreased on every side, it became necessary to purchase security at the hands of more than one, every great lord demanding a tribute as a condition of non-molestation. The burthen soon becoming greater than his means, he was driven at last to throw himself on the mercy of the most formidable of his neighbours, surrender land and cottage, as others had done before him, and thus the last of the old freemen were engulfed by the encircling wave of feudalism.

This period presents us with the apparent anomaly of liberal measures emanating from the throne, and monarchs attempting to interfere between the noble and the "common" man. Thus Lewis the Pious issued an edict, regulating the amount of feudal service and limiting the power of the lord over his vassal, since he, in common with other sovereigns, began to feel the aristocracies too mighty for control, and to seek a counter-power in the ranks of labour. Unavailing efforts, cramped by civil and hereditary wars, rendering it the necessity of kings to conciliate the most powerful of their nobles by additional concessions. It is true, that every independent freeholder was supposed to stand under the protection of the crown, extended to him by the means of royal officers.

But these happened invariably to be either the very nobleman by whom he was oppressed, or a brother soldier, connexion, or friend, of the oppressor.

Appeal in person to the distant throne was almost impossible, owing to the length and cost of the journey, and when made, one memorable instance will suffice to shew how it fared. The inhabitants of the Alpine village of Muri, pressed and harrassed on all sides by the surrounding noblemen, had chosen a neighbouring Earl of great power for their patron, and paid him annual tributes for protection from their minor enemies. Their patron soon solicited small services at their hands, at first as acts of voluntary friendship, soon as the demand of irresponsible power. Their peaceful village lay within bow-shot beneath the walls of his castle, and every summons was acceded to, since no one cared to be the first in braving the feudal authority, or drawing down an individual vengeance from their terrible protector. That, which was accorded in Muri, was demanded elsewhere. Thus local influence established general law, and the decrees of feudalism were the prerogatives of force, extorted from expediency. The exactions of the Earl becoming greater than the endurance of the peasants, they resolved on appealing to the Emperor for redress, and accordingly sent a deputation to Solerne, where Conrad II. happened then to be sojourning. The retinue of the Emperor prevented access to the roughly-clad envoys, and when the plain-spoken yeomen openly and boldly complained of not being admitted to the sovereign's presence, the imperial guard drove them from the gate with blows and wounds, as insolent and disrespectful subjects. The Earl's oppressions now encreased with full impunity, and the inhabitants of Muri soon became his personal serfs, their lands were soon incorporated with his vast possessions.

The monarch may have been ignorant of the deed, or powerless to restrain his haughty vassals; but this general excuse for insufficient royalty is unavailing, since it thus proves itself either unable to command, or undeserving of obedience.

By such means the growth of ages was completed, the human race was divided into two great sections of rich and poor, master and slave. The last vestige of the land was wrung from the people's grasp; the land, without possession of which there is but small continuance for the people's liberty.

These gradual aggressions, however, were but the means to an end; that end was luxury, idleness, and irresponsible license. It now remains to be seen, how the three privileged classes used their power, and, to arrive at this, the fairest and best way is, not to take single acts of oppression, not to instance cases of manifest transgression, but to judge the lawgiver by the laws he made, to adduce the statutes of the feudal ages as the test of their desert.

This we purpose doing in the ensuing number, which will bring us to the commencement of those magnificent and romantic insurrections, so imperfectly known, or so falsely chronicled by the eulogists of feudal grandeur.

*(To be continued.)*

## IRELAND.

To the sanguinary, the interested, or mere politician, the present state of Ireland may present the prospect of an abundant harvest in blood, compensation, or future difficulties ; but, belonging to none of these classes, we cannot read the heart-burning letter of Mr. Cumming, J. P., to the Duke of Wellington, without coming to the irresistible conviction, that, as regards Ireland, the time for a political truce has arrived, when all, without reference to class, creed, or party, should fly to the rescue of a famishing people. Before the present monster embarrassment presented itself, the state of Ireland ever constituted the minister's "difficulty;" a difficulty engendered and fostered by the impossibility of securing the co-operation of Irish landlords in framing laws for the correction or mitigation of the abuses out of which the great difficulty springs; and hence Ireland now presents the startling anomaly of a stagnant pool in the centre of a confluence of rapid tides and rushing streams, as if some evil genius in demoniac vengeance had drawn a "cordon" around the ill fated spot; and the present "Difficulty" is the prudent and cautious selection of proper places and intervals for the introduction of sluice-gates through which the purifying waters shall pass.

In this contest every Irish landlord will struggle for his own appointment as Engineer, and hence the master "Difficulty" of dealing with the master abuse, will once more present itself to the minister. If he is wise, however, he will use the present domestic calamity as a scourge to enforce the discharge of domestic duties and the natural conditions inseparable from the possession of property, the capricious use of which has led to ruin, and the just use of which can alone secure tranquillity, and the developement of the rich resources of a country abounding in national wealth. Altho' not admirers of Whig policy, we could see much wisdom in the letter of Lord John Russell to the Duke of Leinster, if the noble lord, when he described the duties consequent upon, and inseparable from, the possession of property, had armed the Irish Executive with a more summary power of enforcing the obedience of refractory landlords; as no circumstance could more tend to lessen the influence of government than its admission of injustice, and its inability or disinclination to deal with it.

We are informed that the present government is prepared with a series of enactments, not only to meet the present emergency but to provide against its future occurrence, and

therefore the tender of disinterested advice becomes the duty of all.

The noble lord at the head of Her Majesty's government, during his coming arduous struggle, must not for a single moment lose sight of the following facts; and however irritating the discussion, or conflicting varied accounts may be, the noble lord must bear in mind that his immediate duty is not to be confined solely to the immediate "difficulty," but to the permanent removal of the abuses from whence the "difficulty" springs. The Irish landlords, sinking all political differences for the nonce, will endeavour to chain the minister to a mere consideration of the famine question; and, should he limit his operations to the existing grievance, to insure the political support of the party who would skin the sore instead of probing the wound, he will have added another name to the long catalogue of mariners who have been wrecked upon the Irish coast.

In order to the enactment of wise and permanent laws for the government of Ireland, an intimate knowledge of the manners, habits, customs, and character of all classes is indispensable; and he who undertakes the task of moulding character to laws, instead of framing laws as nearly as possible in unison with character, will sooner or later discover his error.

However we may be inclined to separate the interests of the rich and the poor in the coming struggle, an error into which we fear many wild theorists will be led, we are struck with the lamentable fact that the existence of inappropriate laws has led to such an entanglement of the social system, as to render it impossible to improve the condition of the employed, without, at the same time, improving the condition of the employer; as the onus of a complete national change in the diet, condition, and occupation of a whole people, if thrown upon the responsible class without a corresponding alteration in their condition, would lead to an interminable social and political war.

The landlords, now tied up by the barbarous blighting and restrictive laws of primogeniture, settlement, and entail, must be wholly released from a system which makes them destroying, instead of improving, tenants, upon their own estates, and cruel and interested arbitrators between their eldest son and their younger children. While Ireland has been described as highly favored in respect of taxation, the minister should understand that the laws of primogeniture, and the consequent insufficiency of tenure, has led to the exaction of a larger amount of tax payable to the rich by the poor in the shape of free labour, "duty fowl," presents, glove money, and unrequited service performed by the vassal for every member of the Lord's family and retinue, than the heaviest amount of taxation could impose.

The minister must not for a moment lose sight of the fact, that sympathetic words will be used by both Irish parties, each placing the immediate grievance in the foreground, and each endeavouring to turn the calamity to its own political advantage. To meet the landlords' case we would recommend, not a gift, but a generous loan, to enable them to redeem their estates from their present legal nurses, and place them under the guardianship of such a system as would insure the expenditure of the whole of the advanced funds in the improvement of properties now rendered sterile by the laws of primogeniture, of settlement, and entail; and that in such cases the funds should be expended under the direction and management of a board of farmers instead of a Board of Ordnance; that the money should be lent at an interest of five per cent; the surplus, above the amount at which the government could raise it, to be applied to the employment of the necessary machinery; and the interest to be recoverable by "Extent" of the Crown, and to take precedence of all other liabilities; the government taking care that no legitimate outstanding contract was violated.

The instances of tenants for life paying ten, twelve, and even fifteen per cent. for interest and insurance, are numerous; whereas, by a sound system applied to such cases, the tenant for life would not only be relieved of the usurious interest, but the capital, raised as we recommend, and judiciously applied, would make him independent of the heir, would give him the advantage of his own industry, and would better enable him to provide for his family, while the condition of the poorer classes would be improved by the expenditure of a large amount of revenue in productive labour, instead of millions being wasted with no other view than to purchase the forbearance of a famishing people.

Let us presume that it would require a loan of twenty millions to carry out our project. The government could raise the money at Three per cent. upon the released properties, for which the landlords would cheerfully pay five per cent., thus leaving a surplus of four hundred thousand per annum to defray the expenses consequent upon the working of the plan; an amount which would not be devoid of benefit, as it would be expended upon the spot from whence it was drawn. Our space will not permit us to enter more largely upon the landlord's question, and now we turn to a consideration of those means by which the condition of the farmer is to be improved.

To accomplish this object we see no possible means but perpetuity of tenure, and a corn-rent; and, as the generally accepted opinion is, that, as regards Ireland, we must commence

*de novo*, we would urge the absolute necessity of dealing with properties now held under leases for long terms at war prices, a diminished rent being accepted in discharge of the reserved amount, but the landlord still holding the power of demanding the "full penalty in the bond," and the tenant discouraged from the expenditure of labour or capital in the improvement of his holding. In all such cases we would recommend the application of the system enforced by government and extended to corporations, the system of ascertaining the present value of the land by the verdict of a competent and disinterested jury, and upon that value to affix the rent, varied according to the average price of corn in each year.

Having so far dealt with the landlords and farmers, we now turn to a consideration of that class by whose labour rents are paid and profits made. It is idle to legislate for Ireland without making the condition of the labouring classes a prominent feature. As regards that class, the government will ere long be compelled to choose between perpetual rebellion, a large standing army and fluctuating funds, and an independent small proprietary, constituting a national militia, and establishing, by their own industry, a standard of wages in the hire market. No sum of money, upon which the interest would be cheerfully and punctually paid, would be too large to apply to this necessary undertaking. The employment of such a class, relying upon the fruits of their own industry, would speedily relieve the Irish peasant from the unjust and ungenerous charge of indolence, idleness, and dissipation; and however bleak, forbidding and discouraging the first experiment may appear, in less than seven years the promoters would receive their reward in the substitution of houses for hovels, profitable cultivation for wilds and sterile heaths, and an educated peasantry for an ignorant race. While, as well for the support of the poor and the indigent as for the development and encouragement of the national pride and industry, we would recommend no other poor law than agricultural and labour premiums, secured by a graduated scale of taxation upon all property, varying from four per cent. upon the absentee to one per cent. upon the occupant, and divided into four classes: farmers occupying fifty acres of land and upwards in the first class; farmers occupying from ten to fifty in the second class; the small proprietary, from the smallest amount to ten acres, in the third class; and those who labour for others constituting the fourth class.

We shall not embarrass our great "Difficulty" with contingent and collateral obstacles, such as tithes, the necessity of new laws, consequent upon a new system to wind up and



regulate the transactions of insurance companies, the criminal law, the education question, or repeal of the Union. We merely give our aid in accomplishing what the government is likely to deal with, and therefore we confine ourselves to those several propositions, added to a system of cheap, speedy and impartial justice; and the establishment of local registration courts for the purpose of insuring the cheap and expeditious transfer of small landed properties, and the enrolment of all bargains between landlord and tenant. If the minister is prepared to do these things; he will outbid all factions for Irish confidence and support; but if he wavers and commits the error of preferring political support, even to the attempt at discharging a high and national duty, he will sink to rise no more; while the English people must be prepared to bear the heavy burden consequent upon his imbecility and pride.

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## THE ROMANCE OF A PEOPLE.

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### AN HISTORICAL TALE,

OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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"Go to the door, Yan, and see if father is coming," said the thrifty housewife to her youngest born, a lovely child of ten, whose blue eyes, long flowing ringlets of light hair, and rosy complexion, told of the Saxon mother, at the foot of whom he had been nestling. Little Yan ran to the heavy door, which flew open violently, as soon as he had undone the latch, driven back by the storm, that was beating strongly against the front of the old farm house.

The ruddy light from the fire was sent in long, flickering streaks over the snowy flat without, for utter darkness wrapt the level moor, that spread around the lonely dwelling of Michael Szyrma, who farmed some lands in the Polish Palatinate of Sandomir.

Yan stood on the threshold, with one hand shading his eyes from the sleet, and with the other endeavouring to steady the door; over him bent his mother, while the brightness of the fire, encreased by the draught, revealed the slight form of girl, moving about the room within, like a sweet household spirit, ministering to the gentle comforts of home.

"Mother! I see no one!" said Yan sadly. The mother sighed, for the absence of her husband had of late been long and frequent, his manner anxious and abstracted, and those were times in which a family never knew that all its members were safe, except when

they were present, since Russian tyranny had reached its height, the laws had ceased to exist, and the governing principle of Poland was the caprice of its governors.

Michael Szyrma added to his employment of farmer that of warehouseman, and contrived to encrease the income he derived from the soil, by a kind of transit-trade, his house being a depot for various articles of merchandise, that were brought from the interior on their way to Dantzick, Thorn and Elbing. Thus frequent visitors were at times attracted to his otherwise lonely dwelling, and more news of what was going on in the world might be learned at the lonely farm-house of Sandomir, than in all the public journals put together, issued, as they were, under the strict revision of a Russian censor. "How long he stays!"—said little Yan.

His mother answered nothing, for she had no word of comfort to bestow. They stood, however, still watching at the door. The wind lulled,—and a long line of light drawn against the eastern horizon, told that the moon was shining against the raised side of the causeway, forming part of the great military road constructed by the Russians across the moor of Sandomir. Suddenly the boy started and listened. "Do you hear that sound, mother?"

A dull, muffled roar came booming over the morass; lights were seen to dive up the horizon, and flit rapidly over the distant causeway. Carriage after carriage glided by, with its blazing lamps, and a body of Cossack cavalry darted along the road. One could distinctly hear the clank of their accoutrements, the sound of the postilions' whips, and the call of voices borne on the wind, as the long, clattering train scudded by on the verge of sight. Mother and son listened in silence.

"That was He!" cried a voice, close beside them, and a tall figure, wrapped in a grey tattered cloak, emerged through the darkness.

"Who was that?"—they asked in alarm, for there was something awful in the flitting cavalcade, and the intense look of hatred expressed in the countenance of the speaker.

"The very stones know him! *The Grand Duke Constantine!*" answered the stranger, applying the question not to himself, but to the princely traveller, and continuing to watch the fleeting pageant, until at length it disappeared on the opposite bank of the morass;—then, turning round, without permission asked or invitation given, he crossed the threshold, advanced to the fireplace, and seated himself in the large arm-chair by its side. There was something sad in his manner, which took off from its sternness, and involuntarily the mother closed the door, and went towards him, while little Yan looked on from a corner of the room, in childish terror. He might be a Russian spy or a Polish robber were it not for the nobleness in his pale, thin, furrowed face, his scanty locks, white as snow, and timeworn but commanding figure.

"You seem tired,"—said the matron to him. "Shall I not bring you a cup of wine?"

He answered nothing, but his eyes were fixed intently on the

melancholy girl, who had taken no part in the preceding scene, but now began to work rapidly and mechanically at the embroidery before her.

"A cup of drink!" he said, almost abruptly, as though he had not heard the question, while his eyes followed the girl, as she rose at a sign from the matron to procure the desired refreshment, and Yan, glad of an opportunity to escape, bounded after her.

"Who is that girl?"

"My daughter."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes—" replied the farmer's wife, turning pale.

A smile of self derision passed over the face of the stranger, at the dream in which he had evidently been indulging.

"This scarf was not meant for all eyes"—he resumed, advancing to the table, where lay the unfinished embroidery. An expression of terror escaped the mistress of the house, as he fixed his keen grey eyes upon her.

"White and purple! You know the colours well." They were the national colours, but awoke greater reminiscences of Siberia, than of Poland. "The head of an eagle too!"

"Yes! Yes!" she replied quickly. "The *Russian Eagle*. You see, the plan is yet unfinished; when completed, it will shew the Russian Eagle, crowned with laurel, tearing the colours of Poland!"

"And does your husband sanction these allusions?"

"Oh! we often quarrel about it!" she exclaimed, with the most *naïve* air in the world. "He is such a determined Russian at heart!—He hates everything Polish!—even the very name!—Now—I say—this may all be very well—but my country is my country after all—and I need not hate it, because I like another!" and the good little woman's eyes glistened with inward triumph as she told this innocent falsehood—thinking how well she must have concealed the real feelings of her husband from the inquisitive beggar.

The stranger turned away with a bitter frown, and relapsed into his former moody silence, while the cup of wine remained untasted by his side.

"A Russian Commando is coming to Sandomir, they say, very shortly. Know you why?"

"A Russian Commando!" said the stranger, half to himself. Then I must not be far—and yet Scyrma is a Russian at heart!" The farmer's wife heard not the reply, and the silence was again unbroken.

The unpleasant suspense was at length relieved by the sound of steps without, and a rough, jovial voice was heard calling:

"Roszel to the stable! Soho! Yan! Zaleska, girl! where are ye?—Brr!—We've been drowned—and now we're to be frozen!—So! Lassie!—Rousing weather this! Let it but hold another month or so, and then for a merry Christmas and a happy New year! Plenty of rain and the devil in the wind, and we shan't have had such a glorious Christmas these fifteen years!"

With these odd notions respecting a merry Christmas, the

portly master of the farm made his appearance. Bluff, ruddy and jovial, his brown-grey hair dripping with the sleet and frost, that rolled in large drops down his weatherbeaten cheeks—he advanced towards the centre of the room, his large face expanding in a good-humoured smile.

“Well, mother!” he cried, extending his rough hand to his wife, who, as she hastened to meet him, had been going through a pantomime of signs and signals expressive of caution—“Well!—are you practising for a Christmas mummer, or what is it you want?”

She pointed towards the spot where the stranger had been sitting, whose seat was partly concealed by a projecting angle of the wall, but, on the farmer advancing to the fire-place, the chair was empty.

The astonished housewife uttered an exclamation of terror, the farmer burst into a puzzled laugh, and was about to drop very quietly into the vacant place, when she told him of their strange visitor. A change came over his countenance, as black visions of Russian spies and sudden seizures flitted before him.

“Are you sure that he was not a friend in disguise?”

“As that you are here. There he sat, and thither I brought him a cup of drink, which he left untasted.”

There stood the goblet, just as he had left it, and there stood the farmer, looking at it, with his back to the fire, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his shaggy bearskin coat, that bristled around him like the quills of a porcupine, as the sleet, frozen an inch thick among the hair, began to drop in a little deluge, from the countless clotted points.

“Wife! this looks black. I’ll consider over it, as I drink what was meant for a less honest mouth, unless I am much mistaken.”

But the good woman would not hear of it. She took the cup from him, and threw its contents into the fire. She would have it, that some foul play had been in the case, and that the stranger, if not the devil, was, at least, very near akin to him, or how should he have appeared thus suddenly, and vanished thus unaccountably. Nor did she feel at all comfortable, until she had cut two narrow slips of black bread, and laid them in the form of a cross, over a tumbler three parts full of water, upon which floated a lamp-wick in half an inch of oil, and having set it on the chimney-piece, looked round her with an expression of peculiar triumph. “He may return now,” she said. “I’ll warrant you he’s lost all inclination! Had I but thought of this before, he never would have come!”

“I perfectly agree with you, wife! that it was a devil; but it was a Russian one, and as good flesh and blood as myself, or a thought less so —,” he added, eyeing his portly figure with complacency.

In vain he pointed to a door at the end of the apartment, which opened through a passage on the back yard, and by which the stranger might have escaped unnoticed in the confusion attendant on his arrival. He hastened to the door—it was unlocked—he pushed it open, went out to see if the mark of footsteps remained

in the snow, and held a lighted pine-torch close to 'the ground'; but the wind and sleet had effaced whatever traces might have been, his torch was extinguished, and, muttering a few emphatic curses through his teeth, he re-entered the apartment.

His good humour, however, strove toughly against wet, cold, fear, anger, superstition and all; with a short, cheery laugh, he cried: "Care to the faggots! we shall soon live beyond its reach! Brandy, wife! brandy! your toast doesn't keep the devil out of me," and he patted his bright-haired child on the head, as he wheeled his father's arm-chair closer to the fire, while the busy little housewife was preparing the evening potation. But nothing went right, the chair would not accommodate itself to the sitter, the drink was too strong or too weak, too sweet or not sweet enough, that mysterious visit had certainly put the farmer out. Thus he sat, staring moodily at the large, red, half-calcined logs, when a slender arm and white hand were passed around the corner of his high arm-chair, and a well filled pipe placed temptingly before his mouth. The old man's face relaxed like magic.

"How kind of you, Zaleska, always to think of me! always busy, making everybody happy, while no one can light up that sad little face of yours with a smile. You too, who would be living in a great castle, if . . . !"

"And do I not owe you everything?" she replied, "have you not been as a father to me? and I a poor outcast?" and the gentle girl looked at him with so beautiful a smile, that the old man's anger against others vanished in his love for her.

"Tut! Tut! we must all help one another. God save us! we can none of us walk quite alone, though we think we do!" And now he seemed perfectly happy, hugging himself with a sort of triumphant comfort, as the wind racked the large rain about the house.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed, "how the waters must be rising, and all signs of their continuance!"

"Well!" replied his wife, who had also settled by the fireside, and was busy knitting, "I wish they may fall! For my part, I like dry roads."

The farmer cast on her a furious glance. "That is an unkind wish—an unpatriotic wish! Now I wish that the waters may half-drown the country, and then, by the holy Piast! the Russian troops will find it difficult to cross the rivers, and the cannon will remain sticking in the roads, with their mouths turned the wrong way, ready to bark at their masters."

"Always plotting, father-kin! Oh! pray! pray! do not meddle with these dangerous things! Again I tell you to leave well alone!"

"And I tell you, if you had been a Pole, you would never have said *that*; but any one can hear that you are a Saxon!"

"You will remember my words, when you have got yourself sent to Siberia, and what will become of poor little Yan?" she added, touching the chord most likely to move him. But the boy bounded up with a heightened colour, and cried, "Mother! Father has promised to give me a sword, and take me with him Oh! how I long for it! are you going soon, father?"

"And then, perhaps, we may see poor little Yan butchered by the Russians," she continued.

"Better he should die a freeman than live a slave! Right boy! right! Never be afraid of fighting in a good cause!" said the farmer with a troubled voice, that belied his words.

The child, however, ran to his mother, and put his arm around her neck and kissed her, for he saw tears in her eyes, and the farmer felt that he had been harsh towards her, and held out his hand with the words:

"Come, Kuscel! make up! only an old joke you know. Why — you know — I — that is, one's country — you know —. Ah! hang it! I love you better than my country after all!" and he rose, and went to her, in a rough coaxing way; but she repelled him—pushed him back—said she had other things to do, besides listening to his folly, and moved to the door. She turned on the threshold —, he looked at her — and peace was made and sealed after the good old fashion, before she had quitted the room. After a time, the door opened, and a young man entered.

"Hush, Wladimir!" and Zaleska pointed to his father, who had fallen asleep before the fire.

Frank, fiery and impetuous, there was a heart in the breast of Wladimir, that might make him a hero or an outlaw, might lead him to glory or to shame. Many a noble impulse was harboured within it; framed for the great, it lacked the gentle. His talents, were high, but they wanted guidance; his generosity was profusion; his valour was daring, yet, at times, the wayword scornfulness of his nature made him overlook insults, many a man, less brave, would have resented. An instance of this had recently occurred, when a Russian officer, travelling through Sandomir, had treated him with overbearing, yet unresented, insolence. When, however, shortly afterwards, Prince Tsartima, a Polish noble, arrived at the farm-house, a casual slight, an unintentional expression, roused the young peasant into fury.

"Out upon the boy!" exclaimed the farmer, "he can cringe to the Russian, but is insolent to his proscribed and powerless countryman."

The farmer little knew the secret cause. Prince Tsartima, the head of an old and powerful dynasty, robbed of his estates, though not yet deprived of his liberty, was a frequent visitor at Sandomir, and a chief attraction seemed to be the presence of its fairest inmate, Zaleska. Early associations of youth engendered mutual friendship, and Wladimir watched its growth with feelings akin to agony. He was in truth, as a man, superior to the Prince in mind and heart, yet, that intimacy, which years of fond devotion had not obtained for the peasant, rank, in a few weeks of intercourse, procured for the Prince.

Headlong in his impulses, Wladimir extended towards the class the enmity engendered against the individual. With these conflicting feelings he sat gazing at the girl of his heart, daughter of a proud house, his enemy by caste; child of a pure heaven, the chosen of his love. The proud blazon of her country was spreading its lordly wings beneath her delicate fingers. It was a picture

well suited to his heart; beauty ministering to glory—greatness born of love! and with a sigh he unconsciously exclaimed, “Oh! happy is he, for whom that scarf is destined! he must be happy—happy!”

“He must be unhappy, until he has freed his country, and not think of love before he has won back liberty.”

“It is not so?” he cried, “I knew it! Oh! you are true hearted! you are not the slave of convention! Tell me but this — but this — that you could love — the man for himself — be he serf or noble — palatine or peasant —!”

“Wladimir!” answered the girl, startled at his abrupt and sudden energy, and whatever may have been her feelings, fearing to encourage the hopes of one whom prejudice and conventionality had thus widely separated, “I could esteem the man alike, were he victorious or defeated, who perilled all for honour and the good, and never thought of the power of his enemy, but of the justice of his cause.”

The words escaped her unintentionally; scarcely had she spoken them, ere she perceived her error, and that he might think they alluded to the unresented insult he had received from the Russian. She was about to efface the impression by some words of kindness, but before she could do so, he exclaimed, “I see it all! he must be a noble too! it is not enough that he be an honest man, he must be a prince. Oh! shame upon those who yield the homage to the stamp, that should be given to the ore!”

The Polish maiden felt angered at this unmerited allusion to Prince Tsartima, whom, in truth, she loved not. She looked steadily in the face of Wladimir, for the first time with unaverted eyes—yet she gave no other answer. For a moment she seemed to hesitate, to revolve some thought, but it passed and she was silent, while the young peasant, with a look of pain and wounded pride, turned slowly from her presence.

She started, rose—appeared about to speak.

“Now, make up, Kuscel!” cried the farmer, waking from a matrimonial dream.

Wladimir passed the door—it closed. That evening had sealed the career of his after life.

The following morning was wild and blustering. The burly farmer stood looking from the window, anxious to be stirring, yet having nothing to call him forth. He had not watched thus long, before he exclaimed, “Here comes somebody!” and a group of two or three, with packhorses, might be seen winding slowly through the drift.

A knocking at the door, a bustle in the farmhouse, a running to and fro, a clattering of drinking cups, a stirring of the fire, and a noisy interchange of greetings; an untying of wrappers, a throwing down of greatcoats, a swinging of snow off hats, a putting away of knapsacks, a looking after horses, a stowing of packages, a great deal of work done in a very little time, and the party were comfortably seated round a cheering fire.

They were a strange, rough-looking group, merchants from Podolia, Little Russia, and Gallicia, ostensibly on their way to the

seaports and frontier towns, although whether they ever intended to reach these places of supposed destination, was a very doubtful matter, and their claim to the character of merchants equally questionable.

Strange greetings passed between the farmer and his guests, incongruous to ears accustomed to hear the language of commerce. They talked of late events in the far provinces from which they came, irrelevant to trade; enactments of the government that could certainly not affect the transit of merchandize, and prospects that seemed not in the least to bear upon the rise and fall of prices. And then they proceeded to the inspection of their goods.

"To your safe keeping, father Michael!" they cried.

"By the holy Piast! you expect me to take care of all the goods of Poland, I suppose! Do you know the old vault is full?"

"So much the better! then we must fill the lofts."

"But what have you there," said the farmer, pointing to a packing-case, labelled, "With care—not to be broken."

"Hardware for Warsaw!" said the merchant, disclosing a cask full of glass from Hungary, between the false sides of which Damascene sword blades were concealed.

"With care," he exclaimed. "I'll warrant you I've taken care enough of them, and 'not to be broken,'" he added, bending the blade till point and hilt nearly met. "I think you'd find the breaking of them a tough job," and he laughed at his joke, and at the way in which he had mystified the Austrian and Russian authorities. "The case is round, you see. They little thought these snakes would curl in such a circle!"

"Whence got you these beautiful weapons?" asked the farmer, while Wladimir seizing one, gazed on its bright edge with a wild, but saddened pleasure.

"Whence? Why from the hands of the good old sentries that held them! I and my five sons worked hard enough of nights."

"How do you mean?"

"Those fools of Russians when they disarmed the living, quite forgot the dead! From the graves! from the graves, man! Oh! how we dug! The snowy weather did it—it only does in snowy weather—for the constant fall covers up the traces as soon as they are made."

"Hush! pack up! out of sight!" cried the farmer—as another horseman appeared in the distance—and almost immediately the packing-cases and their owners resumed their usual steady, tradesman-like appearance.

"It is only the medico!" said one, as the horseman, with well-filled saddlebags, alighted in the yard.

"What have you brought us?"

"Pills and powder for the Russians, and probangs to sound their wounds,"—replied the new comer, alluding to a secret store of gunpowder, shot, and bayonets.

"Quarters for the imperial commando!"—cried a voice without—and a small detachment of cavalry rode at a sharp trot up to the house.



At sight of them, the farmer seized an old iron pike, that stood against the wall, and hastily thrust it out of view, up a ledge of the chimney.

An oath escaped his lips, but, recollecting himself, he bowed low and said; "At all times ready in the service of his Majesty."

The Russian officer and his men shortly after entered the room. The best the house afforded was set before them, and ample justice done to the entertainment. At length, the lieutenant in command rose:—

"Serjeant!" he cried, "read the roll. Section E, division 21, conscripts, class 1."

"Wladimir Scyrma!"—read the serjeant, advancing at the same time towards the astonished young man—"In the name of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, King of Poland,—to you, Recruit in the 72d Regiment of the line . . ."

"Good heaven!"—ejaculated the farmer—"This cannot be! ——— There must be some mistake in this! ——— Look again, Serjeant! ——— This *shall* not be!" he added, as the serjeant made no reply.

The assembled company interchanged looks.

"Ever dutiful to his Majesty,"—exclaimed the farmer, remembering the dangerous presence in which he stood.

"Ordered on immediate service,"—continued the serjeant, in a monotonous tone of voice.—"Depot at Anak, in the Caucasus."

"Father!"—said the young man, now speaking for the first time—"This comes three months too soon!"—

"Never!"—replied his father in an under-tone. "We will prevent it!—we are strong!—the Caucasus!—we have arms!—we are many!—it is but a little before the time!—"

"Mercy! mercy!" shrieked the mother—he is my first-born—our only defender—our only prop!—"

"Regiment joins division of the Caucasus on the 30th of next month," read the serjeant.

"Curse the Caucasus!" thundered the farmer.

"Beware of treason!" said one of the strangers.

"God bless his Majesty! true servants of his Majesty!" almost roared the farmer, giving vent in the tone and loudness of his ejaculation to the thoughts he dared not utter. "But, my son is my son!—and—saving your presence—with all due respect for his Majesty—I don't choose to lose him!—"

"Regimental depot at Kowno—recruits join regiment forthwith—" continued the serjeant.

"To the devil with the depot, and the regiment too!—God save his Majesty!—"

"How now? Michael Scyrma!"—said the lieutenant. "The army is the right arm of the Emperor, and the arm is a part of the body,—*ergo*, whosoever says, 'to the devil with the army,' says, (St. Nicholas forgive me)!—one may say—as it were—the same thing of his Imperial Majesty."

"To the devil with yourself, then, you canting hypocritical slave!"

"Soldiers!" cried the lieutenant, "stand to your arms! I take you all to witness, he has blasphemed against the Emperor in the person of me, his lieutenant, Basil Joan Paprutowitch!"

"Unhappy Scyrma!" exclaimed the travelling merchants, "you are a lost man!"

"Stand by me, then! cowards! knaves! fools!—I can scatter a dozen of these greencoated devils!"—shouted the farmer, plunging his hand up the chimney, and bringing down the rusty old pike, which he advanced before him. "'Sdeath! I can breathe at last! Now it is said and done, I'll not stint the measure!"

"Father! father!" cried Wladimir—"what have you done? Here!" he continued—advancing towards the Russian troops—"take me, and forgive him! He knows not what he says! I am your prisoner!"—

"My son!"—"Wladimir!"—cried the women.

"Stand back, son!"—thundered the farmer—"or by the holy Piast, I'll treat you like a Russian soldier, since you wish to be one!"—and he swept the iron pike with irresistible force over the intervening space. "Dimitri! Kaszela! Platow! Lach! Solytk!" he cried; but the Polish merchants drew back towards the walls. They exchanged looks of anger—they whispered together:—the transitory impulse vanished before their better judgment, and, with a shaking of the head, they subsided into mere spectators of the scene.

"Present arms!" cried the Russian lieutenant, and the muskets of the soldiers clattered with a fearful sound of preparation.

"Wladimir! fly! raise the neighbourhood, or I'll curse you!" almost screamed his father. "Roszel's standing saddled in the stable!"—

"Fly! fly! my son!"—gasped his mother, striving convulsively to draw him away—and: "Fly! Wladimir!"—said a softer and dearer voice, as the Polish girl stood beside him, and the docile and spirited Polack bounded after her, ready saddled from his stall.

The young peasant started at her voice—a look of joy came over his face—he half turned towards the door, which stood invitingly ajar, and opened on the woods: the Russian soldiers were at the back of the room—before they could intercept him, or beat down the frantic resistance of the farmer, he might have been far in advance of their pursuit:—but Zaleska had turned away beneath his glance—a change came over his countenance—the moment passed!—

"Move but a step, and they shall fire!" said the Russian.

"Here! here! I surrender!" cried Wladimir—endeavouring, but in vain, to pass his father.

"Fire!"—roared the latter, still dashing his pike around, and keeping his opponents at bay. "Mount! mount! Wladimir!"—

"The women! the women!"—shrieked the assembled Poles, as the soldiers levelled their carbines with deliberate aim, and the mother and Zaleska cast themselves before the path of Scyrma, and hung upon his arm.

"Halt!" said a voice, and an old man, in the Russian uniform, who had previously entered unobserved, advanced before the Muscovite rank.

"Secret Commissioner of the Imperial Police,"—said the stranger, and handed his commission to the officer, who, bowing low, returned it, while the wandering merchants, one by one, stole out of the room at that dreaded presence. "It is the beggarman of the other evening!"—whispered the farmer's wife to her husband.

"Ah! then all is clear! He is the devil, who has conjured this storm!"—replied the latter—fixing this new actor in the scene with a look, at first, of anger—then, of wonderment.

"Put down your weapon,"—said the stranger.

"Come and take it then!"—and the farmer threshed the air with renewed vigour.

"Michael Scyrma!"

The pike dropped from the farmer's hands.—"Who spoke?—Was it the Russian?"—

"Conscript, to your ranks!"—continued the commissioner—not hearing, or not heeding, the question.—The young man crossed over the room, and was immediately surrounded by the Russian soldiers.

"Ha! Fool that I was!—Wladimir!"—cried the farmer, trying to regain the weapon by a mechanical effort, but, meeting the eye of the stranger, stood motionless and irresolute.

"I wish you success on your march, Lieutenant Paprutowich!"—said the Russian commissioner—and, at the words, the lieutenant formed his men, the conscript was taken in the midst, not allowed to exchange a word or glance with those he left, and thus the march of a thousand wersts began.

The farmer—whose passion, or whose strength, had left him—stood like one stunned by a blow, grasping little Yan convulsively with one arm, as though to make sure of his presence,—the other was stretched towards the retiring escort, and his face turned towards his wife,—his lips moving rapidly the while, as though endeavouring to say words he had not the power to utter.

The sun, that had been obscured all the morning, now broke through the parting clouds, gleaming on the sabres and bright accoutrements of the departing troops, and with loud, stirring and joyous music, the boy was marched away from his home.

Zaleska, trembling, and pale, her small, white fingers wound with a death-like grasp round the bar of the casement at which she clung, leaned forth over the sill, gazing with eager, straining eyes, speechless, and breathless, while that full, rich, inspiring strain was flung back exultingly upon those broken hearts.

There was deep silence within the room.—The last turn of the road had shut out the departing conscript:—"Oh God I loved him!"—cried the heart-stricken girl, and sunk insensible on the floor.

*(To be continued).*

## TRADES UNIONS.

We have ever looked upon the growth of Trades Unions as the healthiest shoot that springs from the democratic trunk. Whether we consider their increasing usefulness to society, or their increasing demand for knowledge and search of social improvement, the moving mind must attach paramount importance to the elements of greatness centred in this prodigious mass, and must look with corresponding interest to the application of its combined strength. There have been many partial trades movements in this country, but they have one and all lacked that powerful element which gives strength to the combined few—they have lacked concentration from the ignorant presumption, firstly, that the attempt would but tend to excite the wrath and strong resistance of the masters, and, secondly, that those of different callings had no interest in common.

The Trades have been the last to join in the labour-quickstep in which industry is now marching throughout the world. They have hitherto not only withheld their pressure from the moving power, but they have resisted it with narrow-minded conceit. The distinguishing feature of the present movement is the struggle of the democracy against the aristocracy of its own class. Hence we find Peelism outbidding old Toryism, Cobdenism outbidding old Whiggery, Grey outbidding old Landlordism, and Chartism outbidding old Radicalism, while the principle of Tradeism till recently has been underbidding itself.

We attribute this backwardness of the Trades to the want of concentration, and have looked with no small pleasure to the nucleus of a combined movement recently established by Mr. Duncombe; and our only wonder is, that with such a head and such machinery as has been wisely collected from the working body, that that combination does not now number in its ranks every individual belonging to every trade throughout the empire. It would require but a very slight calculation to convince those who subscribe their pounds to a sectional movement, that their pence would confer greater and more lasting benefits, if subscribed to support a national combination.

We are quite prepared to make every allowance for the apathy caused by past treachery and deceit, nor are we unmindful of the powerful influence exercised by individual masters over the governing body, who manage the affairs and hold the purse-strings of the veritable workers. We can well understand the perfect satisfaction of an overlooker, or foreman, with things as they are, and the mode in which his influence

will be applied to reconcile his less fortunate fellow labourer to his lot, but we cannot reconcile the satisfaction of the latter, to every pliant rule of this pliant staff. The value of that strength achieved by combination cannot be lost among the trades when they see it developed wholesale in our representative system, and retail in the masters' combined influence: We may ask, then, if the combination of the weak has effected so much for the idle, what may not be expected from a combination of the strong on behalf of the industrious?

We have admitted our delight at the new ground assumed by the Trades, but, nevertheless, it is meanly deficient as an element of combination. The Trades are now entitled to a representation of their own body; they are in possession of more wealth than belongs to their united oppressors; they are in possession of more intellect than belongs to their united employers; they are consequently in possession of the main ingredients admitted to be within the pale of representation, but still, though possessed of the material, of ample material, they have been lamentably deficient in its application. We are aware that the democracy of trade has a hard contest in the struggle with its own aristocracy. We are aware that the perfumed mechanic prefers being the least among the little at the luring Athenæum, to being upon an equality in his own assembly room with him, with whom he has toiled at the same bench, but not screwed in the same vice.

The Trades dandyism is not only pernicious to the general body, but debauching to those who indulge in it. We believe that the Trades, like the minister, must commence, *de novo*. That, like good workmen, they must understand the materials, and out of the most fitting, manufacture the most suitable machinery; and having given the subject much thought, and in order to overcome the three great difficulties of disunion, dandyism, and comparative satisfaction, measured by the positive misery of others, and in order to make the Trades what they ought to be, to give them the influence in the Senate which they ought to have, and that power over their employers which justly belongs to them; we would suggest the following means of achieving those desirable objects, namely, a thorough representation of the concentrated power sitting permanently in London; a club house upon a comfortable and commodious principle, divested of all luxury, and of which none, save those who labour, shall be members; a commodious and comfortable meeting room, capable of accommodating 1500 persons seated respectably, fitted up in amphotheatrical form, with an elevated chair for the chairman, and enclosed space for the committee, reporters, and speakers, and a tribune above that and under

the chairman's chair for the speaker ; also, in connection with this establishment, a large, convenient, and well ventilated shop, for shoemakers on one side, and tailors at the other, those trades producing the work most easy of transmission. That there shall be a public discussion on each Monday night during the sitting of Parliament, to which all parties shall be admitted free, and in which all classes shall be entitled to take part—the discussion to be conducted under the rule and governance of the chairman, who, we presume, will be

THOMAS SLINGSBY DUNCOMBE,

his deputy presiding when he shall be unavoidably absent ; and that upon other nights in the week, the meeting house, to be called The Trades House of Commons, to be let for public meetings for all purposes, but never for exhibitions or tomfoolery. That the club house shall be let to a competent person, removable upon the vote of a competent committee, and shall afford every comfort to the members at a much lower price than they can now procure them elsewhere ; in short, that the principle of co-operation shall be carried out in its full integrity. That the tradesmen working upon the premises shall receive the highest rate of wages they are worth, and that the profit upon their produce shall go into the general Trades Exchequer. That there shall be no bed rooms, or no appearance of an hotel about the concern : that it shall consist of a spacious club room, reading room, library, kitchen, committee rooms, and the necessary apartments, all upon the ground floor.

We may be told that this would require a larger preliminary expenditure than the body could meet. This we wholly deny, and propose the following easy and equitable plan by which, the whole and more may be accomplished, namely, after the advantages are simply and unanswerably propounded to the Trades, the subscription of a shilling a man from 500,000 would realise the sum of £25,000, and which, if applied to the alteration of commodious premises in a convenient situation, rented in perpetuity, would go farther than £50,000 sunk in some out of the way place, with the first floor mortgaged before the second floor could be commenced.

The value of this plan would be, that, after the first call, it is our sincere conviction that the principle of co-operation, if honestly carried out, would render it unnecessary to demand further subscriptions for the realization of the general object. We believe that the profit made, after generous wages paid to the producer, would speedily constitute such an exchequer as would strike terror to the heart of the oppressor, while, above all it should be borne in mind, that every man employed by the

society, should consent to be a full member, paying two shillings a week, to be applied to the purchase of land for the location of the subscribers; or, if they please to sell, those who were willing to buy. These appliances, if properly worked, would soon develop the strength, the power, the value, and the knowledge of the Trades. Their House of Commons would present an attraction to the juvenile senator, to the manufacturer, the aristocrat, and the shopkeeper; while their coffee house would be the resort of men who would find a wholesome check upon licentiousness; and the profits they would make, after the payment of generous wages, would speedily convince their fellows of their value to others, and induce them to look for that system of representation which would confer it upon themselves.

In less than twelvemonths from this time, such a society might be the most flourishing in the kingdom; in two years they would have located some hundreds upon their own land, thus relieving the market of its surplus, and convincing all of the value of co-operation; in two years it might have its printing house, its morning paper, and magazine, for, let it be understood, that with a proper confederation, it is not a violent assumption to presume that 200 trades in London, and different parts of the empire, would be able to compel the landlord of their house of resort to take a single paper, which, estimating the combined members of the trades at one million, would secure a circulation of itself of five thousand daily. Such a body would soon command power; such an association would soon drive Moses and Son out of the market, and leave the masters of Northampton empty houses to let. And yet so great is the jealousy, pride, distrust, and disparity, existing among the Trades, that the aristocracy of the order live on peculating, degrading, and competing, until they find themselves reduced to the same level, or below it, to which their insolence and intolerance has brought their poorer brethren.

We may be told of the difficulty of raising £25,000 in the first instance, while we assert, not only that it could be done, but that it would be done in a month, while as a matter of course, if its never begun it will never be done. "Where there's a will there's a way." Of course we have not touched upon the subject of strikes and other detail matters connected with such a movement; we merely propose the machinery for the concentrated management of all, nor do we apprehend, with a wise representative body, a full exchequer, and a community willing to obey its own laws, that such a thing as a master's strike, or a master's conspiracy, would be heard of more. We cannot conclude our observations upon

this head, without reminding mechanics, and trades generally, of the conspiracy of the Newton masters against their men, and the necessity of arming the latter with the means of fighting the pitched battle; as labour, defeated in that struggle, will have received a heavy blow and great discouragement, from which it will not speedily recover.

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## SOLILOQUY

*Of an Irish peasant on hearing the dying shrieks of his starving family.*

OH ! thou only resource of nature's proudest work, wherein distracted and care-worn thoughts can find an asylum, wherefore hast thou been branded as sin unpardonable ? Is it not nobler to die in peace than live in misery ? What is the process ? To sever mortality from immortality, thus rendering to the Creator what he hath bestowed unasked for. Oh heavens ! I have slaved for a morsel and cannot secure the mere existence of my children. Can this disparity between rich and poor be the wish of all dispensing Providence ? or wherefore has the will of the Creator been thus perverted ? Come thou here, thou reconciler of ingratitude, come and perform my mind's savage purpose, for hark ! in my ears ring the shrieks of my dying offspring that render callous all the strings of life.

Oh God ! on my knees I approach thy throne with all reverence, humility, and penitence, there to lay that gift, which longer kept would be a burden.



THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE BY MALCOLM M'GREGOR,  
UPON READING MR. CUMMING'S LETTER TO  
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

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Oh ! merciful father, the giver of life,  
I'm willing to dig, or to delve, or to spin :  
But the laws of the rich perplex me with strife,  
And teach me obedience to thine is a sin.

I'm starving, O God ! while my famishing brood  
Are dying around me, in squalor and filth ;  
I would work, I would toil, I would slave for their food,  
Their bed's the cold clay, without pallet or quilt.

Hush, hush, my own babe, 'till your father comes in,  
You'll break my poor heart with your pitiful cry,  
Drink, drink, my life's blood, 'till my suck comes again,  
But, MACUSHLA !—MY BABY !—MACREE don't  
you die.

I would cheerfully struggle thro' life's rugged maze,  
And would beg the wide world, sweet baby, with thee ;  
I would never complain the longest of days,  
Or, though bitter the blast, or the cold wind might be.

Your brothers and sisters lie dead on the floor,  
And your tender young limbs are as cold as a stone,  
O Heavens ! she's gone, my own baby asthore.  
And I'm left in this strange wicked world alone.

I'm raging !—I'm frantic !—I long for the grave ;  
And feel strength enough now to contend with the foe ;  
Sure, my God won't refuse to accept what he gave,  
Or consign me to hell, if I strike the last blow ?

She hugged her cold baby, unwilling to part,  
And grasped a cold dagger that hung by the wall,  
She kissed the dead bodies and pierced her fond heart,  
As the father came back to his desolate hall.

His life's blood recoiled when he saw the sad sight,  
And he laid himself down by the mournful pile.  
Cold, famine, and fever, deprived him of might,  
He heaved a deep sigh, and thus ended his toil.

You princes and nobles, and cold blooded men,  
You have murdered the poor of this ill-fated nation,  
You must answer to God when you meet them again,  
For the famine is your's and not God's dispensation.

## PHASE OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

MY LORD,

Our motive in now writing to you, is the hope that if you glean no knowledge from our statements, we may, nevertheless, be able to direct you to the proper source from whence you may glean that necessary ingredient, upon the possession and free exercise of which your fate depends. From the present moment to that dread time when you will stand before the awful tribunal of public opinion, you should devote your every hour to releasing yourself from the trammels of party, and the fetters of office.

Ireland is styled your great "difficulty." It is in your power to turn it to a great and glorious opportunity. My Lord, many a great statesman has been consigned to the grave, unknown to the world, many a philosopher has died at the plough tail, and many a general has died in a private's uniform, for want of a great opportunity.

From the present moment till you meet Parliament, you should commune with yourself. You have been trained to the drudgery of office, and require no pettifogging instruction as to technicalities and details. At some hour of the day, when your mind is freshest, retire to your study for two hours, at least. Think to yourself—speak to yourself—argue with yourself, and in that time, steel your heart and harden your mind against the frippery folly, and egotistical insolence of Palmerston and the Greys. If you read newspapers, let it be to remind you of the impossibility of satisfying the clients of all. If you think of the strength of parties, and hope to make up your own balance out of their scale, you will find yourself bewildered in an entanglement from which you cannot extricate yourself, and, above all, you must bear in mind that you are not called upon to legislate for the present state of Ireland or of Europe, but that your business is, out of the new materials of an improving age, to design some new system of architecture, which may serve as a model for future generations, and hand your name down to posterity as the projector.

From the tone of this address you will learn, that we are prepared to bury every paltry feeling of injured pride or wounded honour, rather than allow them to stand in your path,

if it is bold and generous; and the whole people will join in the feeling. While, upon the other hand, if you should prefer expediency to policy, and men to measures, the current of popular indignation will be irresistible. Peel, O'Connell and Bentinck will be your great difficulties. Palmerston, Grey, the railway speculators, and the Irish Church, will all beset you. Your mind, we fear, will be set upon the policy necessary to secure as large an amount of party support in the coming general election as possible, and in the midst of the whirlpool of these contending elements, you will think of office and Russell, and forget Ireland and opportunity.

You must bear in mind that the power of the House of Commons, as at present constituted, is being daily weakened; that there is a universal move, not only of Young Ireland against Old Ireland, but of young Europe against old Europe—of young America against old America; of young ideas against old and antiquated prejudices. If, then, you are prepared for such a disposition of the present forces, and if you are prepared to take the command of the young volunteer mind in the struggle against old disciplined prejudice, you must frame your tactics accordingly. Do not suppose for a moment that the representatives of railways, the Stock Exchange, the landlords, or the church, will aid you beyond the point which may be serviceable to themselves. You must be prepared to hear great truths, and to enunciate them like a man; you must believe that the speculators in money would as cheerfully job in Irish misery, pestilence, famine and blood, as in mines, minerals, or railways, and that a quarter per cent. more made by blood than iron would be proportionately acceptable. Do not, my Lord, in mercy, do not profess to doubt a fact clear as your existence. Do not allow the fashion of sympathy or distaste of hard truths to blind you to their correctness. If you are pressed by those parties, as you will be, give them another tribunal to arrange their jobbing and speculation, but, in God's name, do not allow the glitter of gold for a single night to obscure the dark shadow of death.

You are not to expect other support from Peel than in the completion of that which is likely to become a necessary detail to his own more comprehensive principle, for, be assured, my Lord, that, at the present moment, that great statesman is preparing his rival principle, and will outbid you on the day of auction. You cannot rely upon the support of the Bentinck party, which will be wholly given or withheld, with reference to the effect it may have upon the future prospects of the statesman who saved them from themselves, and rescued them from

revolution. They pride themselves upon their cunning and protected insolence, rather than upon their qualifications as a party.

As to O'Connell, you must deal with him as a thing that has been. You have succeeded in luring him to his own undoing, and having aforetime made a tool of you, you are justified in making a tool of him. You must review the past from the year of emancipation down to the free trade era, and you will find eighteen years of barren, profitless legislation. You have looked for perfect tranquillity, as necessary for the enactment of healing measures for Ireland; you now have the stillness of death secured by the coercion of famine, and take heed, my Lord, lest you wreck your fame, and lose such an opportunity as no statesman ever had before, by merely dealing with the famine question, and falsely presuming, that, the present calamity met, your every difficulty is removed.

You must come to the House of Commons as Peel did; not as Russell, but as the cabinet. You must propound, not your famine measures only, but the whole of your measures at once, and if they are such as the times, the circumstances, and the world require, if you fail and fall, covered with the mantle of popular approval, you will rise with increased strength and grandeur; but if they are conceived in the littleness of Whig expediency, you will fall to rise no more. Already Sir Robert Peel has set you a bright example of one thing necessary, nay, indispensable, to the adaptation of legislation to the growth of mind. Free trade, in itself, is as nothing; but a mere drop of water on the ocean: it was but the first result of that great man's policy, which was the emasculation of a mischief-begetting, improvement-stopping, bigotted, stand-still faction, and, but for his timely blow, it is not impossible, nor yet improbable, that England at the present moment would have been turned into one vast wilderness of famine, by the folly of English landlords, as Ireland has been by the folly of Irish landlord.

It would appear that circumstances had combined to aid you in your present arduous undertaking. There is a lull in the political world which you must not mistake for satisfaction or apathy, and you must not deal with it upon the presumption that the popular mind has abated a particle of its legitimate demand; but you are to use the calm as a great auxiliary, while, if you hope to deal with it insolently or capriciously, leaving it out of consideration in your policy, you will discover your error when too late. The approaching session must be one wholly devoted to social improvement, and, as Prime

Minister, what will be required of you is, not the outline of future policy, but a clear enunciation of what is to be the future basis of representation. For, rest assured, that you will find it as impossible to resist the just representation of the growing mind, as to turn the sun from his course.

My Lord, it is not improbable that at the present moment you are wasting your time in the concoction of schemes for securing a large amount of support at the approaching general election, and that you will expect to make the famine question a mere secondary consideration, a mere means to your great end; but, rely upon it, my Lord, that the present watchful public opinion will require something more than Whig pledges in return for popular support. Of all political parties in the state the Whigs are most detested, and you, my Lord, the most of all the Whigs; and yet, to prove the generosity of those you have scourged, deluded, deceived, and betrayed, they are ready, in virtue of their principle—

#### MEASURES—NOT MEN

to overlook the past upon condition of a better future being guaranteed. And now, my Lord, bear one thing in mind, that the opinions which you were formerly able to meet, and for the time defeat, by the pliant application of the laws of conspiracy and sedition, have now become too strong to be resisted by all the artillery at your disposal.

My Lord, you have heedlessly strengthened by persecution what you might have weakened by “timely and prudent concession.” You may incarcerate five hundred, or five thousand, bodies, but all your armament of force cannot stab a sentiment, shoot a principle, or cut down an opinion. And now, in conclusion, mark the bearing and direction of public opinion.

It is the belief that peers, baronets, knights, landlords, cotton lords, bankers, merchants and manufacturers, jobbers, barristers, solicitors, generals, colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, cornets and ensigns, admirals, and commodores, added to the usual number of state paupers sitting on the treasury bench, and as much hirelings and under the controul of the minister as the soldier is under the controul of his officer, it is, we say, the belief that these parties, one and all, living upon the profits of labour, cannot, consistently with the rules which direct men in their intercourse with the world, fully, freely, and fairly represent those upon whose industry they live.

My Lord, come down to the House of Commons regardless of party and of the dissensions in your own camp—the weaker you are the greater the necessity of recruiting strength else—

where; if you cannot secure it from above, you must enlist it from below. In your own person raise the standard around which fresh opinion may rally. That has been Peel's policy; propose the Ten Hours' Bill as your first measure for England, deal with Ireland as we have elsewhere recommended. Do not skin the famine, but remove the abuse; do not cater for faction, but bid for party; and, Peel having disjointed the present representative system, do you mould a more appropriate, if not a more permanent one out of the materials at your command. And mark, my Lord, that democracy and progression are upon every passing breeze, that the peace of Europe depends upon the life of one old man, and that Britain free can hold the balance of power throughout the world, while Britain enslaved threatens danger to her own and the world's institutions.

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## THE CHARTER AND THE LAND.

WILLIAM WRIGHT, and Betsy his wife, lived in Stockport; they had a son and daughter, Tom and Betsy, two little factory children, and they spent a very fractious and uncomfortable life, since that plaguy Charter, as Betsy termed it, came up. Will would attend all Chartist meetings, and was more than once imprisoned for what is termed, 'sedition, riots, routs, and tumults,' and which, in understandable phraseology, means a 'fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' and cheering those who teach them the method. During his incarceration, his wife had to bear patiently all the insolence, tyranny, and batements, to which the overseer pleased to subject her, always laying them to the account of her rascally Chartist husband. As soon as the Melbourne definition of the law had finished poor Will up; that is, when he was "RUINED WITH EXPENCES," or, which is the same thing, marked as an outlaw, unworthy of being allowed to slave for a master, as long as a more pliant slave could be procured; he became a constant attendant at the public house, and as soon as his wife returned on Saturday evening with the scanty week's wage, there was invariably a squabble for the "brass," and the poor wife was but too happy if she could secure enough to make ends meet till Saturday came round again. They had led this cat-and-dog life from August, 1842, when Will's master turned out his hands, as a means of carrying free trade, till April, 1845, when the Chartist Co-operative Land Company was established. when,

to the no small astonishment of his townsmen and his wife, Will renounced the public house, upon the condition, that, when out of work, the wife would allow him a shilling a week for his pocket, and to which arrangement she cheerfully consented, and Will, from being a "waster," became a steady, sober fellow, the wife frequently thanking God for the change, and charming Will with the altered appearance and condition of his family. After a year of this new birth unto righteousness had passed, Will runs into the cellar, one evening, where his wife had been recently confined, and just as she was calculating, with an old crone, as to how soon she might leave the baby and return to the MILL. Will gathered the tenor of the conversation, and, ready to leap for joy, he says, "Nay, Betsy, wench, thou shalt never work for no maister no more, thou shalt nurse youngster thyself this time." As Will had been out all day, and as joy had induced him to take a glass with a friend, the poor wife feared lest he had relapsed into his old habits, and replied, "Art daft, Will, why, how dost think we mun live?" "Live," retorted Will, "why, look here, lass, I have drawn a prize in Land Company;" adding, "and look here, lass," showing her five sovereigns; "I gave the shilling a week, thou thought I used to drink, to pay up share, and I saved this here when I got a chance job." "Oh Will?" said the overjoyed wife, feebly, and taking her baby from the crone, "and dost say I shall nurse little lass?" "Aye, lass," he replied, "and I'll help thee." "Well, Will," she asked "why didn't thou tell me thou had put in?" "Oh!" he replied, "thou wast always so bitter agen Charter, I was afeard till prize come up." "That's not Charter," she answered, "Charter was always getting thee into trouble, and Land will put thee in bread?" "Oh, lass," rejoined Will, "but it's Charter all the time, for only for Charter the land would never come up, and I'de never know aught about it; Charter is the means and land is the end; as ould general says, Charter is spit, and Land is leg of mutton." "Well, Will," observed the wife, "if it does nout else, it has made thee a better man, and a better husband, I'm sure." Betsy went on as well as could be expected, delighted with her future prospects, and her husband's reformation, and both seemed to grudge themselves every morsel they ate, from a desire to have a good start.

The first of May was the day appointed for the weavers to take possession of their allotment, and to enter upon their new vocation; and as the time approached, the women of Betsy's acquaintance, who were enamoured of the splendid misery of a town life, and the gin shop, constantly haunted her with evil forebodings of Will's unfitness for agricultural labour, and had actually turned her dreams of future joy into evil anticipations,

and, to her husband's great astonishment and mortification, when he came home one evening, he found his wife an altered being; he asked her the cause of the change, and she replied brusquely, "Why, thour't not used to land, and folk says it'll har-rass and kill thee." "Why," replied Will, "faither, and grand-faither and all folk belonging to I worked on land and it did'nt kill them, and why should it kill me? I worked too when I was a lad, and I was stronger and heartier then than I am now, and sure I'll only work according to my strength, and I'll mend every day." "Well, but," says the wife, "there's the rent." "The rent," he rejoined, "why, lass, the rent of all, land and all, wont be as much as rent of this black hole." "Well, but," says she, "there won't be the work to get there to pay the rent." "Well, now," says Will, "I've been studying it with folk that knows more about it than old crones, and look here, lass, suppose I work March, April, May, and June, September and October on the land, and morning and evenings July and August. Now, wherever we goes, thy labour will always be worth two shillings a day, in hay time and harvest, and mine will be worth three shillings, for, if I'm weakly now, old master Clodpole the farmer said the other day, how it was'nt all the good men that reaped the harvest, and thou know'st, lass, when they wants us they must pay; well, if we earn five shillings a day between us in hay time and harvest eight weeks, there's two rents, and then, lass, when land is sleeping, November, December, January, and February, sure my work at anything all day should be worth sixpence, and I'll get something to do and that would be three pounds, and then, lass, thou may'st earn twopence a day all the year round; there's three pounds more, so, lass, there's three rents, and all the produce of the two acres to eat. Tell me then, lass, how do farmers keep their hunters, and pay for education of sons and daughters, and make money without e'er doing a hand's turn? Sure, lass, its by profit on poor folks labour, and we'll have fifteen pounds to begin, and they'll come bidding for us in haytime and harvest if they'de kill us after; so after all we may call ourselves agricultural labourers, with house and land of our own, and fifteen pounds, for less than poor folks pay for rent of a cellar whether they work or not. Come, lass, to-morrow we leave the cellar and start, and thou'lt soon forget parasol and fan and necklace, when thou see'st children growing up well and getting good schooling, and when thou won't be afraid of sleeping over factory bell, or going to factory with baby a week old at breast, till thou gets to the gate, and, Betsy, sure thou dont think we could eat all that grows on two acres, or half one acre, even if we did'nt get work; but, see here, rich folk never like poor folk to work for



themselves, as then rich folk could'n't make so much of their labour, so, lass, I don't mind all Charter cost me, for Land is Charter, and when I go there I'll be one less for tyrants to fall back on to reduce wages. Charter cost me many a pint of beer, and many a lost day, and many a month in prison, and many a sore heart, just, Betsy, as battle costs soldiers many a long march before they win it, but the differ is here, soldiers win battles for others, and I've fought and won it for myself."

Betsy was a reasonable woman and a good wife, and was now reconciled to her long journey, and the weavers left Stockport, with their three children, by the third class train, on the following morning, and arrived at Watford on the evening of the same day, where, to their great delight, they were met by kind and fostering friends who looked upon them as their children, and having joined many new comrades upon the same mission to the Holy Land, heretofore strangers to each other, and while the sun was yet high, the emancipated slaves started, amid the shouts and cheers of welcome of a vast assemblage congregated to witness the novel and pleasing spectacle of the foundation of a Small Proprietary Class; and the travellers being all seated in vans, in readiness for the occasion, the band struck up—"See the conquering heroes come,"—the road, for the whole distance, presented the appearance of a Gala Day, and never was such a merry May-day seen in Hertfordshire, or in England, before. At the entrance to Holy Land the first settlers were met by many old friends and well-wishers, and all were conducted to their respective abodes, all anxiously inspecting their castle and their labour-field, and, though tired from a long day's journey, only terminating their research when the sable cloud of night had spread its mantle over their little domains. Will's wife was amongst the most delighted, and the clock struck twelve before she felt inclined for rest. To her, the journey was a long one—from Manchester to Stockport being the extent of her previous travels—and she slept soundly; not so, however, with Will and the youngsters, they watched the breaking twilight, and rose with the sun. Will's cottage was close to the school-house, and just as the loud bell summoned the youngsters to school, Will returned to his home, when he thought he heard his wife call, and as he opened the bed-room door, he heard her call, angrily—"Tom, thou varmint, and Betsy—thou b——h, dus'nt hear factory bell, eh!—thou'lt be fined, and I'll smack thy —— for thee; here, suck, wench, or thou mun do without it." Will stood before her, she rubbed her eyes, looked round, and asked—"Wherever am I?" "In thy own castle, lass," responded Will, with a triumphant laugh—"yon is school-bell for youngsters to go to school; turn on t'other side, wench, and tak another snooze

and I'll wake thee up, for breakfast—what dost say to Charter now? Why, if thou was'n't going to pitch little lass out on floor." "Nay, Will," said she, "I was afeard we mun all be fined and starve—I thought it was factory bell." "DAMN THE FACTORY BELL," roared Will, with all his heart—"sleep! lass, sleep! and I'll call thee." The wife slept till eight, when Tom and Betsy rushed to her bed side, jumping and laughing, and singing out in chorus, "O mammy, such a nice place, I like school maister so much," says Tom. "And I like missus too," says Betsy, "she says she'll give me a sampler to work, and teach me to read pretty good books, and mend and make faither's shirts and stockings, and bake bread, and plait straw; here's posies for baby, Tom and me picked in land; get up, mammy, we's so hungry, and faither has dug, oh so much, and the taties and cabbage and all the things look so nice. Faither says he'll have baby out with him in wheel-barrow while he digs. O mammy, all the little children look so happy. Mammy, sure you wont let us go back to Stockport and factory any more to be whipped." "No, lass," replied the mother, "not if thou'rt good." "O, we'll be good, mammy," responded the delighted children, running out of the room to communicate the glad tidings to a little play-mate of whom they had already made an acquaintance. The mother rose, and for the first time paid proper attention to her helpless babe. The happy family sat down for the first time in their lives to a substantial breakfast, in their own house, with good appetite, cheerful spirit, and a light heart; the father, when it was over, observing, that if they ate like that every day they'd break him." "Eh," responded the wife, "but they'll cost thee nout in doctors." "Thank God and ould Charter for that, lass," replied Will, kissing his wife, and telling her not to have dinner for him till three. "Young folk may dine when they come from school, but we are going to attend a vestry about church rates, and guardians, and overseers, and we all have a vote," said he, "and isn't that CHARTER and LAND, and all got for £2.12s., and thou can trust me in public house now that I have work of my own to do, and mun turn out if I'm a waster and can't pay rent; so, lass, dont thou mind any beer for my dinner," "Eh! Will," exclaimed the delighted wife, "but thour't a goodun, thanks be to God, and God bless LAND and the CHARTER:" and Will for the first time in his life went to have his word about church-rates, guardians, and parish officers! and strangers in broad cloth shook him by the hand as he stood at the church door, and when he was canvassed for his vote, he said—"I mun see how Dick Pilling will go—as he's THE FATHER OF THE MOVEMENT, and we mun all go with him for CHARTER AND THE LAND.

# THE LABOURER.

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## THE FACTORY TOWN, A POEM,

BY ERNEST JONES.

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The night had sunk along the city,  
It was a bleak and cheerless hour;  
The wild-winds sung their solemn ditty  
To cold, grey wall and blackened tower.

The factories gave forth lurid fires  
From pent-up hells within their breast;  
E'en *Ætna's* burning wrath expires,  
But *man's* volcanoes never rest.

Women, children, men were toiling,  
Locked in dungeons close and black,  
Life's fast-failing thread uncoiling  
Round the wheel, the *modern rack* !

E'en the very stars seemed troubled  
With the mingled fume and roar ;  
The city like a cauldron bubbled,  
With its poison boiling o'er.

For the reeking walls environ  
Mingled groups of death and life :  
Fellow-workmen, flesh and iron,  
Side by side in deadly strife.

There, amid the wheels' dull droning  
And the heavy, choking air,  
Strength's repining, labour's groaning,  
And the throttling of despair,—

With the dust around them whirling,  
And the white, cracked, fevered lips,  
And the shuttle's ceaseless twirling,  
And the short life's toil-eclipse :

Stood half-naked infants shivering  
 With heart-frost amid the heat;  
 Manhood's shrunk sinews quivering  
 To the engine's horrid beat!

Woman's aching heart was throbbing  
 With her wasting children's pain,  
 While red Mammon's hand was robbing  
 God's thought-treasure from their brain!

Yet the master proudly shows  
 To foreign strangers factory scenes :  
 " These are men—and engines those—"  
 " I see nothing but—*machines* !"

Hark! amid that bloodless slaughter  
 Comes the wailing of despair:  
 " Oh! for but one drop of water!  
 " Oh! for but one breath of air!

" One fresh touch of dewy grasses,  
 " Just to cool this shrivelled hand !  
 " Just to catch one breeze that passes  
 " From our blessed *promised LAND* !"

No! though 'twas night of summer  
 With a scent of new mown hay  
 From where the moon, the fairies' mummer,  
 On distant fields enchanted lay!

On the lealands slept the cattle,  
 Slumber through the forest ran,  
 While, in Mammon's mighty battle,  
 Man was immolating man!

While the great, with power unstable,  
 Crushed the pauper's heart of pain;  
 As though the rich were heirs of *Abel*  
 And the poor the sons of *Cain*.

While the priest, from drowsy riot,  
 Staggered past his church unknown,  
 Where his God, in the great quiet,  
 Preached the livelong night alone!

Still the bloated trader passes,  
 Lord of loom and lord of mill ;  
 On his pathway rush the masses,  
 Crushed beneath his stubborn will.

Eager slaves, a willing heriot,  
 O'er their brethren's living road  
 Drive him in his golden chariot,  
 Quickened by his golden goad.

Young forms—with their pulses stifled,  
 Young heads—with the elder'd brain,  
 Young hearts—of their spirit rified,  
 Young lives—sacrificed in vain:

There they lie—the withered corpses,  
 With not one regretful thought,  
 Trampled by thy fierce steam-horses,  
 England's mighty *Juggernaut* !

Over all the solemn heaven  
 Arches, like a God's reproof  
 At the offerings man has driven  
 To Hell's altars, loom and woof !

And the winds with anthems ringing,  
 Cleaving clouds, and splitting seas,  
 Seem unto the People singing:  
 “Break your chains as we do these !”

And human voices too resound:  
 Gallant hearts ! take better cheer !  
 The strongest chains by which you're bound,  
 Are but the chains of your own fear.

Weavers ! 'Tis your shrouds you're weaving,  
 Labourers ! 'Tis your graves you ope ;  
 Leave the tyrants toil-deceiving !  
 Rise to freedom ! Wake to hope !

Still, the reign of guilt to further,  
 Lord and slave the crime divide :  
 For the master's sin is *murder*,  
 And the workman's—*suicide* !

Up in factory ! Up in mill !  
 Freedom's mighty phalanx swell :  
 You have God and Nature still.  
 What have they, but Gold and Hell

Fear ye not your masters' power ;  
 Men are strong when men unite ;  
 Fear ye not one stormy hour:  
*Banded millions need not fight*

Then, how many a happy village  
 Shall be smiling o'er the plain,  
 Amid the corn-field's pleasant tillage,  
 And the orchard's rich domain !

While, with rotting roof and rafter,  
 Drops the factory, stone by stone,  
 Echoing loud with childhood's laughter,  
 Where it rung with manhood's groan !

And flowers will grow in blooming-time,  
 Where prison-doors their jarring cease :  
 For liberty will banish crime—  
*Contentment is the best Police.*

Then the palaces will moulder,  
 With their labour-draining joys ;  
 For the nations, growing older,  
 Are too wise for *royal toys*.

And nobility will fleet,  
 With robe, and spur, and scutcheon vain ;  
 For Coronets were but a cheat,  
 To *hide* the brand upon a *Cain* !

And cannon, bayonet, sword and shield,  
 The implements of murder's trade,  
 Shall furrow deep the fertile field,  
 Converted into hoe and spade !

While art may still its votaries call ;  
 Commerce claim and give its due ;  
 Supplying still the wants of all,  
 But not the wastings of the few.

Gathering fleets may still resort,  
 With snowy canvass proudly bent,  
 For bearing wealth from port to port  
 But not for war or banishment !

Then, up, in one united band,  
 Both farming-slave and factory-martyr !  
 Remember, that, *to keep the LAND,*  
 The best way is—*to gain the CHARTER* !

# THE INSURRECTIONS

## OF

### THE WORKING CLASSES.

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#### CHAPTER II.

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*How the three privileged classes used their power.*

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The secret, but fundamental principle established in the class-legislation of this period, appears to have been the non-existence of rights on the part of the working-classes and consequently of duties towards them on the part of their masters. . . A code of laws was certainly established, defining in what the relative obligations of serf, vassal, or feudatory should consist ; the fact of such legislation seems, indeed, to involve a theory of recognised rights, but when reduced into practice, amounts only to the establishment of legalised usurpation.

The following summary of the feudal code and its attendant evils will at once illustrate this position.

The poor man was declared, as a serf, the property of the rich, held to be as a portion of his goods and chattels; could be sold by one master to the other, and formed part of the inventory in the transfer of estates. He was forced to labour on the lands of his proprietor, at the bidding of the latter, (without limitation as to the hours of toil,) and not permitted to cross their boundary without leave ; even to marry he was forced to have the sanction of his master, who confirmed, or objected to his choice, and without such sanction he could not embrace any calling or trade whatsoever. He was not allowed to possess a freehold, to inherit or bequeath property of any description, such always belonging to his owner, but might, if having sufficient personal wealth, purchase other serfs as his servants—a horrible and cunning contrivance, creative of class-distinctions, animosity, and dissension among the slaves themselves. Finally, the person of the serf of either sex was entirely at the disposal of the master. In some few instances a restriction as to life existed, but the scourge, the prison and the rack were things of legalised appliance.

Next in the order of oppression stood the land-holding vassal, who, enjoying a certain degree of personal liberty, was crushed by a system of taxation. When an occupier died, his

heir had to pay heriots and fines ; firstly, on the death of his predecessor, then on taking possession himself. An annual tribute in money or produce was exacted ; a tithe, sixth or even fifth to the church, and a ninth part of his income to the landlord ; an offering of poultry and cattle four times annually, as a mark of vassalage ; a tax for the right of pasturage, and a tax for the privilege of gleaning brushwood in the landlord's preserves—and be it remembered these taxes were demanded, whether the right was exercised or not. The vassal had, further, eight annual taxes to pay in the shape of dutyfowl, and under other names, to which he was liable from the time of each son's coming of age to the period of his marriage. The great tithe, comprising a tithe of all produce bound in wood, as also of hay and straw, the lesser tithe, and the so-called "blood-tithe," consisted of foals, calves, lambs, goats, pigs, geese, fowls, and bees. The vassal had to contribute towards the outfit of every daughter of his lord on her marriage, towards the arming and equipping of every son when old enough to take the field, and towards raising his ransom, if made a prisoner of war.

A law was further enacted, declaring game the especial property of the landlord. The vassal was not permitted to drive it from his fields, when destroying his corn, and he was compelled to pay a tax, that the feudal huntsmen might protect his crops from depredation.

In addition to these, the private demands of the feudal lord, came government-taxation, such as war-taxes, capitation-taxes, taxes to support the monarch's travelling expenses, to cover the cost of embassies, to pay tribute to foreign kings in case of defeat, to maintain the legislature and executive, and others too numerous to name, which the aristocracy, commissioned to raise them, made a further source of revenue, by exceeding the required amount, and adding things not contemplated by the law. To these must be annexed the eleemosynary taxes of the church. Churchcraft taught, that peculiar advantages resulted from the choice of patron saints ; the saint would not move unless he was paid for it ; money-offerings, wax tapers, costly garments and precious stones were to propitiate this aristocracy of heaven, who proved troublesome, though saintly, creditors, and, drawing on the superstition of their votary, coined his spiritual fears into material gold.

Next in order to these actual taxes, feudal service brought its obligations. The vassal was originally compelled to labour three days in the week on the estate of his lord, the remaining days being at his own disposal. This law was soon changed, enabling the feudal chief to take the three days in the week, throughout the year, collectively, or in any sections, and, as he therefore invariably selected for himself the seed, and harvest-time, the best part of the year and the finest weather, the subsequent leisure of weeks or months was of but little



use to the vassal, since his lands were either untilled, or his harvests had remained ungarnered. As a necessary consequence, he was kept in constant poverty, all energy was tamed, all enterprise destroyed. He was further forced to serve his lord on the chase, fell timber in his forests, assist in building or repairing his castle, take in rotation the duties of the night-watch, transport munitions of war, convey troops, and find horses for his lord's carriages whenever required. He was further liable to extraordinary services, dependent on the caprice or necessities of his lord, who, as a climax to the whole, claimed and exercised the atrocious right of defloration over the vassal's daughters, and the notorious *jus primæ noctis*, or right of the marriage-night with the vassal's wife.

To rivet these chains of abasement with an external stamp, a rigid system of etiquette was established in the intercourse between lord, vassal, and serf. The colour and material of dress, even in many instances the growth of the beard and cut of the hair, were punctiliously defined. A fulsome system of titulation was established, and, in some countries, a distinctive pronoun used when speaking to or of a member of the servile classes, expressive of contempt and degradation. Their order was designated by insulting epithets, even from judicial tribunals, and openly attainted with the brand of bastardy derived from the privileged lust of the licentious landlord. The serf was constrained to walk backwards from the presence of his master, frequently to kneel, and retire from his pathway if they chanced to meet.

When the landlord, travelling through his domains with horses, hounds and falcons, passed the dwelling of a vassal, the latter was obliged to await his arrival on the threshold, and to stand in a humble attitude, having in one hand a piece of flesh for the falcons, in the other a loaf of bread for the hounds, while the wife or daughters, bearing ewers and towels, held them ready for the use of their master and his retinue! If the latter alighted, perhaps attended by a numerous hunting party, the unfortunate peasant, no longer commanding in his own house, was forced to entertain and lodge his expensive guests during their pleasure, and, though the cost might be lightened, the indignity was not lessened by the fact, that the surrounding vassals were constrained to contribute their quota of provisions.

To so low a standard a few centuries had reduced humanity! If we contrast this picture with that of the untrammelled freeman presented to our view in the preceding chapter, we do not know whether more to marvel at the daring skill of the few, or to pity the unguarded folly of the many, who suffered such a state of society to be established.

Again, when we remember, that the tendency of these laws was to encourage sloth and apathy, since who would strive even for the only pre-eminence permitted, that of personal wealth, when death would sweep it to the coffers of a master,

and rapacity could take it from the living ; when we reflect, that the toiling class were debarred from all access to education ; that, being deprived of arms, they were no match in military skill to their oppressors ; that, being stinted of food, they were unequal in physical strength to the nobility ; when we recollect, that personal indignities, and a badge of servile dress, were ever reminding them of inferiority ; and when we consider, that serfs alone formed the vast majority of the population, we may almost wonder that the pristine dignity of man should have survived through generations of servility, and should ever have rallied under a system of misrule matured to such horrible perfection.

This system, it is true, was not established without a struggle. History preserves the record of a brave attempt on the part of the Saxons to regain their liberty. At the death of Lewis the Pious, his sons, Lewis and Lothaire, contested the vacant throne. The former, having the nobility on his side, Lothaire sought to gain the people by promising the restoration of their former rights. Firing at the thought, they formed the famous *League of the Stellinga*, drove hierarch and aristocrat from the country, and regained their freedom for a time. But Lewis, concluding peace with his brother, entered Saxony at the head of the banished nobles in the month of August 842 A.C., suppressed the insurrection, treated the insurgents as rebels, had 140 of their leaders beheaded, 14 hung, and sent countless numbers of their followers, horribly mutilated, to bear about Saxony the lessons of his vengeance and his power.

The Normans, too, endeavoured, but in vain, to break the yoke of their servitude, when, at the close of the 10th century, Richard the second reigned over their country. A despiser of the people, so great an admirer of nobility that even his servants were of noble blood, and a munificent patron of the church,—the priesthood christened him “the Devout,” and the aristocracy called him “the Good.” Tradition has not told us what the *People* named him, but treachery revealed their secret league ; Raoul, Lord of Ivry, uncle of the Duke, fell unawares with his united forces on their scattered bands ; the peasantry were massacred, chivalry triumphed, thousands were sentenced to lose a hand or a foot, to have their eyes and tongues torn out, the caps of their knees burnt away, and to be impaled or roasted alive, while the name of Richard, the “Devout” and “Good,” was sent time-honored down the tide of history.

Nor was the spirit of independence quelled without a struggle in Swabia. A religious tendency was given to this movement by the fiery teaching of a monk from Augsburg, Matthew Chorsang by name, who, in the words of Christ, preached all men’s equality and brotherhood as children of the same great father. The seed fell on a susceptible soil ; the splendour of the church, the license of the aristocracy, were at their height ; the bishop of Constance, the Abbots of St. Gall,

Reichenau and Rheinau, lived in the oriental splendour of temporal princes ; no house was safe from the retainers of the Lords of Habsburg, no property secure from the foray of a titled robber. A union of the oppressed was the result, and, their demands being treated with contempt, the men of Thurgovia, Argovia and the Danube, took arms under a working-man, named Heinz of Stein, whom they entitled the "forwarder of justice," and on the 26th of August, in the year 992, the nobles and peasantry encountered at Diessenhofen, where the Schwarzach falls into the Rhine. The fact of the people having become unaccustomed to the use of arms, now told with fatal effect. They fought gallantly ; many noblemen were slain ; even the Abbot Adalbert of Rheinau was among the killed : but superior skill triumphed over half-armed valour, the peasantry were defeated, their leaders taken, and their yoke become more galling than before.

In the North, oppression met with similar resistance, but assumed the distinctive feature of being exclusively roused by the encroachments of the church. The peninsula of Jutland, the shores of the northern and Baltic seas, indeed, all Scandinavia and Iceland continued to enjoy popular liberty, at a time when the rest of Europe had been long enslaved. The descendants of the ancient Norsemen, free as the oceans that their mariners traversed to conquer the coasts of France and England, Spain and Sicily, still inhabited the land of Odin and the Odalsmen, the seat of a romantic religion and democratic royalty,—for there republics were ruled by kings, and the crown was more the emblem of duty than the insignia of prerogative.

A warlike and enlightened race may have wondered at the presumption of their monarch, when, in the year 1086, Canute, the canonized slave of the church, demanded tithes for the latter from the free peasantry of Jutland. On their refusal, an armed power was sent to support the claims of the christian shepherds, the tithes were forcibly levied, but two of the collectors being slain in a popular tumult, the entire people rose and the holy work of massacre began. Well may the Scandinavians have looked with prejudice on the christian faith, and clung with regret to the old creed of Odin, when the ministers of the former shed blood to win that gold which the peaceful teachers of the latter had despised, and the apostles of God came hand in hand with oppression, while every page of the Edda was inscribed with recollections of liberty.—King and clergy, with a numerous army, carried devastation through the land ; the peasantry retired steadily before them, till their numbers were sufficiently recruited, then, facing round on their opponents, gave the signal for the battle. With terrific slaughter the crusading troops were driven across the heath by these gallant Norsemen, and the discomfited king, resting from his flight at sunset, took refuge in a church upon the Baltic shore. At other times the triumph might have satisfied the victors, and

the sanctuary have screened the vanquished ; but the recollections of their burning homes and outraged families still quickening the chase, the gates had scarcely closed on the fugitive before the pursuers were storming for admittance. The peasants did not hold the threshold of the church more inviolate than the churchmen had held the thresholds of their cottages ; the doors fell shattered beneath their axes, and the terrified monarch was slain on the very steps of the altar. Their anger vanished with the death of their king, and though a feeling of regret may have prepared the way once more for their oppressors, it is difficult to believe, that those men should have been baffled by the dreams of superstition who had so nobly obtained their freedom by the hand of power. The very devastations that the hostile army had committed soon caused famine and pestilence—its sure result—and the churchmen, returning in swarms, interpreted this natural visitation as the wrath of heaven against an impious people that had slain the Lord's anointed and expelled the apostles of the God of peace. Even hatred of oppression was overpowered by fear of this terrible deity, who tamed victory with such immediate retribution ;—the tithes came flowing in gradually ; the peasantry submitted ; the cautious hierarchy dealt leniently at first ; the evident result of plenty following upon returning industry was construed into the relenting of offended heaven through the mediation of the clergy, purchased or rewarded by the wealth of toiling thousands ; the name of Canute was inscribed upon the registry of martyred saints, and Scandinavia soon became as loyal and religious as the rest of Europe. A century of almost general submission in all countries followed these unhappy efforts, utter prostration characterised the great bulk of the human race, and over the dull level of slavery swept the golden trappings of the king, the velvet surplice of the priest, the ermined robe of the noble, and the glittering plume of the licentious soldier. But the precedent of insurrection had been established, the protest against tyranny given in characters of blood ; in Saxony, Normandy, and Scandinavia, the first faint glimmerings had been revealed, prophetic of future storms ; the fires of wrath were heating in the hidden depths of nations, and though the thrones and altars of despotism seemed securely built, circumstances of a counteracting tendency resulted from the very constitution of society itself.

The dynasties of kings were failing frequently, and various claimants struggled for the vacant thrones, appealing to the masses of the people for support. The peasantry were again employed as light-armed infantry ; the sword was given to the poor to fight the battles of the great, but the latter forgot, in doing this, that they were restoring the power they had crushed, reviving discipline and military skill in the ranks of labour, and strengthening the reluctant slave for the hour of insurrection. The crusades were no less productive of a mighty change. The churchman, fearing the wild growth of the tem-

poral power, endeavoured to divert it into channels of his own making, and, draining it of blood and treasure by destructive expeditions, wrapped the fiery form of chivalry in the whirlwind of fanaticism, and dashed it into ruin against the mouldering stones of an old tomb in Palestine. The flower of the aristocracy were thus thinned away, their wealth diminished by the very means that had created it; many, fearing that their serfs might mutiny in their absence, or become enfranchised by joining the hosts of the crusaders, eased their burthens on departing for the east; and many even granted perfect manumission, that the blessing of God might attend their undertaking.

(To be continued.)

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“UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL.”

## THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF UNITED TRADES.

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The cheering progress of the Trades, as chronicled in the weekly labour note of the *Northern Star*, gives no distant hope of triumphant success, and promises to repay the architects and assistants engaged in the erection of Labour's home to “their heart's content.” Egotism is the besetting sin of most writers; the politician rejecting all save his own nostrums; the moralist deaf to all save his own precepts; the socialist eschewing all but his own doctrines; the religionist passing judgment upon all except his own disciples; and the economist rejecting all as unwholesome that does not taste of his own profit.

It matters not what new light may be thrown upon an old subject, the egotist will labour to convince his readers that he long saw it, and frequently placed it before them in that view—“provided they had brains to comprehend his illustration.” As, however, clearness of style and simplicity of language are the great requisites of a teacher, and as our object is success rather than self-gratulation, 'or a desire to monopolise what righteously belongs to another, we adopt the speech of Mr. Robson to the London boiler makers, at

the Victoria Tavern, on the 20th of January, as the sterling coin into which we would, if competent, have manufactured our thoughts.

Mr. Robson said "He had to bring before them one of the most momentous questions ever submitted to a public meeting. He then read the preamble to the rules of the association, and asked why was it that Trades' Unions had hitherto been unsuccessful? Because, although their members in the aggregate amounted to two millions, yet they had not pulled together—(hear, hear)—but a national body would enable them to do so, for all general purposes; whilst for the mere local purposes of their trade, they might still act sectionally. (Hear, hear.) Many millions of money had been spent on worse than useless strikes, but, had the same sum been expended in self-employment, taking a leaf from the capitalist's book, how much good might not have been done! Five per cent., and not unfrequently cent. per cent., was realised by the capitalist in employing the labour of the millions. Their chairman had recommended them to take their affairs into their own hands, well, let us do so at once; the associations he represented were prepared to do so, and their president, T. S. Duncombe, Esq., M.P., was a man in whom unbounded confidence was reposed by the trades bodies in particular, and the working classes in general—(loud applause)—he did not merely lend his name, but gave his personal services and resplendent talents to their cause, sometimes acting on their committee for ten consecutive days together, at a time, too, when other members of parliament were taking their pleasure at some fashionable watering-place, but, even when in the country, he made it his business to wait on the several secretaries and other trades' officers in the locality in which he was staying, in order to obtain a correct view of Trade Societies' proceedings for himself. The meeting was doubtless aware that the masters had made an attempt to destroy Trades' Unions through the means of "a Master and Servant's Bill," which Mr. Duncombe had caused to be kicked out of the house: and they were now making a further attempt through the sides of their sister Association, the Operative Engineers, by means of a "Monster Indictment," at Warrington. What crime had the men committed? Oh, they had "walked up and down and talked!" Well, out of this the lawyers had concocted an indictment of seventy yards in length, and the masters' counsel positively pleaded aggravation, on the ground that the men still continued to "walk up and down and talk," but he had no doubt their excellent and talented friend and advocate, W. P. Roberts, would do as he had done many times before, bring the men through. But to return to the associations. Why were there two? Sir James Graham had once said Trades Unions were legal, but, at the same time, had refused

to enrol them ; hence, they have resolved to have two, and the other a Joint Stock Company, for the purpose of employing labour—(much applause)—and which brought them immediately within the pale of the law. (Hear, hear.) The old system of Trades Unions set men on strikes, but the associations he had the honour to represent had resolved to strike out new paths, and find new roads to the prosperity of the Trades body and for the progress of humanity in general. They had discovered that ‘self-employment’ was the only true mode of ‘giving a fair day’s wage for a fair day’s labour,’ which would in time of strike enable the men to obtain wages for labour, instead of begging from lodge to lodge ; and by this means would they obtain their full wage and full employ. (Loud cheers.) Under the old society system they were most anxious to conceal the state of their funds, but under the new system the greatest service that could be rendered them was to let the masters know that they had a good fund. Only let the employers know you had a fund of some twenty or thirty thousand pounds, and they would immediately have a great respect for the rights of labour. Mr. Robson then related the mode in which the rules of the association operated, only taxing the several trades in accordance with their means of payment. (Hear, hear.) The Association for the protection of Industry were shareholders in the Joint Stock Company for the Employment of Labour : the company had already in its employ shoemakers, stocking-makers, glovers, nail makers, and framework knitters, and were about to sink a shaft to employ coal miners, and round their colliery they would have an estate on which to employ their spare time, build houses, till the soil, and thus produce their own butter, poultry, eggs, bacon, cheese, &c. ; in fact it would be a ‘home colony.’ (Immense cheering.)

Mr. Robson proceeded to illustrate his arguments in favour of self-employing re-productive labour, by tracing a quartern loaf from the corn field to the mouth of the industrious mechanic, and further shewed, that it was the workmen’s pence which formed the ‘accommodation’ which constituted the bank of the capitalists, and founded many masters’ fortunes, whilst it was the means of their own degradation and oppression. There could then be no doubt that the best means of protecting labour was by adopting self-employment, and thus would a system of reciprocity be established, each trade supporting in its turn another trade, and ultimately effecting that great desideratum, a good home market.” (Much applause.)

We have read the speeches of ministers and statesmen, and have heard them lauded for what they did NOT say, and extolled for their caution, but it appears that Mr. Robson

at least has come to the conclusion that his class are now prepared to receive the language of sterling truth; while the fact of his speech, well worthy a place in our pages to the exclusion of much valuable matter, not being circulated in the form of a handbill throughout the length and breadth of the land, leads us to the melancholy conclusion that his nervous and natural eloquence was lost upon his audience: while in an oration, occupying less than half a column of a newspaper, we find the subject treated under no fewer than ten distinct heads, all of vital importance, all indispensable parts of one great whole, and magically dovetailed into a piece of perfect mechanism, presenting labour's question "at a view," and each furnishing ample materials for distinct and elaborate comment. The speaker treats of his subject under the following heads:—

*Firstly.*—The necessity of union.

*Secondly.*—The fact of union giving to sectional movements, when rendered necessary, greater strength.

*Thirdly.*—The inefficacy of useless strikes as a means of meeting the appliances at the disposal of the master class.

*Fourthly.*—The indispensable necessity of taking the management of their own affairs into their own hands.

*Fifthly.*—The profit made by masters in consequence of the non-existence of co-operative action.

*Sixthly.*—The STRIKING difference between the old system that set men on STRIKE and the new that sets them to WORK.

*Seventhly.*—SELF-EMPLOYMENT the only means of securing a FAIR DAY'S WAGE FOR A FAIR DAY'S WORK.

*Eighthly.*—The value of exposing the state of their funds.

*Ninthly.*—The necessity of employing those hands not required in the artificial labour market in the CULTIVATION OF THE LAND FOR THEMSELVES. And

*Tenthly.*—He wove his nine threads into a *piece* of RECIPROCITY.

To canvass each of those distinct heads would require more space than we can possibly bestow, even upon the consideration of so important a subject, while we trust that the



dissection of it will enable those interested in its success to analyse it for themselves, when all must come to the inevitable conclusion that the non-observance of a single point would lead to the defeat of the principle, while the critical observance of each would place the principle and its advocates beyond the POWER of the law, the MALIGNITY of the masters, the CONTEMPT of the press, and the SPORT of faction. **TO BE FOREWARNED IS TO BE FOREARMED**, and it is right that those engaged in the struggle for labour's emancipation, should be mindful of old USAGE and ANCIENT precedent. Protected capital will not allow defenceless labour the unopposed possession of its own inalienable, though tamely surrendered, right, and therefore recollection of past errors should now serve as future warnings. There is no one thing on this earth more certain than that CAPITAL, the CHILD, will resist all attempts of LABOUR, the PARENT, to rid itself of unnatural control, and, though not observed by the sleepy eye of industry, the ever-watchful and jealous glance of greedy gain is now fastened upon the result of its first assault against the movement of the associated trades, and those of Warrington, because sectionalized, have been selected for the masters' experiment. The main body, however, should bear in mind that, although unassociated, the victims were nevertheless a portion of labour's sentinels, and that they cannot be shot down or destroyed without detriment to the camp, and hence we were not a little mortified at finding a party, contending for co-operation and universality, attempting to sectionalize the WARRINGTON CONSPIRACY with the maudlin expression of regret that the persecuted videts had not joined the grand army. We tell the parent, however, that it cannot disinherit ONE of its children, without the risk of inculcating disobedience in all; that, while despots would frighten into subservience, it becomes the duty of labour to win to obedience, and that of all classes that of labour cannot violate the great principle—that **WHEN ONE OF SOCIETY IS OPPRESSED ALL SOCIETY IS INJURED**—without itself being the first victim to the violation.

It has been too much the practice of the leaders of a popular movement to seek a cowardly exemption from the responsibility of the acts of the spirited but misguided, the enthusiastic but indiscreet, while the professors of love of order, who themselves live on confusion, have gained many triumphs by holding morality's mirror up to the weak and prejudiced, who could else find no feasible pretext for deser-

tion and betrayal. Every working man must confess, that the opponents of Chartism have relied for its destruction upon the bad name stamped by a venal press upon its advocates, rather than upon their power to overthrow the principle by argument ; and what has been tried, but unsuccessfully, in the case of Chartism, will be attempted in the case of **TRADES UNIONS**. The masters and their press will profess a sanguine desire for all **FAIR PROTECTION** to labour, but will recoil with feelings of injured pride at the **UNJUST** and **DESPERATE** means resorted to for its accomplishment, all means being “ unjust ” and “ desperate ” that promise success, and “ just ” and “ praiseworthy ” that are certain of defeat. It has ever been the practice of the trades to exhaust upon the cure an amount of strength, one quarter of which would have insured **PREVENTION** ; hence the posthumous **SPLUTTER** that was made for the **DORCHESTER LABOURERS** and the *post mortem* **SPLUTTER** that was made for the Glasgow Cotton Spinners would, if directed to insuring the **LAW'S PROTECTION**, instead of being foolishly wasted in the attempt to muster a mawkish and evanescent sympathy—have saved the victims, and secured a triumph well calculated to inspire labour with confidence and its oppressors with dismay. It matters then not a single straw, whether the Warrington mechanics were or were not of the **ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF LABOUR**, they were fighting labour's battle and cannot be deserted without injury to labour's cause. It is therefore the paramount duty of the Directory to take their case out of its sectional limits, and, if needed, to **DRAIN THE EXCHEQUER** to the very dregs to secure their **ACQUITTAL**, resting satisfied that every farthing expended will be cheerfully repaid **TENFOLD**. In speaking of this subject Mr. Robson says—

“ They were now making a further attempt through the sides of their sister Association, the Operative Engineers, by means of a “ Monster Indictment,” at Warrington. What crime had the men committed ? Oh, they had ‘ walked up and down, and talked ! ’ Well, out of this the Lawyers had concocted an indictment of seventy yards in length, and the masters’ counsel positively pleaded aggravation, on the ground that the men still continued to ‘ walk up and down, and talk,’ but he had no doubt their excellent and talented friend and advocate, W. P. Roberts, would do as he had done many times before, bring the men through.”

Yes, we too have every reliance upon the sagacity, talent, energy, and integrity of Mr. Roberts, but the Trades must see the impossibility of the best general fighting a battle without the means, and the impolicy of allowing themselves to be stripped of all the glory of triumph. Warrington LOST, and the national union CRUMBLES into ruin, Warrington WON and tyrants will dread its name.

The great advantage of the national over the sectional movement of the trades, is the fact that it takes from the masters the destructive power of constituting the satisfied few a band of spies over the dissatisfied many, invariably holding the spirit of the body in subjection to the treachery of the artful and therefore favoured few, who were rewarded with places of trust and profit in exact proportion to their subservience. Until this sectional blight was dispelled by the generous warmth of the associated mind it was hopeless to expect any move in the proper direction. We cannot conclude without tendering our best thanks to Mr. Robson for supplying the means of elucidating an extremely complicated subject. The directors need but secure such talent to place the cause of the Trades beyond the power of their enemies, by recommending its practice to the untrammelled mind of an improving age.

“Labour’s battle once begun  
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son  
Though baffled oft is ever won.”

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## THE ROMANCE OF A PEOPLE.

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### AN HISTORICAL TALE

OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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#### CHAPTER II.

The reader may be curious now to learn the name of that stranger who, in the preceding scene, had appeared so unexpectedly, and exercised so mysterious a power over either party.

To give a satisfactory answer we must take our reader back to the time when an old mansion, that stood within a few miles of the farm-house of Scyrma, was still in the possession of its hereditary lord, the Palatine of Sandomir. Young and

wealthy, the Palatine was one of the few of his class who deemed that Poland, having been justly designated "The Paradise of Nobles," would have been in a happier position now could it have been called with equal justice: The Paradise of Peasants. Actuated by this principle, the serfs on the domain of Sandomir were as happy a race as men could be, who owed their comforts not to the hand of law but to the heart of favour. When, however, the frown of Russia began to blacken over Poland, baffled in her struggle for independence, the power of the amiable nobleman grew weak to protect, and impotent to improve, the condition of his vassals. Among the serfs on his estate was an old man named Anselm, whom he had always singled out with especial favour, be it for the beauty of his child Theresa, or for the long service of the faithful follower. Thus much, however, is certain, that a deep attachment arose between the peasant's daughter and the young noble, who, however, would still have been too much imbued with the leaven of caste to divest himself of those feelings which prevented any lasting union, had not two circumstances exercised a counteracting tendency. He was on bad terms with his aristocratic neighbours, since, although they, like himself, had risen for nationality, unlike him they never contemplated the emancipation of the servile class. They regarded him, therefore, as an alien to their order; and his heart naturally turned away from the oppressing class that hated, to the oppressed people who hailed, the champion of popular independence.

Another circumstance decided the irresolution of the Palatine. Since the last insurrection, a strong military force had been stationed in the neighbourhood, under the command of a man who had been the oppressor of his family and the destroyer of his country. It was the man who, when the hesitating conspirators broke into the bedchamber of the Emperor Paul, placed his foot upon the face of their livid victim; the man who had suborned a son to his father's murder, and whom the fears of Russian royalty had christened as "THE HARBINGER OF DEATH." This man, while quartered at Sandomir, had seen the beauty of Theresa, who, escaping from his violence, sought refuge in the castle of her lord. But even here she was not safe; and when the Palatine claimed the right of protecting his own vassals in his own house, the Harbinger quietly took forth his tablets and wrote an order, drafting her with those who were sent to marry the soldiers of the autocrat in the far military colonies of the Caucasus. The two enemies confronted each other—but the mightiest was not the lord of the house. The Palatine clenched his hand—it were mutiny against the military governor! He felt for his sword—it were insurrection against the king! The noble stood before his feudal foe, and the patriot before his conqueror—when the Harbinger said, in a cold voice: "Three alternatives, Palatine! She yields to me—she goes to the Caucasus—or *marries you!*"

The hand of the noble was on the hilt of his sword. Marry a serf! soil his pure blood! He looked at Theresa. Oh! how the poor distinctions of man sink before the nobility of nature! How contemptible feudal pedigree appears before the thought, that we are all the children of one God! Honour to the Palatine, he turned to his enemy and said: "I accept the last alternative!"

The Harbinger smiled with a meaning that his victim could not then unravel, (unless it were the poor revenge of thinking he had forced his feudal foe to an unequal marriage,) and stipulated that he should give the bride away, "in order," as he said, "to let her have at least a noble father at the rites that united her with so illustrious a house!"

The Harbinger acted on the occasion with unusual courtesy and apparent kindness; but said, as he withdrew after the ceremony, "I wish you all the prosperity earth can bestow, UNTIL WE MEET!"

Little the Palatine heeded these words, and on the following day the Harbinger left the neighbourhood. Happy, indeed, was the Polish noble in having broken through the trammels of caste; when the sorrows of his country troubled his heart he could seek consolation in the heaven of his Theresa's smile, —an innocent smile such as never graced a court,—an artless heart, such as rarely, (and it is not prejudice that speaks), how rarely, beat within a titled breast! Fate fulfilling the wish of the Harbinger, seemed to single out the Palatine for prosperity; or, was it the secret hand of hatred giving happiness to make misery the more bitter?

Years sped on, and children, good and beautiful, graced the home of the Palatine. Years sped on, and whirlwinds broke around the ramparts of his ancient burgh, and passed away; and echoes rang and died in its grey towers, as blast after blast of war scudded by; as battles raged beneath its walls, and anon the plains grew silent as the dew of night. Gladly, when the first French trumpet clanged across the frontier, gladly the Palatine flew to arms; and with deep sorrow he re-sheathed his sword at the name of Tilsit; but, while Russia was raging against the aristocracy of Poland, he, and he only, escaped uninjured and unquestioned, as by a charm.

Thus time passed on fulfilling the wish of the Harbinger: "*All the happiness of earth until we meet.*"

Suddenly an *ukase* appeared, declaring the children of all those who could not produce their patents of nobility, or who had allied themselves unequally, to be serfs and subject to the servile law. The Harbinger was high in the councils of the Emperor at the time; a latent and dreadful revenge was prepared by this specious edict, and it burst above the unsuspecting Palatine at a time when he was lulled in security and peace, surrounded by the sunny smiles of those he loved, and even happy in the hope of seeing Poland free.

It was a quiet afternoon in the wane of the year, when all

things bright and beautiful leave us one by one. The Palatine and his beloved Theresa were awaiting the return of their eldest son after a lengthened absence. The time for his arrival had passed, and anxiously they watched from a terrace of the castle for some sign of his approach. The air was so still, you might have heard a leaf fall, when a horn sounded faintly in the distance. It neared rapidly across the country, and a plain travelling-carriage drove up to the gate.

"It is our son, returned from Vilno!" exclaimed the delighted mother, as with joy she anticipated seeing her darling arrive, proud of the honour he had reaped at that brilliant university under Zan and Lelewel. He was a gallant boy, but sensitive as the gifted ever are, and delicate even to weakness. They waited—but he came not. Eagerly the Palatine and the fond mother hastened to the hall to receive him,—but he was not there! An air of consternation pervaded the household, and they ventured not to answer the anxious question of their lord.

A strange foot-fall was heard in an adjoining chamber; thither they hastened, still thinking to see him.

A tall, stalwart figure stood in the embrasure of a window, looking across the noble park. Slowly it turned its darkened face, rendered hideous by a ghastly smile—it was the Harbinger of Death!

"You seem happy now, Count Sandomir!" he exclaimed. "And behold! what a goodly family. Methinks they are proud of bearing for serfs!" as he gazed on the joyous sons and smiling daughters of the house of Sandomir. "I wish you joy—it is the curse of Orloff."

Slowly he paced through the chambers of the castle in the same calm, cold manner, and then, without another word, whirled away with the clang of horns across the darkened plains.

Anxiously and long the fond parents watched for the return of their darling son from Vilno. He came not, but, in his stead, a messenger appeared, informing them that he had been taken from the university, to study at which he dared not aspire, AS A SERF, and sent, with other conscripts, as a private soldier to the Caucasus.

In vain the Palatine and the distracted mother offered their wealth, even their lives, as an equivalent for his liberty. In vain! It was the first mesh in the fearful woof of Orloff's revenge.

After a time the latter duly, as he expressed it, by an uncalled for act of kindness, informed them that their son had died of hardship and privation on the road to Asia, and that his body had been left behind to the wolf and the vulture.

Scarcely had the first blow been given when another came. One by one, obedient to the law as applied to serfs, the high-hearted sons of that stricken house were torn away as con-

scripts, sent to reinforce the far Asiatic regiments of the tyrant ; and one by one came the messengers, certifying their deaths amid privation and agony ; and when the last—the last son—the only hope—departed, he, with the bright blue eye, the arch, sweet smile, the merry, golden laugh. . . . In vain !—in vain ! Pray not, agonized mother ! Rave not, bereaved father ! See ! how rudely he is torn away ! They beat him because he clings to his home ! Away ! Why stand ye thus, bereaved ones ? He is gone !—he dies like the rest !

In vain had they striven to conceal, in vain to substitute ; the eye of tyranny and revenge pierced every veil.

Two lovely daughters yet remained. O, surely they would be spared—so good, so gentle, so beautiful. No ! the *law* must have its course—not even a Pole could murmur at that. In vain the sweet Marina loved a young and gallant Pole—vain were prayers and bribes against the curse of Orloff.

The sentence came. She too was doomed to be torn away, with the weeping daughters of the land, and about to be wedded to a Russian soldier, on his march to a far and barbarous colony on the burning Caspian.

By a refinement of tyranny Orloff himself appeared at this last triumph.

“The nuptials may take place at the castle of the count, that he may see his loved daughter as long as possible, and myself will be a guest,” he added with bitter irony.

The distracted parents were forced to attend at the church, and a strict watch was kept over the wretched father and the maniac mother, lest some act of sudden despair should mar the ghastly revenge. But when the ceremony was completed all cause for apprehension was deemed at an end. A sudden stupor seemed to have seized the doomed father—he went about, as one walking in sleep. He had been compelled to assign a nuptial chamber in his castle, and the drunken soldier there revelled with his helpless victim ! But at dead of night a pale and frightful apparition bent over him, as though summoned by the faint shrieks of his victim-bride.

There was deep silence ; the slumbering wretch awoke not from his maudlin stupor ; the eyes of the father and daughter met, and he read in them a prayer anticipating his intent. One kiss burnt its farewell on the lips of the pale girl, and a hot stream gushed against the side of the awakened soldier, as the father's sword sunk into his daughter's heart.

For an instant his blade hovered over the breast of her companion, but he withdrew it. “This sword, hallowed by her blood, must pierce none other breast but one,—and the time has not arrived !”

(*To be continued*).

## PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY.

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THE first stage in the history of man as a social individual is described by Moses as one of peace and plenty, in which the first pair of the human race lived in the ever-blooming garden of Eden, on the spontaneous fruits of the earth. This view is supported by the similar description of the "Garden of Delight," given by Zoroaster, by the Homeric fables of the Golden Age of Arcadia, and by the fact that a state of being such as is said to have been enjoyed by our first parents, existed in Tahiti and the Friendly Islands at the period of their first discovery by European navigators. But, as the human race increased in numbers, and acquired a fictitious taste for animal food, individualism crept into society, and men separated into families, living under the patriarchal form of government, and subsisting by the produce of the chase and by fishing. Such was the form of society among the Indian tribes of North America; but when the animals of chase began to feel their insecurity, and sought refuge in the more inaccessible forests and mountains, when too mankind increased to such an extent as to narrow the bounds of their hunting grounds, this mode of life became too precarious, and a change from the hunting state to the pastoral state was rendered a matter of necessity.

The third, or pastoral state of society, exists among the nomade tribes of the East—the Turcomanians, the Koords, the Calmucks, and other races. Oxen, sheep, goats, etc., were caught and domesticated, in order to be kept and bred for a regular supply of food. The nomade tribes wandered over the extensive plains of Syria and Persia, pitching their tents wherever they found pasture and water for their flocks and herds, and removing as soon as they were exhausted. To this stage of society we trace the origin of property; in the hunting state the common right to the game co-existed with the recognition of individual possession, but no one claimed more than the natural right of having as much as was necessary for the maintenance of himself and family. Private property was therefore an institution of the pastoral age, and with it originated the present unjust classification of society. The land, however, still remained common to all. But when the tide of population poured over Scythia, India, Egypt, and Greece, this wandering mode of life was gradually and necessarily abandoned as insufficient for the



purposes of life, and the land, as well as its produce, was made private property. The nomadic shepherds and herdsmen settled in villages, and an imperfect system of agriculture was adopted; the family became a tribe, and the tribe a nation,—the village grew into a town, the town into a city. Several tribes united together for mutual assistance and protection, and appointed the most renowned chief of the confederacy to be their magistrate in peace, and their general in war; thus society underwent a transition from a state of clannism to one of confederation, such as existed among the Britons, Gauls, and Germans in the time of Julius Cæsar.

The most powerful and warlike of the petty kings subdued their neighbours, as Egbert did the heads of the Saxon Heptarchy, and Canute those of Scandinavia; they annexed the conquered countries to their own, and parcelled them out among their favourite officers and courtiers. This gave rise to the order of aristocracy, and introduced the *feudal state* which was brought into England by the Normans in 1066. The feudal nobles held their lands by a tenure which rendered them vassals of the crown, to which they rendered homage and gave support; but they were absolute lords of the soil as well as of the serfs who toiled thereon, and had the privilege of exercising the civil jurisdiction of their own domains, and in some instances of coining money. This state of society still exists, in a slightly ameliorated degree, in Russia and some parts of Austria. But even this unjust system was not without its good effects in the barbarous period in which it existed. The power of the feudal lords rendered them a check upon the sovereign, and they were frequently the actual rulers of the kingdom; they dictated laws to the tyrant John at Runnimeade, they menaced the weak Henry in the parliament of Westminster, they made war upon the second Edward, and even deposed him. The barons called the first parliament, consisting solely of their own order, in the reign of Henry III, and knights and burgesses were admitted in the following reign. The nobles taught the commons the right of resistance to injustice and oppression; they set the example at Lewes and at Burton; the earls of Salisbury and Leicester were the precursors of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade. The institution of chivalry also did much to soften and refine the rough manners of that iron age of brute force, in which might was held to constitute right.

The rise of the democratic power in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries necessitated a change in the form of society, and the *Municipal* state superseded the Feudal. The burgesses acquired certain privileges for the towns which they represented; the discovery of the mariner's compass gave a new impetus to commerce, the peaceful arts of the mechanics and artists flourished with more vigour under the protection of their newly-acquired municipal privileges, and banking and money-changing gave fresh facilities for trade. Italy took the lead in these important changes; Venice, Genoa, and Florence were the emporiums of European commerce, and their merchants excelled the princes of the north in their magnificence and wealth. While the nobility of England and Germany sat in smoky apartments strewn with rushes, and dined off pewter or wooden platters, the merchants of Italy banquetted off gold and chrystal, in splendid saloons adorned with the richest carpets of Persia and Turkey. The onward progress of society brought the eighth, or constitutional, period, under which we now live. The impulse given to trade by the discoveries of Arkwright and Watts, the wide spread of British influence in the East, and the start in the race of competition acquired by our manufacturers through the long continental war, have thrown a mine of wealth into the coffers of the trader-class, with the inevitable accompaniment of a nation of paupers. Selfish individualism, desire of personal aggrandisement, and the acquisition of artificial wealth, are fast reducing France, Germany, and America to the same state. The very fact of those nations forming, with Britain, the advanced guard of civilization, is the greatest proof that can be adduced of their being on the verge of a transition from the present state of society to a better. Monopolism is but the negative phase of Association; this is evinced by the fact that all great undertakings are now carried out by co-operation. Railway, mining, and steam-navigation companies are all based on the principle of co-operation. The existence and rapid progress of the Chartist Land Company, the numerous building and investment associations, and the co-operative stores, workshops, and bazaars, are still stronger proofs of this fact, and of the progress of the associative principle in the minds of men. This principle is but the precursor of equality, based upon the eternal truth of the brotherhood of man.

Whenever we see the same idea constantly arising, modi-

fied by the circumstance of time and locality, in every part of the globe, through thousands of years, we may safely conclude it is based on truth, and embodies a correct principle. Such an idea is that of the equal rights of man, an idea that, from the earliest ages of the world down to the present day, has never been extinguished. Who shall presume to set bounds to human progress?—to say to Mind, “Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?” Already on the distant horizon do we see the first faint glimmer of the rising sun of equality, whose dawn was predicted by Grecian sages thousands of years since, and whose meridian splendour shall illumine all the nations, shedding light and life on every heart. Faith is wanting in those who doubt the ultimate realization of these visions of the future, faith in progress, in the perfectibility of every human mind. “Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; they are white already to the harvest.”

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### THE JOLLY YOUNG POACHER.

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Dick Rattles was a native of Hertfordshire and lived in the parish of Little Banks, within a stone's throw of the modest spire of the humble parish church. Dick was a poacher by profession and a most eccentric character. In the good old times when the peasant had grab for grab with the squire in the scramble for the common lands, Rattles possessed himself of the waistband of the squire's breeches, as he facetiously termed his strip of enclosure. Squire Jollyman of the Downs was Dick's neighbour, and made frequent attempts to purchase the poacher out, but the very circumstance—the growth of covers and increase of game—which whetted the Squire's desire to bid, only made Dick more keen to hold and more exorbitant in his demand, when, to please the Squire, he professed a wish to sell for what he termed “less than the value.” When Dick had established such a right of possession as might defy even the Squire's lust, he took out a license and gave his house the title of

### “THE JOLLY YOUNG POACHER.”

The peasant had only one child, a son, whose name was Will—we presume he was christened William, but we doubt if he would have known himself by that name. When

"THE JOLLY YOUNG POACHER" was opened our hero had reached his sixteenth year, and gave hopeful promise of being every thing a fond and indulgent father could desire; he had received a good education and had excellent ability, and was acknowledged to be the jolliest fellow, not only in the parish but in the county, and by all, as he was known to all, gentle and simple. Will was the handsomest youth in the parish, and of most engaging manners; he was jovial, but not a drunkard; a wag, but not a scamp; daring, but not thoughtless; reckless, but not cruel. His father's boast was, that he was the best shot in the county, that the chap would hide where a partridge wouldn't find cover, and that he would rather have the youngster on a calm, good-scenting, moonlight night, than the best nosed dog in England.

Will was a prime favorite with the young farmers of the neighbourhood, and in exchange for a good night's sport and the lion's share of the game, as well as in consideration of his prowess in horsemanship, our hero now and then was mounted for a day's hunt with Squire Jollyman's hounds. Will was born a sportsman, he sat his horse like wax, had a masterly hand, and would sail over his fences—a combination of requisites which attracted the notice and admiration of the knowing ones—and our hero, as he boasted, had the largest stud in the county, as all looked upon him as a first-rate trainer, and all were anxious to mount him. Neither was his capacity lost upon Squire Jollyman, who frequently saw Will—who was ever at the tail of the hounds—make the hit and recover his fox, when old Sam Smellum, the huntsman, had given him up as lost. The fact of our hero being such a knowing sportsman, added to a desire to seduce him from his poaching propensities, determined the Squire to offer him the appointment of first whip, with a salary and perquisites which reconciled the father to his son's accepting service. Will soon shone in his new character, and became a great favorite with a large circle of crack sportsmen who hunted with the Squire's hounds and partook of his genuine English hospitality. Our hero soon became an adept at his new profession, and, to the great mortification of old Smellum, would frequently recover his fox after all hope had been abandoned. The FIRST WHIP had not been long introduced as a guest at the Servant's Hall when the Squire observed a very provoking negligence—and especially after dinner—in the servants whose business it was to answer the bell.

The first tinkle of the bell, and especially after dinner, used to be considered as a peremptory summons, commanding all—whose place it was, to attend—to appear, all other business being laid aside. It so happened that, one day after a splendid run—in which Will, as usual, distinguished himself—the Squire had a large party of sportsmen to dinner, and upon such occasions it was a customary practice at the Downs to christen the last cup won by the Squire's stud, and which ceremony was performed with great pomp and jollity, the sportsman who got the brush making the punch in the cup: when the time had arrived for performing the ceremony the bell was rung for hot water, but no answer, a thing most unusual till of late—another pull and the same cold indifference, and another, and another with no better success, when the offended Squire sallied out of the room exclaiming "They shall go, every man jack of them; John, Thomas, James, Edward," roared the Squire, but no response, when the master, for the first time in his life, was compelled to wait upon himself. He rushed through the long passage to the door of the servants' hall, when shouts of "Bravo, Will! Bravo!" clapping of hands, and roars of laughter, literally paralysed him; and, stopping for a moment in amazement, he heard the following line, followed by renewed roars of laughter and applause—

"When the Squire stole acres, my dad took his rods."

The reader may imagine the surprise of one whose word was law, and disobedience of whose command was worse than crime. However, Squire Jollyman of the Downs was an "Old English Gentleman, one of the olden times," his motto was "live and let live," and if he exacted minute obedience from his servants, it was more from custom than from a desire to exhibit authority. However, there is a point beyond which human endurance cannot be stretched. The Squire waited outside till Will had concluded, when he rushed into the hall amid shouts of applause, roars of laughter, and "Encore, Will, encore!" Whatever might have caused the forbearance of the Squire, the reader can easily imagine the consternation of the servants. In fact, the "hurly burly," bustle and confusion, so graphically described in the admirable comedy of "HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS," was tameness itself in comparison with the scampering of the Squire's confounded domestics—some got under the table, some scampered up stairs, some under the stairs, and the old coach-man never pulled bridle till he found him-

self safe in the stable. Will alone remained stationary and unmoved; he knew that it wasn't his place to attend bells, and that after his day's hunt and his horses were made up, the servants' hall was his, and not the Squire's place. "You rascal," vociferated the Squire, though with a suppressed smile that was not lost upon Will—"and is it you?" "Yes" replied Will, "to be sure it's I, the very man that recovered the fox to-day when you swore he was gone to ground in the scrub." "Follow me," ejaculated the Squire, the smile still increasing. "Aye," responded Will, "to the devil if you'll only give me a good nag, but I'm blowed if ever I'll cross that baulking beggar OLD MOSES again, for you or any man living, to be disgraced before the field." "Come along, sir," continued the Squire, Will following till he found himself dragged into the dining-room to the no small surprise of a party of jovial souls, many of whose faces were familiar to him; and as he stood in the middle of the room, the guests were very naturally at a loss to know how they should receive him, led like a culprit by their host. Will, however, never lost his presence of mind; he recognised the best sportsmen, whose faces were familiar to him, with a knowing nod and an arch wink of his jet black piercing eye. The Squire at length broke the awful silence, by informing his guests that the YOUNG GENTLEMAN who stood before them was the cause of his servants' disobedience; that he found him amusing the domestics in the servants' hall, at their master's expense; adding,—“Now sir, be good enough to favor US with the song that elicited so much applause from your audience below stairs.” Will desired no better sport, and instantly struck up

### THE JOLLY YOUNG POACHER.

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How sweet is the life of the Jolly Young Poacher,  
 A kissing the lasses all day until noon,  
 Then shoots the preserves of some sleepy old codger,  
 A bagging his game by the light of the moon,

Come, tip us a glass of the sparkling October,  
 And give us a stave of the merry old days;  
 When squire and poacher ne'er went to bed sober,  
 The one drunk by nights and the other by days.

(Chorus.) Then how sweet is the life, &c.

I don't pity the clodpole that works for his hire,  
When the flash from his pan would his dinner provide ;  
I can tip off my glass by a good rousing fire,  
While the nigger sits shivering hard by the roadside.

(*Chorus.*) Then how sweet is the life, &c.

Who'de pine at the anvil, or die in a Bastille,  
That could live like a Prince by the snap of his lock ;  
Who'de live on thin skilly and musty oatmeal,  
That could eat his hare soup and his dainty wood-cock.

(*Chorus.*) Then how sweet is the life, &c.

I shoot my own pheasant and bag my own hare,  
While the snorting old squire lies grunting in bed.  
Come, drink to the Poacher that sets his own snare,  
A poaching's the jolliest life man e'er led.

(*Chorus.*) Then how sweet is the life, &c.

Give me the mute dog that runs keen on the nose,  
And a good double barrel with caps that wont miss,  
With a snug little cot and a good suit of clothes,  
To visit my lass when I wish for a kiss.

(*Chorus.*) Then how sweet is the life, &c.

When the squire stole acres my dad took his rods,  
And fenced them around as his lawful domain,  
Sure it never was meant by the law of the Gods,  
That the Parson and Squire should eat all the game.

(*Chorus.*) Then how sweet is the life, &c.

But let Parson and Squire have tithe and the land,  
If they leave me my lass and my glass and my gun,  
But the laws and the taxes may go and be damned,  
If obeying and paying bilks me of my fun.

(*Chorus.*) Then how sweet is the life, &c.

As in the hall, so it was in the parlour ; the Squire and his guests not only singing in the chorus, at the request of Will, but actually out-doing the servants in applause and encores. When Will had sung "THE JOLLY YOUNG POACHER" three times, to the great delight of his audience—for he had a magnificent voice, and the song was his own composition—the Squire's nephew, who sat at the foot of the table, and who was very partial to Will, handed him a bumper of sparkling Burgundy, adding, "Here, Will, is a bumper of sparkling October, come, give us a toast." "Come then," says Will, "here's Squire Jollyman's very good health, may the Downs never have a worse host, may I always have as good a master and Hertfordshire as good a sportsman."

The toast was received with thunders of applause inside, and, to the no small astonishment of the Squire and his guests, was responded to from without, with shouts of "Amen, and bravo Will, and so say we all of us." The fact was, that notwithstanding the confusion caused by the Squire's abrupt appearance in the servants' hall, Will's voice, and the novelty of the scene, had led all irresistibly to the door of the dining-room, and which, in his haste, the Squire had left ajar, and many of Will's fellow-servants had actually squeezed in between the door and the screen, and could no longer resist the natural feeling of affection and gratitude, when they heard the health of a kind, considerate, and indulgent master proposed. When the Squire heard the shouts of applause from without, the tear of joy trickled down the cheek of the tender-hearted Old English Gentleman, and he blubbered out,—“There, there, go, go, Will, tell them all I forgive them, and tell John to bring me up the St. Albans, the cup that OLD MOSES won when he and I were younger.—Go, go and make yourselves merry in the hall.” The reader may rest assured that Will and his companions obeyed orders down stairs, while the Squire and his companions kept up the christening, till Bacchus levelled all distinction, and morning found them discharging their nocturnal booze in groups upon the floor. The Squire was the only sober man of the party; he sent for Will after breakfast to attend in his study, and a change in Will's fortune, of which the reader shall have full particulars, was the result of the interview.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE LAND AND THE CHARTER.

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When gaunt famine is marching through the land with rapid strides, stopping only at the peasant's door, and only known to and heeded by the rich for the fear it creates; when we find ministers, statesmen, and their dependents, racking invention to discover a substitute for man's food, and proposing to sweeten his adversity with molasses; when we see old feuds and party dissension buried; political differences surrendered or suspended; religious animosities abandoned, and the savageness of faction merged in party unanimity and class union; a union of the rich represented



oppressor against the poor unrepresented oppressed, it is a time most meet and opportune for the consideration of the several plans and nostrums proposed by the several parties as the remedy for the evils under which all now admit society and the state has long laboured. Faction, seeing the hopelessness of longer governing upon the old principle of transfer and mere change of masters, has been compelled to adopt a social motto. The glorious Revolution of 1688, and the constitution based on the blood of OUR ancestors, is no longer a safe foundation for Whigs to build their house upon, while the cry of "Church and King" has died upon the Tory ear. It is but of late years the working classes have forgotten THEIR differences, and their combination has been the cause of their oppressors' conspiracy. As it is not likely that those who live upon the labour of others will tamely submit to any participation with those who have a right to all, at least all of their own creation, beyond what the necessities of the state may justly require in return for protection, we are about to canvass the justice of the national principle which we propose as our remedy, as well as to call attention to the lustre added to the principle by the courage, truth, forbearance, and manly daring of its advocates. However the most hostile opponent may denounce the principles of Chartism, none will venture to withhold from its advocates the tribute due to energy, perseverance, courage, and independent expression, regardless of the threat or vengeance of faction. The fact that Chartism has become the adopted principle of the young mind of America, which now sees the weakness of political power if severed from social enjoyment; that its organ, the *Northern Star*, has able correspondents in America, Prussia, Belgium, France, and Switzerland, who speak the growing mind of those countries; the fact that Chartism has struggled against and beaten old Toryism and old Whiggism; that it has survived the malicious slander, and outlived the interested opposition, of the bigotted OLD IRELAND PARTY; that it maintained its ground during the Free Trade campaign, and outlived the Free Trade agitation;—its advocates defiance of persecution; their ever readiness to meet their foes upon the public platform; their disregard of the law's oppression and their master's frown; their respect for age as evinced in the support of their veteran victims; their love of youth as manifest in their struggle to release the factory infant from a portion of his toil; their love of principle exhibited in the universal execration

poured upon the head of the deserter; the stand that Chartism has made against the united power of faction's servile press; against the combined and sectional authority of the rich as representatives and local tyrants; against the laws made by their oppressors, administered by their judges, enforced by their police, and vigorously executed by their cruel jailors—prove that the will, the whim, the caprice, the spite, the spleen, the envy, of the unjust but strong, has been in vain gathered up in one volition in the hope of bearing down the unbending mind of honest labour struggling for its just rights. Such is Chartism; a combination of young mind resisted by the conspiracy of “OLD OPINIONS,” a conspiracy of monarchs against a combination of men, a conspiracy of fading prejudices against a combination of blooming intellects. The enemies of Chartism foolishly hoped to accomplish its ruin, first by persecution, and then by silence and indifference. The one has failed, the other is DANGEROUS, as “to be forewarned is to be forearmed,” and Chartism, being the only defined and accepted principle, and the only one ready to supply that place which faction will ere long be compelled to abandon, will, instead of being understood, come upon those who must surrender to its influence as an enemy, and if convulsion and confusion should be the cause of ignorance, faction will have to blame its own, its servile press, and it alone, for the DISPENSATION. When faction of all shades shall have surrendered to the principle of the age, and when the impartial historian shall write its history, he will represent Chartism as the *dial* of the age, as the time's *chronometer*, by which public opinion was set and the national will was regulated. The historian may trace it from its infant weakness to its matured strength, shewing how the folly of vengeance and force vanished before the hope in moral power; how the denunciation of wrong withered into the censure of fools who bore it, and how the party became like a bed of mushrooms, the more you pluck the more you leave. The historian will characterize the vain attempt of faction to suppress opinion by brute force, as only paralleled by the insolence of the haughty Dane, who in the plenitude of his power sought to stay the tide and arrest the wave. The historian will say, that “about the year 1847, the several political parties in the state, who had heretofore contested lustily with each other for the reins of power, were compelled to unite as one great party to resist the progress of democracy and famine, then making rapid strides, not only in England,

but throughout the civilized world; Sir Robert Peel had disgusted a large number of his former supporters, and the choice of a leader fell upon Lord John Russell, who, early in the Session of that year, disappointed his friends and disgusted his oponents. The noble lord committed the error of confining his measures to the mere question of famine, without an attempt to correct the abuses which the Chartist party contended were the parent of the calamity, and the cause of the several evils of which they justly complained. Whether the minister found himself unequal to the task of governing, or whether he was unwilling to surrender to the democratic spirit, must now remain a secret, while his obstinacy—had it not been for the discipline of the Chartist ranks and the prudence and forbearance of the leaders, would have probably ended in a bloody revolution. The nobility, gentry, and middle classes appeared to be taken wholly by surprise, when, upon a given day, the whole democratic party came to a resolution, that, the leading men of all parties and politics having seen and confessed that the non-performance of duties by landlords, and the consequent neglect of all agricultural pursuits, has placed the people of these countries wholly at the mercy of foreigners for the necessaries of life, and has created a famine from which the producing classes alone suffer; that inasmuch as the unjust monopoly of the land has also conferred the power upon its possessors of making such laws as shall be necessary to protect them in the unjust possession of property, the owners of which do not faithfully discharge their duties; and believing the principle of SELF EMPLOYMENT to be the surest protection against unequal suffering and man's DISPENSATION, and furtherbelieving that the property that CULTIVATES (*Labour*) is more valuable than the property CULTIVATED (*Land*); therefore we, the producing millions, demand the RESTORATION OF THE LAND to its natural legitimate and original purposes, firstly, as the only means of arresting famine, by increasing production; secondly, as the only means of promoting industry and independence, by affording to each a labour field and encouraging the grand principle of self reliance; thirdly, as the only possible means of establishing a fair standard of wages in the artificial market, and fourthly, as the only means of making machinery and all other national improvements and properties man's holiday instead of man's curse. And as the exclusive possession of the vote was only tolerated, even in barbarous ages, upon the presumption

that the enfranchised steward would faithfully discharge his trust, and Parliament has proclaimed him guilty of gross negligence, he having failed to do so, and having thereby brought famine and woe upon the Land; we demand the restoration of the vote to every man of twenty-one years of age, of sound mind, and in possession of his liberty at the time of election." The above resolution was passed on the same day, in every town and village of importance in England and Scotland, and being embodied in the shape of a petition, and committed to Mr. Thomas Duncombe, M.P. for Finsbury, and the most popular man of the times, it was presented to the House of Commons by that gentleman, on Monday, the 2nd of May, 1847, and was escorted by a vast concourse of the working classes to the door of the House of Commons. The prayer of the petition was rejected, and but few members voted for its reception, however, before many months had elapsed, famine accomplished what prayers and petitions failed to achieve, popular discontent had grown to such an alarming height, while a wasting exchequer paralyzed the hands of authority, that all parties agreed to call to their councils the leaders of the Chartist party, when, after some conferences, the two statutes known as "THE CHARTER" and "LAND RESTORATION" Acts, were passed in both houses of parliament, when, as if by magic, all thought of famine appeared to merge in future hope; every muscle of the nation was at active employment; those with something helped those without anything; useless taxes were abolished; the national property usurped by the church was disposed of to pay the just creditor of the state; all useless places and pensions were abolished; England had the preference of all the trade of the world; her mines were opened, her fisheries encouraged, her population all well-housed and WELL-ARMED, and during the following year she was in a situation to demand the surrender of Poland by Russia, and to which the autocrat was compelled to yield. Ireland also in the following year had her parliament restored, and a similar act was passed with respect to the lands of Ireland."

"The history of England, previous to the enactment of the Charter, is written more in the character of romance than of the history of a great nation. We see in the museums and national institutions, figures dressed in red and blue and green, presenting a most fantastic appearance, and always armed with long swords, or guns and bayonets, and called the standing army. The history of England, however, is only

interesting to the reader since the period, by consent called the GOLDEN AGE, which dates from the year 1848; since when England has been the mistress of the world and the arbitress of nations. It is estimated that the national property increased in the first twenty years of the GOLDEN AGE from THREE HUNDRED millions annually to TWELVE HUNDRED millions, and within that period not a single murder was committed—a thing of frequent occurrence before the GOLDEN AGE—and the criminal code became a dead letter.”

Such is the character that England will deserve from the impartial historian, when the LAND AND THE CHARTER shall go as handmaids to resist famine, except when of God's creation, to fertilize the now barren heaths, to harmonize the now barbarous mind, and to destroy the now unnatural inequality existing between man and man; the monstrous anomaly, the revolting spectacle, of fatted idleness legislating for starved industry requires but the exercise of a moment's calm thought to ensure universal disgust.

The labour mind has become too proud, because conscious of its strength and value, to offer thanksgiving for a royal begging letter, or thanks for the crumbs from the idler's board. And however the press, the law, and the power of faction may unite, in the hope of resisting the onward march of democracy, we tell authority that the days of king-craft and priest-craft are numbered, and that the question of the LAND AND THE CHARTER is now but a question of time, as no human ingenuity or political device can much longer resist the demand. The simple question is, whether authority will yield to REASON, or surrender to FORCE?

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## THE CONFESSIONS OF A KING.

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I was born the child of toil,—I lived the vanquisher of men, and I die the outcast of earth. My father was a labouring serf, I was consigned to work for the support of life, and should have been denied leisure for the acquisition of knowledge,—but, in my childhood, a strange visitor came to our village. He stayed there some few years, and then went, none knew whither, nor was it ever told whence he came, or what his mission. He was tall, beautiful, and surpassing in knowledge. He

took up his abode at my father's cottage, and soon wrought a fearful change. My mother's shame, and my father's untimely, grey-headed age, were the fruits of his ill-omened visit. I have heard my father say the village, since his advent, was not the same as before. Drunkenness, hitherto unknown, theft, and even murder, began to pollute its precincts. Why this should have been attributed to our visitor, I know not,—or why he should have been deemed worse than *man*,—since man is strong enough for any evil. He went as unaccountably as he had come,—but, ere he left, in me, too, he had wrought a change. From the very day of his arrival, he had noticed me with especial favour, and, as we rambled out together, had taught me the love of history and the knowledge of man. He found the wild heart and the untutored mind of the child—he left a fixed ambition and designing thought with the boy. Strange that, although I well remembered things of even an earlier date, I retained only a vague, dim recollection of his person, as of something great, shadowy and beautiful. But a proud, wild spirit had been raised within me; I spurned the wholesome sod by which I lived, and dreamed of gold and power. I neglected my daily duties, and my father chid me; my allotted task I never performed—and I lost the employment of my master. Out of humour with myself, I wandered along the sea-coast, near which our hamlet was situate; a storm was stalking over the waters, and one small black cloud hovering on the horizon. Alas! one little cloud may spread, and darken a whole heaven. My father followed me—he was poor—the loss of my earnings made a serious difference—he reproached me bitterly; I still bore my spade in my hand; I dashed it at his feet, and abjured my calling for ever.

My father said: "Take heed! lest this daring spirit lead you to crime and destruction. Why should you despise your honest calling? The earth is the mother of all: why should you scorn to draw nourishment from her breast? Ambition falsely placed is the lure to sin—you will be tempted—how shall you withstand?"

"And have I not," I exclaimed, "a heart and brain, to feel and think for myself? I intend the good—I am strong enough to maintain my resolves, and all the powers of Hell would not suffice to shake them."

My father left me with a sorrowing smile—I stood in thought—but was roused by the sound of oars in the water. I turned, and beheld a man, in a small, strangely shaped boat, rowing towards me. He leaped ashore. Of a com-

manding figure and beautiful face, he was in the prime of manhood, richly dressed in a foreign garb, with jewels of price on his person, and told me that he was a merchant from afar, had been shipwrecked, and but saved his life with difficulty. It is strange I did not notice at the time, that there was no mark of seafaring on his vesture, and no stamp of hardship on his face. He bore a golden casket in his hand, that appeared, by the way he prized it, to contain some costly treasure. He sought a dwelling, and I named my father's house.

"No! Not there! Not there!" he cried, and I was at a loss to reconcile this aversion on the part of a shipwrecked stranger to the home of one he had never known.

He tarried in the neighbourhood awhile, and I saw him frequently. On the evening of his arrival, my father was taken ill; so ill, that I could not tell him of the strange adventure. Meantime the wanderer enquired after our circumstances, took, or feigned, great interest in my welfare, and, raising my ambitious hopes again, asked me to accompany him to his distant home. He held golden prospects before me, but I would not leave my poor old father to die alone.

"What, if he leave you first?"—said the stranger, and that evening my father died in my arms.

Scarcely had he expired, before the stranger, who had hitherto shunned the house, suddenly crossed the threshold. He stepped to the foot of the bed, and, as I live, I verily believe the face of my dead father darkened with a dreadful frown. There was a smile upon the stranger's lip; it vanished as he caught my eye fixed on his, and, with a look of sanctimonious sorrow, he bade me be of comfort and good cheer.

Shortly afterwards he left the hamlet, and I accompanied him. We travelled far, and strange instructive scenes I witnessed by the way. At length we reached a glorious city beneath a glorious sky; the golden dome of God's great temple covering the golden domes of seaborne Venice. The wealthy merchant took me to his gorgeous palace—I was installed as his secretary, and fortune smiled on me. Thus I lived awhile; he was kind, and I assiduous in my duties.

One evening, I wandered up the Brenta. It was a lovely scene! the glory of Italy mellowed by the gentlest twilight. My heart was softened, and I thought of home,—then of myself and solitude.

Beneath a tree, by the way-side sat a girl. Oh! she was beautiful! She wept, and every tear was volumned eloquence. Involuntarily I approached her, but, before she could reply to my questioning, a harsh, hard-featured man came running down the road, and, seizing her roughly by the arm, began to drag her thence with coarse invectives.

I could not witness this and hear her piteous moans unmoved. It needed but one dash of my strong arm: his hold was loosened, and he staggered backwards.

"What would you with this girl?" I asked.

"She is my daughter. A rebellious daughter."

"Oh! not so, not so!" sobbed his child. "God can never wish I should submit to this in silence. Stranger! whoever you be, save me!—in mercy, save me!"

"I will, so help me heaven!" was my reply.

The father looked at me—he was no match for me in strength. He looked at me again—my costly garments spoke of wealth, my proud countenance of command.

"Follow me to my house," he said, and, loosening my dagger in its sheath, I followed him. It was on the verge of night when we entered his dwelling. He cast his daughter on a tressel-couch, and slowly lighted an iron lamp that hung from the ceiling.

"I am a poor man," he said, "I owe a great man money. He has seen my daughter, and will take that payment instead of gold. To night he is to fetch her from me, and she fled from my roof to avoid him."

"Monster!" I cried, "to sell your child, and *such* a child!"

The girl buried her face in her hands, and lay motionless on the couch; it was but by a stifled sob that one could know she lived. The father laughed a hideous laugh, and said, "I could sell her better though the debt is large."

My hand was raised to strike him to the earth, but I forbore. "And more," he continued, "the man, who claims her, is my enemy. To any other, but him, I would resign her gladly — that is — for the payment of that debt!"

"Who is the man?"

Judge of my astonishment, when he named my patron.

"What is the amount of your debt?" I asked, as soon as I had recovered from my surprise. The sum he named was large.

"It shall be paid," I cried, "and be your daughter mine!"

"Your bond—your name!"

I paused—then gave the name and address of a young



foreign merchant, who had but just arrived in Venice, and who was well known to me, nay! had become my bosom friend through many a transaction I had abroad with him on behalf of my patron. I wrote to him—he would not fail to silence any doubts. The father was satisfied.

“Now then,” I said, “to night, when the spoiler comes, you close your doors.”

“Ha! ha! that I will!” chuckled the Venetian, who, I subsequently found, had named a sum twice as large as that which he owed the merchant.

“Leave us now!” At my words he retired.

“Lady!” I said, and the girl rose with a maiden majesty, and looked upon me with a proud and scornful glance. Suppressed emotion struggled in her breast—I knew her thoughts. “Lady!” I cried, before she could speak, “pardon me for fighting the harsh world with its own weapons. Oh! believe me, most beautiful! no thought of wrong is in my heart, To save you, I will sacrifice myself. You shall be free, free as your spirit is from stain, to go with me or leave me as you list, while I am but the minister of your safety.”

She looked at me—the haughty paleness vanished in the sweetest blush, the proud agony of her glance melted in the softest tears, she sunk into my arms and breathed: “No! I cannot be deceived! God, who teaches me to love, has taught me to confide. Friend of an hour, be the companion of a life!”

A whirl of joy maddened in my brain, as again, in the clear, cold moon-light, I stood upon the road of the Brenta. Then, one by one, came the choking doubts and the hopeless fears; I was the penniless protégé of a wealthy patron—on the morrow the sum must be given to that inexorable father! Whence should I procure it? Fearful thoughts flashed across my brain as I passed the threshold of the merchant’s palace.

It was night—the rooms and passages were dimly lit. “He is the destroyer—thence from him must come the money. It is retribution,” I cried, “it is only retribution!” and a laugh strengthened the false sophistry of my heart with a kind of galvanic energy.

There was much wealth in the palace, but I knew not where it was secreted. Suddenly, the conviction struck me, that a treasure must be contained in the golden casket I had so often seen. He had never shewn me where he kept it, but, methought, since I frequently beheld it in his

hand when he retired for the night, it must be in his chamber! My brain reeled as I flitted down the passages. The door was before me—my hand was on the latch. Heaven! should it be locked! No! he had been forgetful. It opened——creaked——I stood breathless——a lamp burnt in the room—the curtain of the bed stirred! I paused—all remained still—my courage returned. I crept across the floor—no signs of the casket! My heart sunk within me. Desperate, I advanced to the bed. I opened the curtains. There—on the pillow—by the sleeper's head—there lay the prize! I gasped for breath. My arm moved towards it—a pistol lay beneath the very hand of the merchant. At this moment he groaned—he moved——!”

*(To be continued.)*

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## MONTHLY REVIEW.

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The political clock has been wound up for the season, and Lord John Russell has oiled the rusty works with such unction of Whig-liberality as finality could afford, and famine forced him to concede. But so cautiously has he modified his promises by reservation of ulterior measures, that we see small certainty of salutary reform. The monster evil of Irish Landlordism has not been duly grappled with, and the aristocracy is in arms at the bare thought. One conclusion, at which the Premier has arrived, meets with our hearty concurrence: it is, that insecurity of land-tenure is the great bane of a country, and that small holdings of land are more beneficial than the massing of estates in a few hands. Mr. Fielden is indefatigably pushing forward the Ten Hours' Bill, and Mr. Duncombe has given notice of motion for a Repeal of the Rate-paying Clauses of the Reform Act—an important measure, that will test the sincerity of many a professing liberal. Throughout Europe the famine is still afflicting the poor. May it stir them to salutary energy,—for, as the masses drive reluctant Cabinets on the path of progression by the “pressure from without,” so are they themselves pushed onward by the “pressure of the times”—by famines, plagues and wars—the wholesome, but terrible medicines that purify the body-politic of states.

It is refreshing to turn from the nothing (or worse) that governments are doing for nations, to what the nations are doing for themselves; and, indeed, the march of progression is going bravely onward, since the people are beginning to take their own work into their own hands. The Ten Hours agitation is going north of Tweed; the principles of the Charter are finding their way among the middle classes; the *combination* of the Trades is making rapid head against the *conspiracy* of the masters, and the growing feeling among the working classes for possession of the land is daily being more exemplified.

That state, from which we are endeavouring to emerge, the infatuation of the American Government seems preparing for their country. President Polk, the Louis Philippe of the UNITED STATES, has delivered a "speech from the throne," since it is full of the sophistry of kings and the special pleading of diplomacy. It is amusing to read, that he justifies the Mexican war on the score of recovering some few thousand dollars due from Mexican merchants, and for this purpose prepares a debt of millions for his country: it is painful to know, that the dollars will come out of the wrong pockets, and the millions be burthened through coming generations on the working men of America. But hope is given even there. A party of agrarian Reformers have put forth a "People's Charter" which embodies the great truth of the people's right to the soil, and the fact, that a landed proprietary population alone can be able to resist or subvert the power of monopoly.

The same spirit, from the same cause, and with the same result, is manifest on the Continent of Europe. In FRANCE, famine has already reached a terrible height, and, as a sure concomitant, riots have become almost general throughout the country. In the Indre, and Blanc, Châtillon, Mezier, Vendome, Palluan, Buzançais and many other places, the gendarmerie have proved inadequate, and, in some cases, even the local troops were insufficient to quell the disturbance. The financial prospects of France are annually deteriorating, and this year presents a fresh deficiency in the revenue of £3,000,000. Thus, here again, the old chain is being unwound: misgovernment creating national debt; debt creating an usurious money-ocracy that monopolises the resources of the country, and thus plunges the great bulk of the population into want, while that very want, re-acting as the great correctative, prepares the completion of the cycle of change, by destroying the despotism to which it owed its origin.

Meanwhile there is a deep significance in the fact, that Louis Philippe is placing 1200 cannon on the new fortifications of Paris, and endeavouring to turn the eyes of the people in the direction of military glory, by fomenting the old rivalries with England through the means of Spanish marriages.

The occurrences in GERMANY are but the counterpart of those in France. Famine everywhere (except at the tables of the great ;)—factory riots in Silesia ; bread riots and insurrectionary plots exploding in all directions.

SPAIN and PORTUGAL appear yet behindhand in the march of progression, since the Cortes of the former have still more immediate cause of fear from Carlist insurrections than from domestic movements. In Portugal, the work of slaughter is continued. On the 22nd of December last an action was fought at Torres Vedras, between the Queen's troops, under Saldanha, and the insurgents, under Bomfin, in which the latter was defeated and taken prisoner. The victors lost 386 men, the other party in proportion ; among the latter Admiral Albuquerque. On the 26th of the same month another insurrection was going on, another battle was fought in the same country, in which the Queen's general, Casal, defeated with great slaughter the Miguelite chief O'Donnell, and the prisoners were afterwards butchered in cold blood ! Had the Portuguese people, instead of, as in the latter case, arming for a brutal and imbecile tyrant, and, as in the former, for a change of bad ministries, united for the cause of popular right, the issue would have been different, and a good government might have been established. Meanwhile, a junction has at length been formed between the Miguelites and the Septembristas at Oporto—at a time when the English government has undertaken to land troops in defence of the Queen, and famine is to be the besieging artillery of Saldanha's army.

The liberal measures of the POPE are doing much to calm, at the same that they are strengthening, the democracy of ITALY. GREECE is writhing under the great mistake of having submitted to foreign *misrule* instead of native *government*, and AUSTRIA and RUSSIA are playing in TURKEY their old game of *divide and conquer*—and then *divide* again. An insurrection has been suscitated by Austria in Bosnia, through an inhabitant of Riké named Mahmoud. Halil Kiamil Pasha, at the head of 3,000 Albanians, defeated him at Dobrina, with a heavy loss on either side. We shall hear of more such Austrian *intrigues*, if the growing storm in

Hungary does not prevent it. In this latter country the peasant-insurrection yet lives on. The government, alarmed, has convoked the people, promising remission of a portion of their feudal obligations of forced labour. To the surprise of the authorities, who calculated on the delight and gratitude of the serfs, the latter retired, declaring themselves dissatisfied with anything short of the total abrogation of forced labour of every description. Meantime the famine here, too, is so great, that nutshells are ground to make bread. Many a revolution, at its beginning, has been contained in a *nutshell*.

RUSSIA, too, has again suffered a defeat in the Caucasus, with a loss of 700 killed and 3,000 disabled, and may have work enough on its hands ere long with the Poles, whose Committee have issued a glorious and stirring address to the democracies and tyrannies of Europe.

SWITZERLAND, as of old it repelled foreign invasion, is now resisting internal despotism. An insurrection has broken out in Friburg, which the government are attempting to quell by setting the German peasantry against the French. How those national hatreds play the game of despots! The insurgents are, however, progressing, and, on the 6th of January last, carried the castle of Morten by storm. The note of the Russian envoy Krüdener to the council of Berne, threatening, in effect, the intervention of the great powers in the internal affairs of Switzerland, if democratic principles were not suppressed, was nobly answered by the council of that little state (composed, as it is, of democratic elements); it reminded the breakers of the Treaty of Vienna, that it ill became *them* to threaten the Swiss confederation for the anticipated infringement of a federal compact.

While the events we have detailed above are complicating the relations of established governments in the old and new worlds, while, in a time of "universal peace," five sanguinary battles have been fought in the space of one month in Europe and the Caucasus alone, while famine is afflicting every country, and bread-riots are rife in Ireland, France, Germany and Sclavonia, while the cholera is advancing with rapid strides from the East—it is encouraging, amid all these gloomy pictures, to behold awakened energy among the nations, to see evidence of progress in all quarters (save in governments), and feel the growing powers of democracy, that needs but a good guidance and a steady course, guarding itself alike, as from violence, so from vacillation, to attain the glorious goal of universal good.

## ERIN.

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Oh ! Erin my country, I love thee with pride,  
But I love thee the more for thy sorrow ;  
Many is the bitter salt tear I have cried,  
As I've cheerlessly thought on thy morrow.

Though my fame be erased from thy history's page  
And the name of my martyr'd dead sire forgot ;  
Though my uncle still pines in the winter of age,  
A fifty years' exile for Erin his lot.

Though, hounded by trader and traitor, you aimed  
To shed my life's blood in your madness and woe,  
I resisted with reason alone till I tamed  
The spiritless courage infused by the foe.

Yet Erin, I have never forgotten the vow,  
That I solemnly swore at my country's shrine,  
That the haughty oppressor should bend his proud brow,  
That I'de break his stiff spirit, or he should break mine.

How oft I have sighed through my cold prison bars,  
As I've thought on the magic that bound you a slave,  
When you've cursed the Lord Edward that died of his scars,  
And reviled the young Emmett that sleeps in his grave.

Though his body lies mangled by traitors and knaves,  
His memory's enshrined in each true Irish heart,  
And his country, though crippled by sycophant slaves,  
Shall rise a proud nation despite of their art.

Then, Erin, take courage, the day is at hand,  
When Saxon oppression shall tremble and fall,  
When Erin's own sons shall possess their own land,  
And shall make their own laws, still better than all.

Yes, Erin's dark night of oppression shall flee  
 Like a vapour dispell'd by the sun's genial ray,  
 And then, sweetest Isle of the ocean, thou'lt be  
 First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.

When we see the light footstep that bounds o'er the sand  
 Of the exile condemned the wide world to roam ;  
 When the day-star of freedom shall shine o'er the land  
 To light the lone wanderer back to his home ;

When the waters that bound thy lone dungeon shall swell  
 'Neath the crowded white canvass that bends to the west,  
 And fill'd with the cheers of thy sons come to dwell  
 In the land of their fathers, the home they love best ;

Then Edward and Emmett may rest in their graves,  
 Where untomb'd and unhonoured their relics have slept ;  
 While the traitor that lived on the blood of his slaves  
 Shall perish unhonoured, unmourned, unwept.

Then, Erin, I'll visit thy sea-beaten shore,  
 When the home of my fathers is home for the free,  
 Then, Erin, I'll swear at thy altar once more,  
 To perish if needed, loved Erin, for thee.

And then, though my name, like young Emmett's, be cursed,  
 My spirit shall hover around the loved spot,  
 Where I play'd in my childhood, and where I was nursed,  
 Where I rocked in my cradle, and I was begot.

Then we'll build a snug nest in our own little isle,  
 And we'll choose our own members to make our own law,  
 Like freemen we'll live on our own native soil,  
 The loveliest, greenest, that man ever saw.

Up, up, then, young Ireland, the land of the green !  
 Ere the traitor, with Saxon your liberties barter,  
 Each true British spirit will join with Erin  
**FOR REPEAL OF THE UNION—THE LAND  
 AND THE CHARTER.**

## LITERARY REVIEW.

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SIXTY YEARS HENCE. 3 vols. T. C. NEWBY, 1847.

This work is the production of a poetic imagination, combined with historic truth and pungent satire. As its title denotes, it endeavours to portray the state of society sixty years hence, and happily supposes the ultimate triumph of democracy, by means, however, such as would baffle the shrewdest guess.

In an amusing scene, the author recapitulates the leading events supposed to transpire at the close of this century, and makes the last measure introduced by Sir Robert Peel be the enactment of "The People's Charter." Press of matter precludes our giving extracts from this highly amusing and interesting work, or we would refer to these fictitious annals—to the appalling death of John Cash, the "great man" of the day—to the magnificent scene in which the army of despotism is overthrown at last, and to the strange solution the author finds for the famine and its cause; but we heartily recommend this book to the Democracy of England, as to every class, as one of the most entertaining and instructive works that have issued from the press in the recent times.

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DR. LEES' TEMPERANCE TRACTS. No. III. *The Barley, Malt, and Beer Question.* Price 1½d. Leeds: 1846.

An able pamphlet, in which the author endeavours to reconcile the interests of the farmers with the spread of Tee-totalism, and argues the point in a lucid and convincing way. The barley-growing and the beer-drinking public will profit by a perusal of this tract.

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KING CHARLES THE FIRST: *a Dramatic Poem, in Five Acts.* By ARCHER GURNEY. London: William Pickering, 1846.

The joint work of genius and prejudice. As a poem, magnificent;—as a political essay, a failure. The author



has endeavoured to pourtray feudal royalty as the *beau ideal* of policy,—Cromwell, Pym, and Hampden as the reverse; but he must have felt the weakness of his position under all the armour of caste, since, in a work professedly historical, he has been reduced to draw excuses for the imbecility and treachery of King Charles from the stores of his own imagination, to suppose a secret compact between Charles and Pym, to the effect, that if the former signed the warrant for Strafford's execution, the bishops should be spared and tender mother church remain unshorn of her "powers"—an excuse (if such) wholly unwarranted by any proof in history. Again, he has been compelled to work largely on the monarch's susceptibilities as a husband, in palliation of his faults as a sovereign; and in the contrast between Charles and Cromwell the author supposes the latter to visit the royal captive in his prison, and retire quailing before that man whom he had braved and defeated in the council and the camp! Nay, he even makes Cromwell indirectly confess that his life is but one plan for deluding the people, to gratify his hatred of the king and his ambition for the crown. If history offers any proof of these things, why not give it boldly? If, on the contrary, it does not, then let the poet leave the manes of a hero at rest; if prejudice forbid to render him justice, it is at least ungenerous to suppose bad motives for good actions, motives which are belied by the whole tenor of a glorious life.

To such lamentable devices talent can be driven, when it endeavours to palliate the bad and espouses the unjust cause. Weak indeed must be the position of kings and aristocracies, when they need resort to such expediences as these; in this work we hail another blow struck at their usurpations, since Mr. Gurney has written the ablest defence they could have obtained; and yet, after all, it is but a condemnation!

Mr. Gurney has mistaken the spirit of the age, if he thinks it will revert to the standard of mediæval chivalry! Feudalism, with its boasted generosity, would be an insult to common sense, since men like not to receive alms out of that which is their own by right; its splendour would be a mockery of the distress that created it—its blood-stained escutcheons an indignity offered to the god of peace, and its *condescensions* would meet with the contempt of those who have pronounced the equality of man! We are of those, who think a Franklin greater than a Cid, a Burritt

nobler than a Bayard, and a Washington more illustrious than a Wellington.

Mr. Gurney has truthfully executed one part of his plan, the comparison between the wavering weakness of the Royalists in that age, and the emasculation of the aristocracy in the present. Thus it is ever with tyranny: like a scorpion, at last it stings itself to death. Its career is, first, strong rapine, then vicious luxury, and then enervate imbecility; then freedom has a chance to rise again.

In conclusion, the author's prejudices will damage the appreciation of his truly great talent, and we exhort him for his own fame's sake, as well as for the good of his fellow-men, to turn that talent to a better cause.

LOVE'S LEGENDS. By ARCHER GURNEY. London:  
Mitchell, 1846.

In one of these poems the author has displayed a far different spirit from that evidenced in the work alluded to above. It tells the story of a peasant-girl, named Bertha, who loves and is betrayed by a "noble" villain. The tale is exquisitely wrought, and told with unaffected simplicity. "Adhemar's Vow," and "The Peri," though having much poetic merit, are inferior in not bearing evidence to that democratic truth, from which "Bertha" derives its chief interest—the equality of man; a truth to which the good-feeling of the author has, despite class-prejudice, in that one instance, forced him to bear testimony.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"YORKSHIRE MECHANIC"—"Mr. Claucey" Received.

"T. S."—will find particulars under the head referred to.

"ZETA."—Yes.

"A. B. C."—The subject has been already treated,

# THE LABOURER.

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## THE LIFE OF A FLOWER.

### A POEM.

BY ERNEST JONES.

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Amid the bright'ning glories of the earth  
I watched a humble floweret from its birth ;  
'Twas a pale blossom, and a simple one  
As e'er held converse with the godlike sun —  
Yet, e'en on that descends the beam divine,  
And drinks the offering from its perfumed shrine.

Up sprung to life its small and tender form  
Amid a short pause of a vernal storm ;  
When spring once smiled between an azure rent,  
Like hope thro' cares, 'mid winter's discontent.  
Forth from its dark abode the young flower strove,  
As though 'twere kindred to the light above,  
And heaven's own beauty, like a magnet true,  
Called that of earth into existence too.  
Short time it raised in peace its tender head,  
Smiling to God from forth its dewy bed ;  
Breathed the first sigh, whose perfume sweetly fell,  
As though an angel prayed within its cell ;  
And pilgrims passed, and passing paused to say :  
" How fair a flower to cheer a wanderer's way ! "  
They lingered still, when came the chilly storm  
And drove the worldlings from that shrinking form ;  
Then, true to earthly, law approached to wreak  
Its wildest wrath upon the fair and weak.  
Then swept the frosty mist, then rose the blast,  
And silent snow entombed it as it passed,  
While flying Winter placed, in iron hour,  
An icicle, where spring had raised a flower ;  
Called it as pure and fabled it as bright,  
But gave no warmth, although it granted light.

The skies were cold—the fields all bare,  
 And bare the trees, though the buds lurk'd there ;  
 The birds were silent, the waves were still,  
 Those voices of forest and river and hill ;  
 And the snow o'er the fountains and flowers was spread,  
 Like a marble gravestone for the beautiful dead :  
 But where was that gentle young child of the sun,  
 Its sweetest, its first, its most beautiful one ?  
 For what is so dear, howe'er simple its bloom,  
 As the first bud that brightens the path of our doom ?

The hours came thronging, the hours they passed  
 On their chariots of sleet, storm, and sunshine and blast ;  
 They drove over rock, plain, and forest and wave,  
 And each furrowed deep o'er that desolate grave ;  
 Or with footsteps all careless above it they trod,  
 Nor reck'd of the pale bloom, that liv'd in the sod ;  
 And mortals forgot it had ever been there,  
 Nor talked they, nor thought, of that flower so fair ;  
 And each went his way, o'er the land or the wave,  
 In his sunshine or storm, to the gate of his grave.

The hours passed by and the sun shone again,  
 Writing in letters of green on the plain,  
 With finger of fire, in tracery slow,  
 Promise of Summer on pages of snow.

The wanderer came, with his wearisome lot,  
 And ever as sweet, on the self-same spot,  
 The pale flower waving its beautiful head,  
 Like an angel returning to man from the dead,  
 With its bloom and its perfume still grew on his way,  
 And forced him to pause, while it wooed him to stay.

The skies grew deeper, more dark and more bright,  
 More dazzling by day and more dreamy by night ;  
 The Sun, like a god to his throne, mounted higher,  
 Struck the green earth with a sceptre of fire,  
 And quaffed from the river, the lake and the main,  
 As tho' they were goblets for godheads to drain.  
 The hills were parched, and rent all o'er  
 Like thirst-parted lips on a sandy shore ;  
 The streams and the rivers were tarried and dried—  
 The veins of the earth that had shrunk o'er their tide ;  
 And a brown, burning ball, through the desert of space,  
 The earth still rolled on its endless race.  
 The leaves fell dead from the motionless trees,  
 Straight and lank, for there came no breeze

To bear them soft with hand unseen,  
 And sighing song to their grassgraves green.  
 The verdure was dust, and the water was air,  
 The sun stood throned on a desert bare,  
 And the pale flower drooped its meek, delicate head,  
 Like a dying child on a lonely bed.—  
 The wanderer shrunk from the sun's assault  
 'Neath cave and cleft and arch and vault,  
 And saw the hot death of the world around,  
 The burning sky and the burning ground.—  
 And mortals forgot, 'mid their pain and their care,  
 That the beautiful stranger had ever been there.

The hours they passed on their fiery flight,  
 Driving their chariots through furrows of light,  
 Till a trumpet-tone shattered the air of the south,  
 And a banner of black overshadowed the drought.  
 'Twas the Thunder, who called on the wind and the rain,  
 And led his loud armies from highland to plain,  
 Till leaping with joy at his fiery glance  
 The round rain came down with a festal dance.  
 The steaming earth quickened its inward life  
 And gazed on the sun and the thunder's strife,  
 Till the triumph-march of the victor swells,  
 His deep drums rolling through the dells,  
 Waving his banner, all shattered and dun,  
 Right in the face of the sinking sun,  
 And with flashes of lightning in solemn array  
 On a rainbow-bridge he marches away.

'Twas then the earth, at still of night,  
 Put forth its all of fair and bright:  
 Fountain and flower from stone and sod—  
 Myriads of altars to one great God.  
 But first of all, and still the same,  
 Like a buried dream that floweret came;  
 Like a poet's thought, that long had passed,  
 Returning from its heaven at last;  
 As pale, as fair, as sweet of hue,  
 With perfumed cup and crown of dew.  
 It came to men's hearts with throb of pain,  
 Like a tale long forgotten, remembered again—  
 A something familiar, that once had been dear,  
 That we greet with a sigh, that we leave with a tear.

Over the earth the rich autumn had rolled,  
 As a guerdon of wealth, its deep colours of gold,  
 With the fruit on the tree and the grain on the ground,  
 The vintage above and the harvest around,  
 The reaper with sickle, the vintner with shear,  
 To gather and garner the wealth of the year :  
 Man, who forgot his own heart in that hour,  
 Was too busy with fruit to remember the flower.

And once again a change came there,  
 A shade on the earth and a chill on the air ;  
 Dead from the mother-tree fell leaf by leaf,  
 While she stood o'er their graves with a statue-like grief ;  
 And over the mountain the hoar frost spread,  
 Like snows of age on a furrowed head ;  
 The streams crept slow with a hound-like moan,  
 The lakes were turning as fixed as stone ;  
 All seemed dead but the wind and the wave,  
 And they did nothing but madden and rave.  
 Then, when all was gone and drear,  
 The harvest housed, the stubble sear,  
 With no more to hope in that desolate hour—  
 The wanderer thought of the young spring-flower :  
 And forth he went o'er the lonely plain,  
 Faltering on through a shroud of rain.  
 His cheek was hollow and wan of hue,  
 And his steps were many, where they'd been few !  
 His brow was bent, his pace was slow,  
 His course was wavering to and fro—  
 While the arrowy sleet and the hail, as he passed,  
 Charged on the steeds of the hurricane-blast.  
 But the flower was gone, where the best must go,  
 Shewing us heaven, and leaving us woe—  
 Gone for ever, that delicate thing,  
 That had outlived the summer, a child of the spring—  
 Modest and meek, through the rich autumn's pride,  
 Neglected it blossomed, unheeded it died !  
 Type of the beautiful, wrought in man's fate—  
 It was slighted too long, it was sought for too late !

# THE INSURRECTIONS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

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## CHAPTER III.

### *The Revolts of Jutland.*

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After a century of apparently quiescent slavery, a series of insurrections broke forth in the north and west of Europe. These were not so much a result of the social changes alluded to at the close of the preceding chapter, as, rather, a further manifestation of the original impulse, that had driven men to fight for their rights, and had survived their first defeat and subjugation. The repression of these revolts, however, was stamped with the new features of unbounding Church dominion, that wrung victory by perseverance from the hands of courage, when at the moment of prevailing over the power of princely usurpation.

The first in the North to rouse themselves from their political lethargy were those who had submitted last. Since the death of Canute the Church had been winning its way slowly but surely, and in the beginning of the twelfth century the See of Lund, in the province of Sconia, had been raised into an archbishopric, and surrounded with the splendour of a temporal sovereignty. The new dignitary was cautious in his pretensions, since Archbishop Eskil might not feel the mitre firmly placed on the head of a shepherd, whose flock had so recently measured the right of their ruler by the length of their swords; but the daring spirit of his successor, Absolon, aimed a bolder flight, and exacted all the services and imposts demanded by the feudal princes of his day. To enforce these, he was compelled to levy troops, and therefore sending for his kinsmen and retainers from the Isle of Sealand, appointed the former to various commands, and distributed bodies of the latter throughout the country.

Those who had never brooked the priestly dominion, were still less willing to bow to its yoke, when combined with political servitude, and upheld by foreign mercenaries. The spirit of resentment that began to manifest itself, but increased the arrogance of the archbishop's vassals, until the abuse

corrected itself, and an incidental act of oppression caused the treasured anger of a century to break forth when least anticipated. A party of the peasantry were one day employed in the feudal service of hewing wood for the archbishop, on a steep and thickly-timbered height, and, since it was inaccessible for beasts of draught or burden, the stewards directed the men to harness themselves to the felled trees and drag them down the hill. They resisted the degrading mandate; a quarrel ensued—blows were exchanged—the riot increased—the insurrection spread,—the tithe houses were burnt—the mercenaries defeated—their strongholds assailed, and the soldiers of the Church expelled out of the country.

On the receipt of these tidings in Sealand, where he had taken up his residence, the archbishop hastened to Jutland, and called a general assembly of the people; but his manner being haughty and insolent, he endeavoured, in vain, to obtain a hearing. He then held a separate meeting in each district, and attempted to create mutual jealousies between their inhabitants. The southern peasantry were gained for a time; but when they found he violated his most solemn pledges, they rose again with increased fury, and essayed to capture the prelate on the island of Sigostha or Iffron. Their approach having been revealed, he had time to put his troops under arms, and surround himself with a rampart of waggons (according to northern custom,) before the enemy arrived in sight. On their sounding the assault he met them at the head of a procession, with sacred music, and a sacristan bearing a gigantic cross before him. The peasantry fell back in fear of the sacred symbol, (so great already was their terror of the Church,) and the long procession wound unmolested through the parted ranks of the investing multitude. On their retreat the archbishop's men killed some of the straggling peasantry, and one of their number was slain by the latter, among whom his unmanageable horse had carried him.

Beyond this, no blood was shed. Absolon arrived safely at Lund, and thence crossing the sea with his clergy and retainers, awaited the people's delegates in his palace of Sealand. The daring pontiff met them with an anathema, and they determined on appealing to their king, Waldemar of Denmark, who not only promised, but intended to accord redress. Even kings, however, were waning before the all-absorbing influence of the Church, and the good-hearted monarch was compelled to bow beneath the bold spirit of his master, and the slavish superstition of his Sealand subjects. The insulted envoys returned home, and the flame of insurrection spread throughout the country. A proclamation was issued declaring that the free Scandinavians owed allegiance to none but their king, and refusing to render, service, homage, or taxes to the archbishop and his clergy—since princely splendour was unnecessary for the propagation of the gospel, and those immersed in the vanities of earth were least likely to appreciate the purities of



**Heaven.** A new demand was added to their proclamation, that celibacy, as inconsistent with the purity of wedded life, should henceforth be abolished from the statutes of the Church.

The indefatigable prelate never ceased importuning the king, until he took up arms against his subjects ; but on the eve of battle the Jutland peasants sent their envoys to the royal camp, and again explained their grievances to Waldemar. The latter endeavoured to propitiate Absolon and induce him to a remission of tithes—but the prelate proving inexorable and the monarch weak, the peasants left the king to preach their new gospel to the soldiers of his army. These consisted principally of men of their own nation, who, suffering under the same or similar grievances, declared their complaints to be well founded, and refused to march against their countrymen. As king and priest could not fight their battle without an army, they were compelled to return, having accomplished nothing ; but Absolon consoled himself by issuing an act of excommunication against the entire people. The peasantry, nothing daunted, cut off all supplies from those churchmen who refused to administer the offices of religion, while their discomfited opponent, profiting from past experience, began to assemble an army of more pliable elements from countries where his name was held in greater veneration.

Having thus, in the spring of 1181, rallied an imposing and well-disciplined force to the cry of an endangered church, Absolon again compelled the reluctant king to join him in a new campaign. The peasant leaders sent their old signal, the Bud-stok, through all the provinces of Sconia : the summons was obeyed with alacity ; the people ran to arms, but incautiously divided their forces in presence of a watchful and united enemy, whom the northern division were the first to meet.

The arrogant prelate rode with Waldemar down the lines of his magnificently-accoutred army, and eyeing the humble array of his opponents with disdain, spoke of whips, wherewith to chase them from the field ; but he was met by the rebuke of the king,—“they are men to fight with, and not hounds to scourge.” And, indeed, they verified his words—they fought like men ; but after a long and dubious combat the archbishop discovered a ford in the river Saxaa, that screened the flank of the peasant-army, and charging their rear unexpectedly with his cavalry, soon reddened the stream with their blood, and piled the field with their bodies. A Te Deum pealed over the plain, while his horsemen were slaughtering the fugitives in the darkness of night : the insurgents of the south submitted after a short resistance, but still refused to pay the obnoxious tithes, and Waldemar at last, to obviate a fresh insurrection, induced the prelate to remit a part of his exactions.

By the death of Waldemar, in the year 1182, the last restraint was taken from the will of Absolon, and his tyranny and rapacity soon excited a fresh revolt. Ako Tubbenson, who stood at the head of this movement, at once perceived the

indissoluble connexion subsisting between the Church and throne in Denmark, and therefore induced his countrymen to throw off their allegiance to that country and invite Harald, of the Royal House of Sweden, to become their sovereign. He obeyed the call ; but defeat and oppression had weakened the pristine power of the people,—they were mastered by the Danish forces, disarmed and closely watched, and open resistance henceforth became impossible, since a warlike nobility were now for the first time established in the country. They came swarming from Denmark with their retainers ; feudal castles were built in all directions ; the entire people declared serfs ; deprived, as such, of the ownership of the soil, and their lands parcelled out in the vast domains of the aristocracy. A conspiracy was prematurely discovered ; for the first time the scaffold consecrated the new sovereignty, and tradition endeavoured to avenge the wrongs of the people, in the legend, that Absolon, having robbed an orphan of the last relic of his patrimony, was summoned by the latter before the judgment-seat of God, and, dying on the instant, was dragged down to hell before the eyes of his terrified flock. Thus even aspirations for freedom were darkened by the clouds of superstition, the agent of justice was changed from the sword of the free-man to the dream of the bigot, and Jutland, after a struggle of two hundred years, was worn down into a tame province of a northern monarchy.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE LAND AND ITS CAPABILITIES.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CHARTIST CO-OPERATIVE  
LAND COMPANY.

*(From the "Northern Star" January 30th, 1847.)*

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My dear Friends,

A person who signs himself a "Well-wisher and a Shop-keeper of Plymouth," writes me a very respectful and encouraging letter, in which he states, "that all that is required to convince him, and many of his class, of the practicability of the Land Plan, is the want of some clear and simple information, as to the capability of occupants of so small a quantity as even four acres to live and pay rent ; and he adds, "if this subject is not beneath your consideration, or too complicated for dissection, your answer will, I know, be hailed by thousands, who are now doubtful upon this point only."

The subject is neither beneath my consideration nor is it too complicated for dissection, and the question being put, I will write you a letter that neither can be, nor ever will be, answered. I will take three acres for consideration, that being the mean; and what I state three acres will do, two will do, as I am going to place it before you in the roughest aspect of husbandry, stating the lowest price for produce to be sold, and the most extravagant for outgoings. My statement shall be just as simple as my friend, or the most ignorant of the subject, could desire or have:—

## DISPOSITION OF THREE ACRES.

			A.	R.
Potatoes	..	..	..	1 3
Wheat	..	..	..	1 0
Cropped with cabbages, mangel wurtzel turnips, tares, clover, and flax	..	..	..	0 3½
Kitchen-garden	..	..	..	0 0½
Acres	..	..	..	3 0

Produce of acre of potatoes	..	15 tons.
.. .. .. wheat	..	200 stones
For growing stuff for cows	..	2½ roods.
For flax .. ..	..	1 rood.
For kitchen-garden ..	..	½ a rood.

## DISPOSAL OF PRODUCE.

For Cows—from November to March, 2 tons of potatoes, or nearly one and a half stone each, per day.

For Family—1 and a half ton of potatoes, or about 9 lbs. per day.

For six fatting pigs, from November to March, 8 tons of potatoes, or nearly 2 stone each per day.

For Sale—3½ tons of potatoes.

Do. Milk of two cows.

Do. 100 stone of wheat.

Do. Produce of ¼ of an acre of flax, pounded, scutched, heckled, and spun by the family, during the winter.

For Sale—4 bacon pigs in March.

## PRICES OF PRODUCE.

	£.	s.	d.
Milk of 2 cows, at 8 quarts a-day each, 16 quarts, at $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. per quart .. ..	36	10	0
4 bacon pigs in March ..	20	0	0
100 st. of wheat, at 1s. 6d. per stone .. ..	7	10	0
3 and a half tons of potatoes, at 6d. per stone .. ..	14	0	0
Price of $\frac{1}{4}$ of an acre of flax, spun	12	10	0
Fruit and vegetables ..	5	0	0
	<u>£95</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>0</u>

## PRODUCE RESERVED FOR FAMILY'S CONSUMPTION.

2 bacon pigs, 3 cwt. each,	6 cwt.
$1\frac{1}{2}$ ton of potatoes.	
100 stone of wheat.	
Produce of 6 ducks.	
Fruit and vegetables.	
2 hives of honey.	

## ANNUAL ALLOWANCE REDUCED TO WEEKLY CONSUMPTION.

14 pounds of bacon.
$1\frac{1}{2}$ stone of flour.
$4\frac{1}{4}$ stone of potatoes.
20 duck eggs.
2 pounds of honey.
Fruit and vegetables.

## ANNUAL EXPENDITURE.

	£.	s.	d.
Rent, rates, and taxes ..	13	10	0
Two tons of best hay for cows, from December to March ..	8	0	0
Clothing man, wife, and 3 children .. ..	15	0	0
Fuel, soap, and candles ..	8	0	0
Repairing implements ..	1	0	0
Six pigs in May .. ..	6	0	0
	<u>£51</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>0</u>

		£.	s.	d.
From price of produce	..	95	10	0
Deduct expenditure	..	51	10	0

And there remains, £44 0 0 after

consumption, per annum, after the best of good living. I will now estimate at a low rate the value of the allowances for weekly living—

		s.	d.
14 lbs. of bacon, the best, at 6d.	..		
per lb.		7	0
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ stone of flour, at 2s.6d.	..	3	9
4 $\frac{1}{2}$ stone of potatoes, at 6d. per stone	..	2	3
20 duck eggs ..	..	1	6
2 lbs. of honey ..	..	1	6
Fruit and vegetables ..	..	1	0
		<u>17</u>	<u>0</u>

This does not include rent, fuel, soap, candles, and clothing.

#### EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

Planting acre of potatoes	..	24 days
Digging, do.	..	24 "
Dibbling wheat with family	..	8 "
Reaping do. ..	..	4 "
Threshing do.	..	13 "
Putting out manure ..	..	10 "
Gleaning wheat and taking to market		2 "
Preparing ground and sowing flax		10 "
Engaged on acre, not under wheat or potatoes, but producing flax, and mangel wurtzel, cabbages, tares and turnips, and in kitchen-garden		70 "
Total number of days employed ..		<u>157</u> "

Total amount received in living, clothing, fuel, candles, and hay, and not including rent of house, for 157 days' work, £75 12s., or nearly 10s. per day, and not allowing for each year's improvement in the land.

Now, I have laid down the meanest and rudest system of cultivation. I have allowed eight tons of potatoes, worth £32, only to produce £24 when given to pigs. I have allowed £8 worth of hay and £8 worth of potatoes, for two cows, besides the produce of nearly an acre, cropped and recropped in spring and summer; for, observe, the flax is sown in February and pulled in June, and clover is sown with it, and is fit to cut in a month after the flax is drawn. So that you have two tons of hay, two tons of potatoes, and the produce of nearly an acre, to feed two cows, while Cobbett has proved, that a quarter of an acre will feed a cow the whole year round. I have taken the milk at the price of butter, so cheap that you cannot fail to get that price in butter or pork. I have said fifteen tons of potatoes, but it is no crop. Mr. Baines, of the "Leeds Mercury," states, I think, over fifty tons as a fair crop, but he exaggerates; twenty tons is no great crop. I have stated 200 stones of wheat, while, on middling land, and, without care, I have had 240 stones; you will have 300 stones and more, when you watch every plant and never allow a weed to grow in it. I have allowed nothing for seed, as every man will save his own, and sell some. I have recommended ducks, because a wall a foot high will keep them in, and because hens are very bad farmers and ducks are very good ones, they will follow you out to the field and will gobble up the slugs and worms and never require more. You will have all the small wheat, after you clean your wheat for sale, to finish off **YOUR OWN TWO PIGS**, and you will have twenty stones of bran from the 100 stones you grind to give those for sale, besides milk, if you make butter. You must buy six young pigs in May when milk, cabbage, tares, and refuse are plenty, and feed them that way, and from the offal of the house till November, when you shut them up. You will give £1 each in May and get £5 each in March, when fat. You will make much more than £12 of your flax besides the seed, which is the finest thing you could have for your new-calved cows.

I allow your hives of honey to weigh 52 pounds' each, and your ducks to lay three days in the week, **SUNDAYS INCLUDED**, as my ducks never made any difference, and my cows gave milk, but my horses **DIDN'T WORK AND ATE**. I allow each man to keep a donkey, which he would find useful, and could easily feed upon what the cows left, and pickings about the door, and be fat; he would earn two rents, if you fed him well. I leave 2 cows, 6 pigs, a donkey, 6 ducks, and a drake, with the family, to supply

manure, and two tons of hay brought to the farm, and an acre of wheat straw ; and the reason why I give the potatoes to cows and pigs, and lose by them is, because, only for the cows and pigs, I could not have them at all. You should consume all you could upon the farm. Of all things you must bear in mind that not a weed will ever be seen in the land, and that every plant will have the OWNER'S watchful eye over it ; and that the usual mode of culture bears no more comparison to what yours will be, than an uneducated person does to a good scholar. Now, I have allowed you 17 shillings worth of food at wholesale price and good ; and for which you would pay 22 shillings and more, and not so good, in the retail market, besides *going for it* ; and I have shown you a profit of £44 after **THAT LIVING** and house rent, for 157 days' work:

And now I will show you how much I am under the mark, even according to the old system. For instance, a farmer rents, say 100 acres, and employs three men, and more in harvest. Well, all the riches he has in the world, and payment of interest for his capital, and losses, and risk, and amusement, and support, and education of family, all comes out of these three workmen's labour—nothing else. If I had not been asked to deal rudely with the subject, I should have shown the facility with which more, much more, than twice as much, may be made of 3 acres. With the means I propose of making manure, together with parings of walks and a trench, here and there burned for ashes, your 3 acres would be like a dung-hill. Now, to make all simple, I will deduct £14 from the £44 profit, and leave it at £30 a-year after living, and we come to the conclusion that in seven years a man, from 157 days' work a-year, would realise £210 ; and we presume his rent of 3 acres and a house to be £10 a-year, and that the company is bound to sell at 20 years' purchase ; and thus I show that, without stint, the occupant can purchase his allotment for ever, and £10 over in seven years. Now, until he purchases his allotment, he will not expend £31 a-year on clothes, hay, and fuel, nor will he consume what I have allowed ; so that I repeat what I have many times stated, that in four years from the day of taking possession—allowing the first year for thought and shaking down—that the merest fool will pay for 2, 3, or 4, acres of ground on the company's terms, but not **IF DEALING IN THE RETAIL MARKET, NOR YET IN 10 YEARS.**

However, to put all beyond dispute, I will try, and all who

are neighbours shall bear witness of the fair mode of dealing ; and, as I mean to purchase an allotment, I will keep a critical and exact account, and will purchase it out in less than three years, and what I can do in three, others may do in seven. How ridiculous for those to think of talking about the land that know no more about it than the crow that flies over it ! Your answer to them must always be—WELL, WHO MAKES FORTUNES FOR FARMERS, AND PAYS ALL THEIR RENTS, AND ALL THE REST OF IT. I NEVER EXPECTED THE BLOOD-SUCKERS WOULD LIKE THE NATURAL STATE OF MAN.

Your faithful Friend and Bailiff,

FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

## THE ROMANCE OF A PEOPLE.

### AN HISTORICAL TALE

OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

#### CHAPTER III.

A maniac wife, an infant daughter, lovely as an angel of heaven, but a fresh victim for the curse of Orloff, were all that remained to the Palatine of his once happy family. Even revenge appeared beyond his grasp ; vainly with stealthy pace he crept towards Orloff's chamber—eyeing the grim Russian sentries at the door—in that midnight the Harbinger left—but the curse worked on. Those calamities, which, had they been sent direct by God, would wholly have unnerved their victim, coming through the agency of man, raised the counteracting spirits of Hate and Anger—and the Palatine lived on for revenge ! As with individuals, so with nations.

Oppression ever breeds resistance, that shows itself, according to the powers of the oppressor, in open revolt or secret conspiracy. The cause of Poland appeared irrevocably lost—for the last time the Gallic eagle had passed its frontiers, and repassed, a flying phantom, Death glooming beneath the shadow of its homeward wings, on which all promise of national liberty seemed borne away for ever. The devastated plains were silent, for they formed the vast grave of armies ! but the hearts of millions are not easily cast down, the lives of nations are immortal ! Let not a government suppose, however widely it may send its spies, however closely it may pry into the private life of the subject, that it can baffle the sure



and secret march of Liberty. Like the strong undercurrent beneath the smooth surface of an unruffled sea, it holds its way unsuspected and unexplored, sure to emerge to light, however late, and, with its calm but unconquerable force, dash the stale fabric of tyranny into endless ruin. From that hour when broken promises and frustrated hopes sank heavily on a wronged people, the deep-rooted life of conspiracy took birth. Secret meetings were appointed and held, and an invisible thread spun between the betrayed of Poland and the oppressed of Russia. Then that celebrated insurrection was planned in the latter country under Pestel and Ryleyeff, based upon the grand idea of forming one vast, free, northern republic of independent states, to embrace the Slavonian tribes from the Polar Sea to the Adriatic. It was discovered before it could ripen into action. Conspiracies perished—but conspiracies survived,—and *still* Poland was on the eve of insurrection! Far and wide spread the invisible league of her deliverers, as secret, as silent and as powerful as the ancient Vehm. By the side of the tyrant, in his palace, in his camp, glided the patriot conspirator; the sentry at his gate and the servant in his hall, were members of that secret union. In lonely haunts, in subterranean vaults, in marshes and in mines they met, and great as were their numbers, strange as were the means of communication they employed, there was no traitor among them—and though often on the brink of revelation, the endangered cause was saved by incidents the most romantic, or self-sacrifice the most heroic. Thus, in 1822, a conspiracy, headed by Lukasinski, was suspected by the police. He and four other officers were arrested, but two committed suicide in prison, to render revelation impossible, and the gallant Lukasinski, with his two remaining companions, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the fortress of Zamosc, on mere suspicion, were there subjected to tortures, until their attenuated frames could bear no more,—and this having proved unavailing to extort confession of the names of their accomplices, Lukasinski was drawn forth from his dungeon, an emaciated, living skeleton, and, chained to a cannon, thus dragged night and day through Poland, on the march of Constantine, a fearful and a miserable spectacle.

Thus, frequently, the great body of the conspirators was saved, and they found a restless agent and powerful supporter in the Palatine. Though closely watched, he still discovered means of traversing the country, kindling the spark of rebellion on the very hearth of the oppressed, and with a strange supernatural life, survived the wreck of all he loved on earth.

A gloomy night of winter had folded its clouds around the towers of Sandomir, when the Palatine, as was his wont, proposed to issue forth on one of those secret missions he had so long successfully fulfilled. There was but one who accompanied him on these occasions—an old and long-tried vassal, who claimed kindred to Theresa, and was therefore cherished.

To none other was known whither he went, nor how he returned. Though his absence had of late been frequent and prolonged, its object had never been discovered, nor had he been noticed by the emissaries of government; but of late a party of men had been seen lurking in the neighbourhood of the castle—an unusual circumstance, for the country around had become a desert, under the blight of Constantine's misrule. A large black hound had likewise been observed circling around the walls, and scenting the track of whoever crossed their precincts.

It was intensely dark, and a cold mist lay upon the earth, through which at times fell, slowly and lazily, straggling flakes of snow. A sledge was brought round to a postern of the castle by the old and faithful servant, the door was reclosed, the Palatine and his companion mounted, and the bell-less horses started forth on the trackless snow in silence. But at the same moment a dark mass, that had been reposing beneath the wall, started upward, like a demon out of the earth; a yell as of fierce delight rang on the spot, and the black shape glided behind the fleeting car. The Palatine and his companion were startled at the unearthly apparition. Whether they quickened their speed, or relaxed it, still that strange form was close behind upon their track.

"What can it be?" exclaimed the count. "It is not like anything human, nor could man follow so fast. Fire! and we shall discover what it is."

His attendant obeyed, and by the light of the red flash, they beheld the black hound, that had lurked around the castle. It bayed deeply, with a muttering sound, like imprecation.

"Good Heaven! We are discovered and pursued! On! on!"

"Shall I fire again?"

"No. It might bring our enemies down upon us at once. Hark! How that cursed hound bays, as though it were a signal! On!—on!"

With frenzied speed on flew the horses: no tread announced their progress, nor hoof nor sleigh gave a sound, as they whirled on over the soft snow, that now came down thick and fast. A sharp blast arose, bringing the cold with it from the north, whilst the frosty mists sailed by in almost palpable forms, like a spectral rout.

On! on! away! away! Silent and swift rushed that strange flight amid storm and darkness, so that the fantastic outlines of the vapours, and the weird shape of the tracking hound alone were discernible, and that but at intervals, through the universal gloom. The cold grew keener and keener, and the deep baying of the pursuer rang clear upon the night air.

From time to time the Palatine addressed words of encouragement to his companion, who gave no reply; but whenever he spoke appeared to urge the panting horses to greater speed, for they more flew than ran over the vast snow-plains,

along which, at far intervals, straggling lights of scattered villages dived up and disappeared, left far behind almost as soon as passed.

At length the baying of the hound ceased altogether, and it ran steadily by the side of the sledge, its fiery eyes turned to those it bore, with a look of fierce hunger.

"See, my friend!" exclaimed the count, "it scarce looks earthly. Haste! We must soon arrive at our place of meeting. What strange shapes the night mist assumes! Methought, even now, there were horsmen pricking on before our sledge. But haste! The frost will kill us. How the cold gains strength!"

His companion replied not; but still they rushed on with unslackened speed: the silence was again unbroken, save by the ringing storm—and the time flew by, till the Palatine, surprised at the unusual length of the journey, again addressed his attendant,—

"Anselm! You must have mistaken the way. We never were thus long before."

There came no reply.

"Anselm! awake! Surely he sleeps. The track is lost, and we shall miss our friends. Answer me, Anselm!"

Still the serf replied not. The count strove to rise, but in vain—it seemed as though impalpable fetters bound him, his limbs were powerless with the intensity of the cold.

"Anselm!" he cried; but again there came no answer, and a dread thought smote him. With difficulty he stretched his arm towards his companion—the latter was stiff and motionless; it was but too true, the frost had done its work, the reins were held by a corse, the dead had been his driver!

Yet the sledge flew on, and turned and veered as though the spirit of Anselm still guided the horses; while powerless, scarcely able to speak, sat the doomed conspirator. He strained his gaze with frenzied eagerness to see if he could discern a human form, but an indistinct and shifting shade wrapped every object.

At length the storm parted above, and a grey light fell down from heaven. It revealed a body of grim horsemen following the sledge, while too had ridden on before, and seized the reins.

"Who are ye? Whither go ye?" gasped the Palatine.

"To the Belvidere!" was the reply; and on whirled the race; steed succeeded steed, as they flagged and died; rivers and hills glided past; towers and domes flitted by; morning and night sunk over them, and the dungeon gates closed on the abducted patriot.

The government, having discovered the traces of a conspiracy in which the Palatine was implicated, had posted a party of Cossacks near his castle, charged to follow him secretly to the meeting-place of the rebels, and thus at once to secure all implicated.

Assisted by the sleuth-hound, lest they should lose the track in the darkness, they had followed close behind the sledge. It was then that the death of Anselm had saved that vast conspiracy, for had he lived to guide his master to the spot of their destination, all had been discovered and lost.—When the Cossacks found, by the exclamations of their prisoner, that Anselm was dead and the track mistaken, pursuant to their further orders, they seized the reins, and hurried the Palatine on to the Belvidere.

No sooner had the tidings arrived of the abduction and captivity of the Palatine, than the Harbinger of Death hastened to the castle of his victim, whose magnificent estates had been granted to him in consideration—thus ran the words of the ukase—of his eminent and valuable services. The serfs and tenantry were to be transported to the far Asiatic frontier of the empire; but the instant they heard of this decree, by a simultaneous impulse, many fled across the country, forming the germ of those bands, afterwards so famous in the forest of *Bialowies*; others, wrought to despair, preferring to die in their native land, rather than be borne away or hunted down like wild beasts, flew to arms, stirred by the thrilling summons of the Maniac Lady of Sandomir.

The Bailiff sent by Orloff to take possession of his new domain, and expel the ancient inhabitants, was by them killed on the spot, and the Harbinger himself was advancing with a detachment and colony of soldiers. The tenantry retired within the castle, that loured in mingled magnificence and gloom on the approaching foe. The arrival of the latter had been expected for some time, and emissaries were sent forth to stir the surrounding country, in the vain hope that it would rise and aid. The masses of the people were eager to obey the summons, but the leaders of the secret conspiracy proved too vigilant and too prudent to sanction so ruinous an attempt, at a time when it could but have ended in disaster. The country remained in profound tranquillity.

After a period of painful suspense, the near advance of the Russians was announced, and every eye was strained towards the side from which they were expected. At length a strange clangour floated from the distant hollows, a dark bar heaved up against the horizon, as the head of the Russian column was discernible in its march upon the castle.

The summons of Orloff was replied to with contempt. Acquainted with the fearful injuries their loved master had sustained at the hands of him, now come to lord it over his estate—aware of the doom awaiting them under any circumstances, fired by the sight of their kind and wretched mistress, who breathed such dire and thrilling adjurations as might have stirred the dead—the fearful spirit that animated her came over them, and like a band of avenging furies they gathered on the battlements, raising the national banner of

Poland, and thus at once precluding every hope of pardon or surrender.

A smile of vexation passed across the face of Orloff as he surveyed these preparations for defence.

"Fire not on that castle!" he exclaimed, "injure it at your peril!" dreading lest it should be destroyed, or the treasures of art and wealth that it contained, should perish in the tumult of a storm. "We can watch and wait—let our guns be silent, and starvation will soon unbar those gateways."

His greedy eye feasted on the gorgeous pile ere long, as he thought, to be his own, and he revelled by anticipation on the broad and fertile lands from which he would wring fresh food for his wasteful riots, and gold-bought impunity of crime.

Meanwhile a strict watch was kept around the castle; and Hunger was holding its silent and dreadful siege, whilst the starving serfs could see profusion glutting the nightly orgies of the Muscovite. But excess nothing relaxes the discipline of the Russian soldiers; intemperance that in other armies loosens the bonds of subordination, and enervates the frame, leaves no impression on the stubborn hearts of those strong barbarians.

The defence of the castle had now lasted some time, and it became evident that its end must speedily arrive. It was the twentieth night since its commencement, and Orloff, impatient at its procrastination, had almost resolved on giving the assault with the morrow. He sat in his tent weighing the chances of resistance. The calm moonbeams bathed the huge battlements of the castle with a holy light, such as lingers in the aisles of dim cathedrals, bringing out and softening by turns their bold proportions, whilst the intervening towers threw long lines of darkness over the camp below. Nothing stirred across the plains save the moonchased shadows, flitting away like evil thoughts before prayer.

All was silent. The Harbinger stepped out of his tent to contemplate the exquisite scene, the majestic castle, the hushed plains, the whitened woods, the remoter hills, from which at times low sounds would float, as though in their heights they had overheard voices from heaven, and whispered them to each other in awe; while afar flowed the Vistula, downward from the highland, pure, white, and shadowless, like a pathway for angels on their visits to the earth.

Suddenly a deep groan reached the ear of the Harbinger—a cry for aid—again and again—simultaneously from opposite sides of the camp. He started, for all else was silent as death; and fearfully that sudden sound broke on the hush—stunning from contrast. A wild and shadowy form flitted past him, gaunt, ghastly, and horrible; another and another swept by, a few yards distant—a spectral line! He raised his voice, but it was needless; a deep gathering, like the surging up of waves after a calm, announced that the camp was aroused, while ever and anon came a hollow groan or muttered imprecation; and

through the tents of the sleepers rushed those strange and terrible visitors. The musterword of the assembling soldiery, as they were formed by their officers, announced a rapidly approaching change in the scene.

Soon a loud roar shook the camp, and a wave of light swept over the ground, as the Russian musqueteers scattered a shower of deadly fire from their close-formed line; a loud cheer burst from them as, through the moon-pierced smoke, they saw the falling bodies of the advancing Poles. Volley succeeded volley, like echo of the preceding; cheer rang on cheer, as the Russians observed the effect of their fire, while deep silence reigned amid their opponents. No shout answered, not a shot was fired in reply, but fierce and voiceless the serfs swept on against the enemy. They had done their midnight work well in the slumbering camp; and when it was aroused, the soldier, starting at the alarm to awaken his comrade, found a corse by his side, and an avenger striding over him, who, before he could rise and struggle, plunged a scythe into his breast.

The besieged, seeing that further resistance within the walls of the castle was vain, fierce with hunger and goaded by despair, had determined on surprising the camp by a nocturnal assault, and, at a time when the sky was partially obscured, had stolen on unobserved, shrouded by the furze and brake, killed the drowsy and unsuspecting sentinels at their posts, invaded the tents, and thus great numbers of the Russians had fallen before they were fully aware of the extent of their danger. In a serried body the troops now grappled with their desperate assailants. Though not possessed of firearms, the latter soon rendered those of the soldiery unavailing, as, joining in close combat, they struggled hand to hand.

Terror overwhelmed the Harbinger, as the mingled tide of friend and foe swept around him; but he escaped unarmed, as though a charm guarded his life; and at length, when he saw a detachment glide between the insurgents and the castle, interrupting their retreat, and heard the din grow weaker and gradually subside, a smile returned to his fiendish countenance.

"Fools!" he exclaimed, "they have done my work. There can be no more resistance now from the castle. The building is safe! Heavens! what a noble pile!"

Dark grandeur wrapped the majestic edifice; but, as he spoke, a figure was discernible within, passing rapidly with a torch across the galleries and chambers, and a light shot up the highest tower. From window to window might be traced its internal ascent from the base, a flaming spectre mounting the lofty stair. At first it was wayward and wavering, alternate gleams and shadows, as though the powers of light and darkness were struggling for the mastery; but anon it leaped upward with a joyous bound, like a fierce monster freed from its fetters, lashing the inner walls, that stood revealed to the spectator without. At the same time that ominous torch was

traced flitting about the remoter wings of the castle, a red star amid darkness, but soon where it had been, surged the keen and angry conflagration.

Paralysed by astonishment and awe, the Russian troops stood gazing on the magnificent spectacle, as, with crash succeeding crash, the weaker parts of the building fell in, forming a crimson furnace below, from which rose the now solitary and massive towers, louring over the bright ruin. The entire castle was now a prey to the flames, when up the highest turret rushed a human form, in dark outline against the waving light. Its ascent might be traced until it reached the topmost height and stood upon the battlement, that rocked as the waves of that burning sea beat against its base.

It was the Maniac Lady. The flames rushed after her, pouring out through the windows and shattered roof, till they played around her like a robe, pure, bright, and beautiful, as though angels were busy arranging her in the garments of heaven, that her soul might appear in festal guise before the Eternal gate.

Her form seemed dilated beyond the human stature with the kindled atmosphere; wildly she raised her arms towards heaven, and, as she waved, their dark shadows sailed across the land, as though she showered visible curses from her burning throne. Thus, when death had silenced the horrid din below, and the last of her poor defenders had fallen, she kindled that mighty conflagration, that the Russian might not revel in the home of the Pole, nor the lawless ruffian desecrate the dwelling of Poland's sweetest daughters.

She stood above her work, and a sound of her voice was heard—whether imprecation, prayer, or agony, none could tell; whether the strong madness upheld the shrivelling frame, or returning sense overwhelmed her with the horrors of her death, is unknown; but long she seemed unharmed, while the glowing and sparkling mass of the tower rose beneath, like a palace of chrysolite and ruby reared by the hands of genii, and as its hollow and glittering crust fell in, the burning pinions of the conflagration wafted her soul away.

A breathless silence swayed the awed spectators. Well had that gallant defence been achieved, nobly those sacred memorials of old wrested from the ruthless spoiler!

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE POOR MAN'S LEGAL MANUAL.

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### THE NEW ACT FOR THE RECOVERY OF SMALL DEBTS.

In the Saxon times County and Hundred Courts were scattered throughout the country, and it was said that justice was brought home to every man's door. These have gradually fallen more or less into disuse, and the favourite plan of centralization has cooped-up the stream of justice, so that it has become a stagnant pool, instead of flowing, in its fertilizing course, through the length and breadth of the land.

There was a time, too, when the Magna Charta declared that justice should be neither sold, nor delayed, nor denied to any one; how expensive, how dilatory, how negative justice has since then become, let the shades of ruined clients, heartbroken by hope deferred, "the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the law's delay," let the endless bills of costs, the crowded debtor-side of the gaol—let these attest!

It was at length perceived to be absolutely necessary that something should be done to check this state of things; particularly was it necessary where small sums of money were at stake, as the trouble and expense of recovering them by law were such as to render their total loss preferable. The superior courts were too dear, the inferior courts too bad, for anything to be got with advantage in or by either, where a small amount was concerned. Hard, too, most hard was it on the unfortunate man who owed money, which, at the time when demanded, he could not pay. A writ indorsed with from 1*l.* 10*s.* to 2*l.* 2*s.* for costs would be suddenly served upon him for a debt of perhaps only 2*l.*, and thus if he at once settled he would find the amount of the debt, which with the greatest difficulty he had raised, was but half the sum which he had now to pay. If he did not at once settle the amount, costs upon costs would be incurred, and probably at the end of the suit he would find 60*l.* or 70*l.* the amount of costs for this debt of 2*l.*! A gaol then becomes his home; he enters with a heavy heart, and curses the laws of his country.



All this is about to be altered by the New Act (9 & 10 Vict. c. 95), which comes into operation on the 15th of this month—March. It was prepared and introduced by the present Lord Chancellor Cottenham, as able a lawyer as ever sat on the woolsack. It is curious to observe that we are driven back in these times to the institutions of our ancestors; that after having deviated to the right and the left from the mode of administering justice, which prevailed in the time of Alfred the Great, we at length, in 1847, see the error of our ways, retrace our steps, and are anxious to return to the simplicity, the economy, and the convenience which characterised the distribution of justice in the Saxon times.

We intend this manual to be *practical*; that is, to instruct, in untechnical language, those whom it may interest in the law as it exists and in the necessary steps and proceedings which must be taken by those who wish to avail themselves of, or who come under, such law. We shall therefore proceed at once to state the substance of this new Act, and introduce only such comment as our own, as may appear to be required to elucidate or practically to apply the provisions of the statute. The objects of the Act may be briefly stated to be these: the establishment of courts throughout different districts of the country, in which an uniform practice will be adopted for the adjudication of claims relating to small sums of money (not exceeding 20*l.*); the lessening of expense in relation to the enforcement or resistance of such claims; and greater convenience to the parties who may be called upon to attend such courts.

We will consider—

### 1. *The Judges and Officers of the Court.*

The judge of each court is to be appointed by the Lord Chancellor, and to be a barrister of seven years' standing; he will not be allowed to practise as a barrister within the district of which he is judge; his salary will depend on his fees, but may be reduced when it exceeds 1,200*l.* a year; he is removable by the Lord Chancellor for disability or misbehaviour.

An attorney is to be appointed as clerk of the court, who is to issue the writs and other documents of the court, and to keep accounts of the proceedings and fees. He is not, nor is any other officer of the court, by himself or his partner, to be engaged as an attorney in the said court, under a penalty of 50*l.*

A treasurer and a high bailiff are also to be appointed; the former by commissioners of the Treasury, the latter by the judge of the court. The high bailiff may appoint assistant bailiffs, to serve and execute writs, and they are removable at his pleasure or that of the judge; the high bailiff himself may be removed by the judge, and is to be responsible for the acts of his assistants in the same manner as the sheriff of a county. The salaries of all these officers are paid by fees; the salary of the clerk is not to exceed 600*l.* a year.

The clerk of the court is to provide servants and make contracts relating to the court and offices, but neither he nor the treasurer is to be interested in the contract.

## 2. *The Court and its Process.—Its Mode of Proceeding, and Jurisdiction.*

This court, which may be called the County Court, is to be holden at such times as the judge may appoint, so that it be once at least in every calendar month. Every court is to have a seal, under which all its process is to issue; and any person forging the said seal or process shall be guilty of felony.

### 1. *Jurisdiction.*

The court may entertain claims, where the debt or damage does not exceed 20*l.* Such actions are to be heard and determined in a summary way. But the court is not to have cognizance of (*i.e.* entertain the hearing of) any action of ejectment, or of any action in which the title to corporeal or incorporeal hereditaments, or to any toll, fair, market or franchise, shall be in question; or in which the validity of any devise, bequest, or limitation under any will or settlement may be disputed, or of any action for malicious prosecution, libel, or slander, criminal conversation, seduction, or breach of promise of marriage. Actions of replevin (that is, for wrongfully taking goods,) in cases of distress for rent, or for animals causing damage, may be brought in this court, provided it be brought in the court for the district wherein the distress was taken.

Houses and tenements where the value or rent does not exceed 50*l.* a year, and where no fine has been paid, may, when the term has ended, be recovered in this court. (Ss. 122—127 give the practical proceedings in this case, which it is not necessary here to detail.) The balance of a partnership account, or the amount of a distributive share

under an intestacy, or of a legacy under a will, may here be recovered, provided the sum claimed does not exceed 20*l*. A plaintiff may not divide a cause of action for the purpose of bringing two or more suits; but if he has a cause of action for more than 20*l*. he may abandon the excess and recover the 20*l*., but the judgment for such sum will be in full discharge of all demands respecting such cause of action.

## 2. *Who may Sue and be Sued.*

No privilege shall exempt any person from the jurisdiction of these courts. *Persons under twenty-one years of age may sue for wages.* Executors and administrators may sue and be sued, as if they were parties in their own right, and judgment and execution shall be such, as in like cases, in a superior court.

## 3. *Where several Parties are Liable.*

Where several parties are liable, any one may be sued to judgment and execution, and, after satisfaction of the judgment, may recover in this court contribution from any other person jointly liable.

## 4. *Plaint and Summons.*

A person desirous of suing under this act, should apply to the clerk of the court, who will enter the complaint in a book, and thereupon a summons stating the substance of the action will issue, and be served on the defendant. No mistake in the name or description of person or place, if so described as to be commonly known, is to vitiate or injure the plaint or summons. It may be served out of the district of the court from which it issued.

## 5. *Appearance, and Adjudication and Defences.*

On the day named in the summons the plaintiff and defendant are to appear; the judge shall then proceed summarily to try the cause and give judgment, without any formal pleadings being required. The plaintiff is to be restricted to the cause of action or demand stated in the summons; the defendant may avail himself of the defence of set-off (that is, saying that the plaintiff owes him, the defendant, money, and that a balance ought to be struck); or infancy, (that is, that he was under 21 years of age when the debt was contracted, and that the debt was not for necessities); coverture, (that is, that defendant was a married woman

when the debt was contracted); or of the statute of limitations (*i. e.* that six years have elapsed since the debt was due, and that since then defendant has not paid any part of it, or acknowledged it to be due in writing); or discharge under the bankrupt and insolvent acts; but such defences will not be allowed without the plaintiff's consent, *unless notice has first been given to the clerk*, who is to communicate it to the plaintiff. Money may be paid into court, where the defendant admits something to be due; and if the plaintiff still goes on, but does not establish a claim to more than the money paid in, he shall pay costs to defendant.

#### 6. *Parties appearing for Others.*

No person, unless he be a barrister or attorney, shall appear for a party without leave of the judge; but by leave of the judge any other person may appear for the party. No person, however, not being a barrister or attorney, shall be entitled to any fee for so attending. No attorney shall be entitled to any sum, unless the claim exceed 40s.; or to more than 10s. for his fees and costs, unless the claim exceed 5*l.*, or to more than 15s. in any case. In no case shall any fee beyond 1*l.* 3s. 6d. be allowed for employing a barrister. The plaintiff will have to pay the fee of his attorney or barrister, unless he *recover* to the amount of 5*l.*, and the defendant will have to pay for his attorney or barrister where the sum *claimed* does not amount to 5*l.*; but this fee will not be paid by the unsuccessful party in any case, unless the judge orders it.

#### 7. *Powers of the Judge.*

The judge alone is to determine all questions of fact and law, except where a jury is summoned.

#### 8. *Jury.*

In actions for sums exceeding 5*l.*, the plaintiff or defendant may have a jury; in actions not exceeding 5*l.* the judge in his discretion may order a trial by jury on the application of either party, who, if he desire this mode of trial, should give notice thereof to the clerk, and pay to him 5s. for payment of the jury, which sum, if he succeed, will be repaid to him by the opposite party, unless the judge otherwise order. The jurors are to be five in number; their verdict must be unanimous, and they may be challenged (objected to) as in the superior courts.—(See ss. 72, 73.)

### 9. *Arbitration.*

The judge may, with the consent of both parties, refer the matter to arbitration, which will be binding upon them.

### 10. *Rules of Practice and Forms.*

The rules of practice and forms are to be issued by five of the judges of the superior courts; and, as soon as they appear, we should advise our friends to obtain a copy of them.

### 11. *Proceedings on Non-appearance of Plaintiff or Defendant.*

If, at the time appointed for the hearing, the plaintiff does not appear, the cause shall be struck out; and if he appear and fail in his proof, the judge may non-suit him, or give judgment for the defendant.

If the defendant do not appear or excuse his absence, or if he neglect to answer when called, the judge, on proof of service of the summons, may hear the cause on the part of the plaintiff, and the judgment thereon will be valid, as if both parties had attended. On sufficient cause, however, being shown, the judge may set aside such judgment and the execution thereon.

### 12. *Time Allowed.*

The judge may grant time to either party, and may adjourn any court, or the hearing of any cause.

### 13. *Evidence.*

Parties to the action, their wives, and all other persons, may be examined at the trial on oath or affirmation. Persons giving false evidence shall be deemed guilty of perjury. Parties to the suit may obtain, at the clerk's office, summonses to witnesses, to be served by one of the bailiffs of the court, with or without a clause requiring production of books and documents. In such summons any number of names may be inserted.

A fine not exceeding 10*l.* may be imposed by the judge on a witness neglecting to appear on this summons, (proper expenses having been paid or tendered,) and also on persons in court refusing to give evidence. The party injured by the neglect or refusal is to be indemnified out of the fine.

### 14. *Judgment.*

Judgments are to be final, except that the judge may

nonsuit the plaintiff, (which allows him to bring a second action for the same cause,) or grant a new trial. The debt or damages may be ordered to be paid by instalments.

### 15. *Execution.*

In cases of cross judgments (that is, of each party having a judgment against the other,) execution is to be taken out by the party, who has obtained judgment for the larger sum, only for the excess. Costs not specially provided for by the Act are to be apportioned between the parties, as the judge shall think fit, and in the case of no special direction, are to abide the event of the action. Execution may issue for such costs, as for the debt. On non-payment execution may issue against the goods of the party by a writ of *fiery facias* issued by the clerk to the high bailiff. Under the execution, goods and chattels, money and bank notes, cheques, bills of exchange, and promissory notes and bonds, may be taken. The wearing apparel and bedding of the party or his family, and the tools and implements of his trade to the value of 5*l.*, are to be exempt from seizure.

A person who has obtained judgment may summon the other party before the judge, by whom he may be examined upon oath touching his estate and effects, and the manner and circumstances of his incurring the debt, and the means and expectations he had or still has of discharging it, and as to the disposal he may have made of any property. If the party summoned do not attend or allege a sufficient excuse, or refuse to be sworn, or to answer to the judge's satisfaction, or if it appear to the judge that such party, if a defendant, in incurring the debt, has

1. Obtained credit by false pretences, fraud, or breach of trust; or has
  2. Wilfully contracted the debt without having a reasonable expectation of being able to pay; or has
  3. Given or transferred, charged, removed, or concealed any of his property, with intent to defraud his creditors; or
  4. If it appear to the judge that he then has, or, since the judgment, has had means to pay, and has not done so;
- The judge may order the defendant to be committed to prison for a period not exceeding forty days.

The judge on such summons may alter his former order as to the payment.

At the *original* hearing the judge may examine and commit the defendant, as upon a summons obtained after

judgment. No protection, order, or certificate from any court of insolvency or bankruptcy shall be available to discharge the defendant.

Imprisonment shall not extinguish the debt, or prevent defendant from being again committed for any new fraud or default, or deprive the plaintiff of execution against the goods.

The judge may suspend execution, in case of defendant's inability to pay from sickness or other sufficient cause.

Goods seized are not to be sold until three days have elapsed from the taking, unless of a perishable nature, or at the written request of the owner. They are to be sold by brokers or appraisers, who are to have sixpence in the pound on the value of the goods for the appraisement, and one shilling in the pound on the nett produce of the sale for commission, sale, &c.

No judgment or execution is to be stayed or reversed by writ of error; execution against the goods is to be superseded on payment or tender before sale to the clerk or bailiff of debt and costs. The debtor is to be discharged from imprisonment by leave of judge, on payment of debt and costs being certified by the clerk.

The judge has power to fine and imprison for a contempt of court, for an assault on a bailiff, or a rescue of goods taken in execution. Bailiffs may be fined by him for extortion or other misconduct. Claims by landlords or others to the goods seized, are to be decided by this court, and any action brought in a superior court for this cause may be stayed. The landlord of the premises where the goods are taken, may deliver to the bailiff a writing stating the terms of holding and the rent, and claiming any rent in arrear, not exceeding four weeks' rent in case of a weekly tenancy, or the rent for two terms of payment in any other tenancy for less than a year, and not exceeding in any case the rent due in one year. In such case bailiff is to distrain for the sum so claimed, as well as for amount of judgment, and not to sell for five days. The tenant may replevy such goods, if no rent be due.

### III. *Removal of Actions.*

The action of replevin may be removed from this to a superior court on security being given, where the title to corporeal or incorporeal hereditaments, or to a toll market, fair, or franchise, comes in question, or where the rent or damage in respect of which the distress is taken exceeds

20*l.* In other cases no action is to be removed, unless the claim exceed 5*l.*, and then only by leave of a judge of the superior court.

#### IV. *Suing in Superior Courts for Sums within Jurisdiction of this inferior Court.*

Where the plaintiff dwells more than twenty miles from defendant, or where the cause of action does not arise within the jurisdiction of the court of the district wherein defendant dwells, or where any officer of the court is a party, (except in respect of goods taken in execution,) he may still sue in a superior court.

In other cases, however, if a party sues in a superior court, where he might sue in this court, the plaintiff, if he obtain a verdict for less than 20*l.* in an action on a contract, or less than 5*l.* in an action on tort (that is, for an injury unconnected with a contract, as false imprisonment, &c.), shall have no costs; and if a verdict be found for defendant, he the defendant shall be paid all his costs which he may have to pay to his own attorney, unless in either case the judge certify that the action was fit to be brought in a superior court.

#### V. *Proceedings against Officers of the Court.*

These must be commenced within three calendar months after the offence; a month's notice of action must be given, and defendant may tender amends, and if they afterwards are held to be sufficient, the plaintiff shall fail. If a suit be brought against any officer of this court or officer in one of the superior courts, and the jury do not find greater damages than 20*l.*, the plaintiff shall have no costs, unless the judge certify.

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There is a table of fees at the end of the Act, which will be made public in the different courts. They are very low, such as threepence for a summons for a claim not exceeding 20*l.*

Such is the substance of an important statute, containing 142 sections, and some of them pretty long too. We had intended to offer some observations on some of the defects, as they appear to us, in the Act, but as we have occupied the space allotted to us, suffice it to say that we think the Act should not have been extended to *torts* or *wrongs*, where the damage does not exceed 5*l.*, as we consider such injuries to be, from their very nature, incapable of measurement



as to the damage sustained by the party injured, and yet by this Act, he must measure it, and accurately too, or he will be deprived of costs.

Secondly. The Act should have been extended to *equitable* demands to the amount of 20*l.*, or even 100*l.*, as it is notorious that no one would endeavour to recover such an amount through a court of equity, (perhaps his only remedy,) on account of the expense.

In conclusion, we would say to our friends, for whom this Act was chiefly intended, that we trust it will not increase their litigious propensities, but that they will ever entertain a salutary horror of going to law, whether it be made cheap or dear, on account of the oppression, the bitterness, the ill-feeling, and suffering, of which it is the cause. Always maintain your rights firmly and consistently; but be not anxious to put in force the machinery of law in preference to more kindly inducements.

Secondly. When, as plaintiffs or defendants, you are obliged to come before these courts, be very careful as to the men you employ, if any, to represent your interests. A swarm of "blood-suckers" will soon hover around the court ready to receive your money and betray your cause. Always trust either to your own simple, truthful statement of the matter, or employ some attorney or friend, whom you or others have tried and can rely upon. And when you have to pay money, always see that the clerk of the court receives it; do not give it to the parties, who probably will stop you about the court to inform you that they "are authorised to receive the money." Such has been the practice in Courts of Requests; such will be the practice in County Courts, and therefore be upon your guard against it.

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## THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

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I'll tell you a good old English tale  
 About a fine old English peasant,  
 Who lived in times when men didn't steal,  
 When Christmas times were gay and pleasant.

His humble little cottage stood  
 Hard by a little purling stream,  
 At the bottom of a sloping wood,  
 'Mid banks of posies fresh and green.

He had a dog that watched the door  
 But never barked at passers-by ;  
 He had a cow that grazed the moor ;  
 And fatting pig within the sty.

He had a cat that killed the mice—  
 For there were leavings in that day—  
 As if kind Nature meant a slice  
 For every thing that went the way.

He had cocks, and hens that laid him eggs ;  
 And vegetables in his garden grew ;  
 He had smiling children with straight legs—  
 No crippled fact'ry dwarf to view.

He had a wife that none could steal—  
 The very jewel of his joyous heart—  
 Who never dreaded the bastile,  
 For man and wife none dared to part.

It was a heavenly sight to see  
 The children playing round the fire,  
 The youngest sitting on his knee—  
 A sight that savages admire.

He had a thrush that sweetly sung,  
 As sweet a note as e'er was heard ;  
 And the peasant would as soon be hung,  
 As pluck a feather from the bird.

His work was pleasure : thus rewarded  
 By all the sweets that life could give ;  
 He was a man by none discarded—  
 The motto then, was—‘ Live, let live.’

He stood among the many equal,  
 And none upon him could look down  
 But, Heaven ! what a dismal sequel,  
 When traders coaxed him into town.

When he had enough his heart was soft,  
 Then he was good-nature’s child ;  
 But when of misery’s cup he quaffed,  
 ’Twas unnatural to expect him mild.

God made him kind, as then he was,  
 But man perverted his kind nature ;  
 With cold bastile, and pauper laws,  
 They’ve made God’s child a hideous creature.

Such was the happy life of man,  
 E’er cruel traders sacked the cot ;  
 But hold your pity, if you can,  
 While I detail his after lot.

Hear the peasant’s mournful ditty,  
 And how he sighed, when it was vain  
 For leaving home for fact’ry city,  
 And how he longed to see his cot again.

Oh, dear ! Oh, dear ! my little cot,  
 And shall I never see thee more ?  
 I sigh and think of that loved spot,  
 While tottering on the fact’ry floor.

Ah ! sure, my pallid cheek can tell,  
 How bitterly I feel the change  
 From rustic cot to fact’ry hell—  
 To city dust, from mountain range.

Oh ! my children—for I had five—  
 How straight and playful when at home ;  
 But there is not one of them alive,  
 They left me crippled and alone.

At thirty-five my life is spent,  
 A crippled pauper e'er a man ;  
 My sweat, my blood, my marrow sent  
 To Russia, Prussia, Hindostan.

I'm young in years, though old in feel,  
 I've nearly run my sweating race ;  
 They'll send me to the cold Bastile,  
 And heavens ! to my native place.

Ah ! will they take me by my cot  
 And let me see the little church,  
 That dear and honoured little spot  
 Where good old Parson used to preach ?

But, ah ! my heart would break to see  
 The friends I play'd with when a child ;  
 The friends that still are blithe and free,  
 While care and woe have drove me wild.

Yes ! yes ! I'll die, but seen by those  
 Who now but care to scramble on,  
 And look on brothers as their foes,  
 Since thousands starve to fatten one.

Though chill'd by misery and despair,  
 I feel for others' sorrow still ;  
 And offer up my fervent prayer  
 For good old King and Ten Hours' Bill.

Ah, Heavens ! what a sound I hear ;  
 It is the dismal fact'ry bell  
 That jingles on my dying ear,  
 That rings the pauper's dying knell.

He laid him down on the cellar floor,  
 As the howling monster growl'd for blood,  
 And added a human fragment more  
 To the myriads swept by Mammon's flood.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A KING.

*(Continued from page 88.)*

Involuntarily my fingers clutched the hilt of my dagger—I verily believe, had he awoke, at that moment I should have murdered him! Fortunately he slept on—I took the prize—reclosed the curtain, and crept noiselessly from the chamber.

Myrrha was mine—she knew my poverty, but *not* my crime, and we fled together. Oh! there was a heaven of love's own making for 'some short days—and then, Poverty met us on the world's highway, pressed its bony finger on her rosy lip, and hushed the laugh to silence! The shadow of its mildewed wing darkened the brightness of those loving eyes, softened the radiance of that blooming face—and still we struggled on. We were unfortunate—or was Heaven's justice punishing my crime? I know not—but can scarcely tell the sufferings we underwent. Alas! she was too beautiful to gain a living in the paths of honest toil—for, where others would have earned wages, she reaped insult from the dissolute—and I—I strove for employment, with the secret wish that I might not gain it. Yes, my proud, mistaken spirit would rather *take* than *earn*, and to beg it scorned. There was something, too, in my haughty bearing and her loveliness, which made us a mark for suspicion: the world thinks the poor have no right to be proud, and that honour cannot accompany beauty in rags. Thus we wandered penniless and houseless, and the means, that gave us our daily meals, was *theft*. Theft had saved a young girl's honour—theft now saved our lives—in neither case was there an alternative. Oh! world, world, that drives a man to crime, and then visits on him the sin thyself committed. Not that I justify myself—I was becoming bad, but others made me so. It brought its own punishment. There was constant torture in the thousand screening lies I told, to hide from the girl of my love the crimes to which I was forced to stoop—for I still loved her passionately, and to her eyes only did I care to keep my honour unblemished. Love may well be called the guardian angel of men: as long as I harboured that, so long was I saved to, at least, a shame of my deeds and a hope of redemption.

We were hunted from spot to spot, and at last, long impunity made me reckless. I felt a kind of triumph in the idea of revisiting Venice. Thither we hastened, and took up our abode in a destitute quarter of the town, where we thought to escape detection. This was designated the abode of misery and sin. That of misery it truly was—of sin as well; but though inhabited only by those called criminals, I have known more virtues practised there, tenderer acts of self-denying love, than I have seen in later days upon a throne. The hand of fellowship was extended towards us—the last crust shared with the starving—the poor pallet with the houseless. I have met more unasked charity and love at the hands of beggars, than at those of princes.

We had been in Venice nearly a month, when one evening, as my beloved and I were hurrying to our wretched home from the palace-sided streets in brighter parts of the city, we met a great concourse of persons; they were preceding and accompanying halberdiers and guardsmen, and, amidst the latter, a captive was being led to execution. I could not see his face, but an impulse of curiosity led me to ask what was his crime. "Theft, from a rich merchant." The word "merchant" smote on my ear—I forced my way through the crowd—it was *her* father!

"When——where——whom did he rob?" I almost gasped.

"A golden casket——" and the rushing crowd bore us onward to the place of execution. I felt some one gliding like a spirit at my side. I knew it was Myrrha, but I durst not look, while something kept whispering, "Murderer! murderer!" to the husband of the victim's child. Still we were driven onward; and, as though the powers of evil had conspired against me, when the space was closed around the scaffold, we were in the front rank of the populace, and nearest to the executioner. I shrunk within myself, while an impulse kept starting from my heart to rush forward, confess myself the criminal, and thus save him. Fear withheld me—not of death, but of *such* a death. Shame withheld me—not before the world, but before her! The horrible preparations continued,—I could bear it no longer; I was about to rush forward and confess, when a shriek rang beside me—she had recognised her father! I was recalled to myself: she sank senseless; I supported her. A whirl passed through my brain; time sped—my presence of mind returned—and I endeavoured to bear her away through the crowd; but I could not move from the spot,

something fixed my feet to the ground, as though a hand from hell were stretched upward and held them there; and the dense mass rendered the attempt hopeless.

Suddenly a voice pealed over my head like a thunder-blast: "There stands my murderer!" I looked up—he had recognised me—his eyes were fixed on me, his head was strained towards me; it could not be mistaken—the looks of the bystanders all followed the direction of his—I felt lost;—a shout rang through the air—at the instant a human form was seen whirling from the scaffold, and a lifeless corpse hung, like a great banner of death, over the living crowd. I was saved, and drew breath with a horrible delight; but as I turned, I beheld my wife—his child—she looked at me with a strange expression; she seemed but then rising from her swoon; could she have heard his words—could she have divined his meaning? Good Heaven! The crowd dissolved—we were alone;—a shower of tears fell from her eyes—her manner changed, and she looked up to me with a sweet, melancholy smile; it stung me more bitterly than a frown; yet she repelled me;—there *was* a change, and guilty conscience feared.

With the next morning we were far from Venice. Oh! I was schooling in the craft of kings! I had learned to steal. I had now advanced through the second lesson—murder!—a truly royal murder, since not done boldly with my own arm,—but a murder by implication, through the machinery of law.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE PHASE OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

My Lord,

When we addressed you in December last, Parliament had not met, your Irish measures had not been propounded, nor had the memorable Rotunda meeting of the Irish landlords been held; and yet, my Lord, our knowledge of you, of them, of political parties generally, and the circumstances most likely to influence a government, enabled us to come to a marvellously near conclusion as to your course and

policy. In fact, our letter of December, addressed to you now stands as a realised prediction.

My Lord, you have purchased a fatal submission from the wounded feelings of the fragments of political opponents, which accords you temporary strength, but yet promises to be your future and no distant ruin. Nothing is more dangerous to a Minister than unprincipled support; it sometimes blinds him to the value of organised strength and consistent adherence; it was the rock upon which Melbourne and Peel split. Melbourne relied upon the slavish support of the slavish and servile Irish members; Peel more nobly preferred MEASURES TO MEN, but both lost their old friends, the one by ignorance the other by spirit. My Lord, Peel will support you against Bentinck, and *vice versâ*; but you will mistake this support for strength, until reliance upon it shall have made you a laughing-stock to both, and then they will join forces against you.

We cannot too censoriously criticize your measures for Ireland, when we think of the responsibility imposed upon the Government at this LIFE-AND-DEATH moment. We cannot over nicely scan your famine measures; and, if inclined to censure, it would rather be your parsimony than what dealers and economists term your LAVISH PRODIGALITY. But, my Lord, what we object to is, that what should be the price of PERMANENCY has been, or is likely to be, squandered upon a mere temporizing experiment. We believe the English people, whose sympathy and economy have been alternately appealed to, would much prefer the larger amount for the permanent thing, to the smaller amount for the mere stop-gap, OR MAKE THE THING LAST OUR TIME. It is not only folly, but madness, to charge Sir Robert Peel with all the consequences of a policy forced upon him by a vicious system, old as Saxon rule in Ireland; so would it be folly to saddle upon you all the consequences of the famine, while you are both equally culpable for having so long and obstinately preferred party support to the performance of a sacred duty, and to the non-performance of which, on all sides, famine owes its origin. In our Letter addressed to you in December last, we warned you of the danger of bidding for the capricious support of the Irish party, and we informed you that Peel, O'Connell, and Bentinck would be your great difficulties: subsequent events have proved the



correctness of that prediction, and let us now mark the future for you.

My Lord, you have not yet seen the beginning of the end—rely upon it that you have not; and, before we slightly touch the probable future, and the best means of meeting it, let us implore of you to believe that men with brains not to be stultified by conventional impressions, however frequent and familiar fashion may have made them, will yet laugh at your whole policy when the Famine Tragedy has been played out. Have you thought seriously of the frightful lesson you are now teaching the Irish people; and should famine desolate the land, have you ever thought of the consequences to this country and to Europe? True, the moment of *want* is not the exact moment of reflection; but what will the reader of your biography say to this picture? “The noble Lord John Russell was the leader of the Whig party in power when the frightful famine commenced in 1845, but does not appear to have had nerve to meet the calamity. All thought of Ireland was lost in the interests of his City supporters, whose delegate he was. He tried three very uncertain measures for dealing with a national calamity. Firstly, a prayer composed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, asking Almighty God to avert what a bad system had created. Secondly, an appeal by the Queen to the people, in the form of a Royal Letter, resorted to on such occasions in those days. And lastly, a M. Soyer, COOK TO A CLUB HOUSE, was transported to Ireland to aid in producing ECONOMICAL SOUP for the people to live upon; a feature of political economy that appears ludicrous, when, by the returns of the three previous years, we find that Ireland had exported to England several million quarters of all kinds of grain, as well as live stock and other eatables and valuables of all descriptions of produce; indeed, to an extent which in these days makes the question of famine, in such a country, appear more like a riddle than a reality.” Now, my Lord, rely upon it that such will be the opinion of the historian who shall write the history of the present times, when the shackles of party shall be taken off the PEN.

My Lord, you have done wisely in stinting war-horses some little of their food, and your next move must be to lay race-horses, hunters, hounds, and all pleasure-horses under a like restriction, and then you will have to stop all distillation from grains of all sorts, as it is useless, nay, absurd, to propound schemes for raising funds unless, at the same time,

you insure the most economical use of the one thing needed and to be purchased—**FOOD**.

Next, you will be obliged, sooner or later, to take stock of every man's store, and then you must take the census of the whole country, according to some given scale; and, in spite of the rigid rules of political economy, you must become the retailer of food, at a given price.

My Lord, there is more than **ENOUGH OF FOOD FOR ALL, EVEN YET**, and you will be justly chargeable if an evil use is made of it; and surely, giving it to dogs and useless horses, and distilling poison from it, while human beings are starving, are idle, very idle uses.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" has always been a favourite Whig maxim; and now you may turn it, for once, to good, practical account. Your first object should be to save life; we have shewn you the easy means of securing food enough, ample; and now we will point out the means of procuring money enough.

In the years 1859 & 60, three millions per annum fall in, in the shape of long and terminable annuities, that is as *you* are aware; but we write for ignorant people—**3,000,000*l.*** sterling, now paid in taxes each year, will cease and expire. We may estimate the value of that stock at **THIRTY MILLIONS** to the holders, and by making it perpetual it would realize **NINETY MILLIONS**, thus leaving you a surplus of **SIXTY MILLIONS**, after purchasing up the **3,000,000*l.*** per annum.

Now, my Lord you could so spread that over four or five years, raising fifteen millions or twelve millions, or more or less, as circumstances demanded, and observe the present generation will lose nothing, at all events till the year 1860, while they would gain the advantage of not being taxed to meet the present frightful demand for money. In plain language, you may raise **60,000,000*l.*** of money, without levying a penny additional tax on the people. Do these things, my Lord; and in God's name, since the time has come that soldiers, courtiers, peers, and fine gentlemen, condescend to talk of **DUNG** and **PORK**, and **DRAINING** and waste lands, attach a Minister of Agriculture to your Cabinet, and let us no longer be a laughing-stock to agricultural nations, and our own farmers and labourers, by such ludicrous appointments as half-pay officers, and drawing-room gentlemen, to discharge duties which belong to practical agriculturists. You would laugh at the conceit of an old farmer undertaking the command of a line of

battle ship, and yet it would not be one whit more ridiculous than the employment of military men in agricultural service. It would be a waste of time to mix up a particle of politics in the consideration of a purely social question; while all political advice must be lost upon **ONE** who **HAS PREFERRED THE SUPPORT OF A FACTION TO THE SALVATION OF A NATION.**

If, my Lord, we could make merry, even at Whig expense, while the people of a whole nation are starving, we could find food for merriment in the child's play going on between the French war minister and her Majesty's ambassador at Paris. We would ask you seriously to ponder over a system which brings the conceit and puppyish folly of an offended fop home to the door, nay, into the oven and pot in every man's house, from the palace to the hovel; of the system which depends upon the temper and prudence of an ambassador, by which national honour is to be measured. Lord Burleigh's nod was significant, my Lord, but really there appears still more meaning in the frown of Lord Normanby, by whose fits of fancy funds go up or down, shares rise or fall, food is made cheap or dear—a kind of stock exchange-dial, by which speculators set their transactions. My Lord, so ludicrous is your system, that it would not at all astonish us to find **BULLS** and **BEARS** with their rival **COURIERS**, coming express from Paris, to announce the temper and describe the look of the French minister at war and the British ambassador, nor should we be surprised at seeing an announcement substantially as follows in the morning papers.

“The greatest possible excitement was caused on Change to-day, in consequence of the non arrival—till a late hour—of the **VALETS** of Lord Normanby and M. Guizot, who were expected to bring important intelligence relative to a private meeting between the French minister and the noble marquis, and the effect of which, in the absence of any information that could be relied upon, was a further decline in consols.”

Now, my Lord, you will not say that the above money-note of a great nation is a burlesque. Put your house in order; the whole system is about to tumble into ruins. You have two full years of famine before you. Men who are starving will be indifferent to next year's crops, while you have shown your ignorance of Ireland, the Irish, and agriculture, by voting 50,000*l.* to purchase seed for the landlords, who have **CREATED THE FAMINE.**

Now, my Lord, a word, and we have done. 50,000*l.* would, at the present price of seed, plant and sow with potatoes, barley, or oats, about 35,000 acres of ground ; and of potatoes alone would plant about 25,000 acres, or about one-forty-eighth part of what is usually planted of that crop ; and let no human being for a moment persuade you that the Irish are going to abandon the growth of that VULGAR ROOT.

In conclusion, my Lord, you have been wrecked, as we foretold, upon the Irish landlords and their abuses ; and ere long you will have to deal with the monster nearer to your own door ; and then, perhaps, your eyes will be opened to the follies of a system, which compel the PRODUCERS to look to the wisdom of CONSUMERS for a sufficiency of their own produce to save them from starvation. The whole thing is a farce, my Lord, and must and will end.

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## MONTHLY REVIEW.

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Parliament has given another proof of its unfitness to represent the present growth of public opinion, in its rejection of Mr. Duncombe's motion for a Repeal of the Ratepaying Clauses in the Reform Act. Be it remembered that Lord George Bentinck, the Protectionist leader, voted against their repeal ! The Tory enmity towards the Free-traders is, it is true, as yet successfully assisting in our struggle for a 'Ten Hours' Bill, while the venom of Bright and Co. is exhausting itself in throwing every technical difficulty in its way. The people cannot but feel a disgust, amounting to loathing, at the effrontery with which the Quaker cotton lord adverted to his quondam support of its principles as to a "freak of his boyhood ;" though their power of appreciation must be blunted by long experience of similar conduct on the part of that truculent worshipper of the bad man's deity : Mammon. The attention of the legislature has further been much engaged by the Spanish marriage and the paltry squabble between Guizot and Palmerston, invitations to *thés dansants*, and routs—in the omission or giving of which to Aulaire or

Normanby the dignity and honour of England are supposed to consist. Out upon these tinsel legislators for an iron age!

IRELAND still stands forth in Europe with its pre-eminence of misery. The police have been ordered to make returns of the number of cases of death by starvation—and by the week before last they had reported FIFTY THOUSAND cases! which, it appears, form only a partial item of those that have actually occurred. Meanwhile, the entertainments given by the aristocracy, and the preparations for the "*London season*," continue as lavish, as wasteful and as sumptuous as ever. The democracy of England, however, are progressing, though not as rapidly as we could wish; but the evidence of a steady and growing determination to secure the rights of all, is daily being given at numerous meetings, through petitions and resistance to local acts of oppression, as in the instance of the poor operatives, in whose behalf Mr. Roberts has petitioned government. What success that petition will obtain with the latter, may hardly be anticipated; what impression the circumstance must make on the public mind, needs not a comment. One evidence, however, of the growth of public influence, is the fact, that the principles of the Charter are beginning to be talked of in the House of Commons. This is the course of similar measures of peaceful Reform: they are ridiculed, they are treated with silence, they are calumniated—they are talked into appreciation—they are discussed—and they become the law of the land.

To carry our commentary over to the continent, we find FRANCE in the same position as most other countries, struggling with famine, and under ministers whose lease of office may be of but hourly duration, while there, as here, aristocratic and courtly splendours are absorbing the attention of those, who have the power of alleviating the miseries to the causation of which they have so mainly contributed.

The deluded people of SPAIN are strengthening themselves for another Carlist struggle, the guerilla features of which have already commenced, while PORTUGAL is still the theatre of civil war. The gallant O'Donnell has been killed on the field of battle, but the insurgents continue fortifying themselves in Oporto, against which the Queen's general has ventured no effective demonstration. There are the seeds of good in this movement; but one of the harpies of Royalty, Dom Miguel, has secretly left Rome for the Douro, where he will endeavour to taint, if possible, the young current of democracy at its source.

ITALY is putting forth a fair promise of taking an effective part in the political, and, we trust, social change, which the future is preparing for Europe—and here, indeed, under anomalous auspices—those of prelacy and royalty. This, however, is easily accounted for—since, while we give all credit to the Pope for integrity of purpose, the democratic tendency on his part, as on that of the King of Sardinia, is a necessity enforced by the proximity of unscrupulous, grasping and unsparing Austria. “Honour among thieves” is an old, and may be a true, adage; honour among kings is unknown. The Papal and Sardinian dominions would become the prey of Metternich or his successor, whenever time and opportunity might serve. The only effectual resistance the respective sovereigns can offer, is through the courage, confidence and enthusiasm of their people. The people pant for liberty, and therefore their rulers are “liberal” in the same measure in which they love their crown and their tiara. These circumstances would keep the people politically quiet in hope of the future, but serious corn-riots have occurred in various parts of the country, and continue exciting the otherwise quiescent population. Thus Famine goes hand-in-hand with Revolution.

The King of PRUSSIA has at last fulfilled his father’s legacy, at least according to the spirit of his own interpretation: he has given his subjects a constitution. This constitution enables them to vote taxes whenever he wants money, and him to levy whenever they refuse to vote. In itself this constitution is worse than worthless; but, as an evidence of concession extorted from kings by democracies, even a juggle like this affords cause for gratulation.

Throughout GERMANY the scarcity is equally felt and productive of disorders. In Silesia it is so great, that the governor has taken a leaf out of the English legislative book, and sent to head quarters for more bayonets, lest the people should get *too* hungry!

The same general features appear to pervade RUSSIA—a land apparently hermetically sealed against the breath of progress, and closed against the eye of inquiry. The Tsar, however, has done our free-traders the favour of prohibiting the export of corn from his dominions,—an example other monarchs are imitating, and thus verifying our predictions as to the fallacies of free trade, and strengthening our predilection for growing our own bread stuffs on our own soil. It is worthy of remark, that the Tsar has collected an army of 100,000 men on the German frontier of POLAND. From his northern

iceberg he overlooks the world. Doubtless he too has seen symptoms of dissolution among the western monarchies, and is preparing for aggrandisement out of their ruin. Those clouds on the horizon of Europe forebode a storm. Napoleon said, "in half a century Europe will be Cossack or republican." He was the prophet of an alternative; it rests with the people of Europe to verify the latter half of his prediction. Powerful as Nicholas seems, his splendour is but a gilding over an empty boast. A European war would call Poland, Sweden, and Wallachia into arms,—and western democracy would have but little to fear from northern barbarism.

The new states over the Atlantic, whose governments have so soon grown *old*, are making vigorous progress. In THE UNITED STATES, public opinion has declared against the Mexican war, and the pecuniary supplies are crippled. Military operations flag in MEXICO; and General Taylor, thinking, no doubt, the best part of valour consists in discretion, has declared himself in favour of retreating,

COLONIAL news are not of much importance; and the only events worthy of record that have transpired are a treaty of peace, defining the Kei as the (present!) boundary of British dominion at the CAPE,—and the blood-bought pacification of NEW ZEALAND, where government are committing the cruel injustice of treating as rebels the gallant natives who fought nobly for their own land, and judging them by European law!

A retrospect of the leading features of the past month gives us a warlike tendency as its characteristic, and affords a verification of the prediction we long since made in other publications, when stigmatising the culpable indifference of the middle classes to those next below them in the social order; namely, that they themselves would be the next to feel the pressure of that want which was afflicting the toiling population. In exemplification of this, we need but refer to the fact, that the wealthier class of Irish farmers are reduced to the necessity of consuming the corn they had reserved to pay their rent and for seed; and that throughout England and the continent, failures in trade have become of almost unprecedented frequency. Thus the old Persian adage, that "curses, like young chickens, always come home to roost," is being realised on the persons of those who mainly contributed to prostrate the poor at the feet of Monopoly.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

FRANCE: HER GOVERNMENTAL, ADMINISTRATIVE AND SOCIAL ORGANIZATION. London: J. Madden & Co.

This work needs more of extract than of comment—since its best recommendation would be to quote copiously from its pages. It unveils the slavery of “constitutional” France, and every democrat will do well to read it, for he will see that—

“The worst of all tyrannies is that which is exercised under legal forms, with the appearance of a free constitution, and the sanction of the legislative bodies. Such is the case in France. Neither of the Chambers represent the people. The peers are appointed by the government, and represent the king and the different coteries by which they were appointed when in power. As to the deputies, they are the nominees and representatives of public functionaries, and, in great part, public functionaries themselves, or aspiring to public functions. It cannot be otherwise. The number of electors in France is under 200,000, while the number of public functions at the disposal of, and paid by the government, is 500,000. It follows that the government, by disposing of all the offices in favour only of the electors and their families, have always in their power the means of securing the majority in the electoral colleges. It is not only on the 500,000 holders of office that the government can rely, in electoral contests, but also on an equal number of expectants for those same offices, whose principal qualification must be subserviency.”

The consequences of a government founded on such a system, and perfected by the most exquisite refinements of policy, will be apparent to every one. The author has traced every fibre in the great body corporate of governmental France with surprising and incontestible accuracy, and has shewn that the chief power of its despotism is evinced in a full control of the elective and municipal elements. There are many hints in this work, by which Englishmen may materially profit: they will see of what importance is municipal power, as a controlling agent in elections, and influencing the amount of liberty in speech and action awarded to the people.



There are, besides, many curious statistical and social details interspersed throughout the work, with tables illustrative of the various amounts of property, degrees of education, &c., enjoyed by the various classes. The reader will hardly be astonished to learn, that out of every 1,000 French soldiers, only 500 know the alphabet—for, were the government not to keep them ignorant, they would never pant for “military glory,” and be ready to wreak the will of despotism on their unfortunate fellow-citizens as at Lyons, Grénoble, and numberless other scenes of recent massacre.

This work is indeed a valuable addition to the political literature of the age.

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EXTINCTION OF PAUPERISM. By PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. Cleave, London.

A laudable desire to benefit the working classes has evidently stimulated the author of this little *brochure*, but the military reminiscences of his family have led him into the error, that the legislature should be the drill-sergeant of society, and that national progression and prosperity should move on at the word of command. Now, we believe that the growth of nations should not be a hot-bed production, but the spontaneous developement of unsophisticated nature. The former will be crippled by the first political storm, the latter will survive the trials of centuries. We further, on this ground, object to the author's assertion, that taxation is a blessing if returned to the tax-payer in a productive form; inasmuch as we believe that the working man (and it is on him taxation falls in the end,) can employ his money in a manner more useful to himself, and certainly more agreeable to his feelings of independence, than when filtered through the hands of government at the risk of misappropriation and monopoly. We further object to the class distinctions advocated by the prince in his plan for the working class, the intermediate class and the governing class. Such must always resolve themselves into a monopoly of legislation;—we see no need for any distinctive phases, but for the *entire people*, (not one class, more than another,) as the elective power, creating the legislative and executive machinery. We must, however, and we do so with pleasure, recur to our first assertion, that a good heart and an honest will have dictated the

production of this work. There is much matter in it for reflection, much of valuable information, and much sound reasoning. The author agrees with us: "That home commerce suffers, because industry produces too much in comparison with the slender requital it gives to the producer." That: "this loss of balance causes the government to go to China, in search of some thousands of consumers, whilst there are millions of English who are stripped of everything, and who, if they could purchase sufficient food and clothing, would create (at home) a commercial movement much more considerable than that caused by the most advantageous treaties."

Again, the author says: "Manufacturing industry continually draws the population into towns and enervates them. We must recal those into fields, who are *too numerous* in towns. The working-classes possess nothing, they possess no wealth save in their arms, we must make them proprietors of the soil."

In these observations the prince has argued rightly; it is to a numerous small proprietary class that we must look for the *Extinction of Pauperism*, and the source from which shall come the social and political regeneration of the nineteenth century.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*All Manuscripts intended for insertion must be forwarded to the Office by the 20th of each Month.*

J. HARKNESS, (EDINBURGH.)—Your poem never came to hand.

J. FROST.—A YORKSHIRE MECHANIC.—Received.

W. J. LINTON.—Your powerful and imaginative poem is too long for insertion. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

DELTA.—You are mistaken in your inference.

X. Y. Z.—You shall hear from us.

QUEVEDO.—The subject of your article is good—too good not to be better treated.

DECLINED.—Laura.—A Sufferer.—M. N.—A Chartist.—A Northman.—Braes and Banks.

M. S.—You will find your MS. at the office.

WILLIAM.—Your annal is excellent, but too long.

W. J. T.—In Melrose Abbey.

# THE LABOURER.

## A TREATISE

### ON THE SMALL PROPRIETORY SYSTEM

AND

#### THE NATIONAL LAND AND LABOUR BANK,

*Showing the mode by which every working man may become possessed of a comfortable cottage, with a sufficient quantity of Land to occupy him in producing all the comforts and necessities of life for himself and his family.*

“A true labourer earns that he eats; gets that he wears; owes no man hate; envies no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content under his own privations; and his chief pride is in the modest comforts of his condition.”—*Shakspeare.*

I IMPOSED no easy task upon myself in undertaking to recal a large population from old customs and habits, and long-cherished prejudices, to a new state of life. The allurements by which a thoughtless, innocent, ignorant and unsuspicious class of husbandmen, were induced to abandon rural occupations for an artificial livelihood, but convinces me of the utter selfishness of the rich and speculating, and of the friendless and unprotected state of the poor, who are ever made the authors of their own ruin by artful and cold-blooded men, and who, sooner or later, are sure to repent the criminal indifference they manifest in all matters connected with their well-being as a class, provided the promised change holds out prospects of immediate improvement; then, in such case, individuals abandon the substance to grasp at the shadow; they forget their duty to society, of which each is a part, and the rulers of society take advantage of their indifference to perpetuate the results of their own folly.

In presenting this treatise upon Agriculture to the labouring classes, I am under a twofold disadvantage:—firstly, the want of authorities for reference, as the ideas are for the most part my own; and, secondly, the difficulty of attaching the mind of the reader to a subject wholly foreign to his thoughts, habits and avocations. However, if I lack the force of authority, I gain strength from the fact, that all authorities relied upon by the advocates of our present artificial system have been weakened, if not exploded, by the falsification of their predictions, and the evil consequences that have resulted from a childish reliance upon impractical and insolent theorists.

Upon the other hand, I gain the advantage of the failure of all make-shifts by which a credulous people were made to live upon hope, and to bear present ills patiently, in anticipation of an improved future.

Before I proceed to a simple illustration of my subject under its several heads, I may be permitted to observe, that I ever have, and ever shall entertain, the most unmixed contempt for the mere politician, who is, in general, an upholder and denouncer of abuses ; a fomentor of feuds, that he may thrive upon dissension ; a propagator of prejudices, that he may make profit of men's fears and credulity ; an assailer of wrong, until corruption converts him into a soother of misery ; a mere trafficker in human susceptibility, capable of being moulded into any shape best suiting the requirements of the political mechanic—a thing bought and sold, like stock upon 'Change, and alike transferable.

I hold humanity, frugality, honesty and sobriety, to be the great requisites for a popular leader, and that the man who is deficient in any one of these qualities is incomplete in all, as the want of one weakens all, and subjects him to the influences of an uncontrollable passion, to which strong minds are constantly exposed. The field of simple politics is beset with snares, in which the wily and artful entrap the confiding and unsuspecting ; and hence we read and know of but few who have not been constrained to call poor expediency to the aid of political profligacy, and who, for the most part, charge their own inconsistency upon popular indifference, while I never could justify individual turpitude, even by national error ; and I would much rather be right alone, than err with a nation.

After so much of an introduction, I shall now turn to a brief consideration of the reasons which first induced me to advocate the Small Proprietary System. I have been a celebrated fox-hunter in my time, and no man more loved the sport ; I have been upon the turf in a small way ; I have been a great lover of balls and parties, and no man was better received ; I have been a barrister, in better practice than many men of much longer standing ; I have been a member of parliament ; for nearly nine years I have been a journalist ; and for many years I have been a practical farmer, and am now a builder and projector of works. In all those characters (with the single exception of that of farmer) which gave me the most exciting pleasure for the moment, I felt that in none was I contributing a particle towards that store upon which I was largely, incessantly,

and thoughtlessly drawing. By degrees I began to look upon myself as one of those

“*fruges consumere nati*,”—

“one born to consume the fruits of the earth;” and I became ashamed. I did not stop to canvass my value as a consumer according to the nicety of the doctrines of political economy, but I felt that if we were all consumers and no producers, the world’s existence would speedily terminate, and I rejected the illiberal philosophy, that one convert would be but as a drop of water in the ocean. When I turned my attention to agriculture, simple nature very speedily overcame art, and all the conventionalisms of society began to give way to manly thought and untrammelled reason. By degrees the chase and the ball-room became irksome; a day in the week was abandoned, and a night stolen from dissipation was devoted to rest after wholesome labour; briefs with large fees to defend system-made murderers and robbers lost their charm; and, finally, the red coat and polished boots were displaced by the fustian and the brogues; the wig and gown were consigned to the case and the peg, and I, who had been a thoughtless consumer, at length found myself an extensive producer, while the transition enabled me to administer comfort to hundreds, and taught me how to estimate their value to society; and, after a long interval, it is now my pride to say, that no man in my employment ever thought, or had reason to think, himself wronged or unkindly treated.

Having an active and calculating mind, I very naturally estimated the value of the thing worked—the LAND—and the thing working—MAN; and a very slight consideration convinced me, that raw material to the amount of two pounds a year worth, or two acres of land, could be manufactured into food enough for a whole family, leaving a sufficient surplus, after wholesome consumption, upon an average of years, in money or produce, to meet famine or sickness, and to purchase the proprietorship of the raw material as well. Upon the other hand, I saw and proclaimed the fact, as early as 1823, that the capricious use made of the land must ultimately lead to those disasters under which Ireland is now suffering, and, if not checked, would inevitably end in an agrarian revolution. I believe I was the first to proclaim the folly of the landlord class in a detailed form, and I submit to my readers, that all that they now hear and read of the follies and madness of Irish landlords, is but a repetition of facts and circumstances, with which for years I have made them familiar. Indeed,

it is beyond dispute that the readers of the "**NORTHERN STAR**" understand Irish politics and Irish landlordism much better than our rulers, or than the Irish people themselves ; so much so, that nothing new to them can be said upon the subject : they cannot even affect surprise at being themselves the victims of their own indifference, inasmuch as I have frequently cautioned the English people, that, sooner or later, their toleration of Irish misrule would fall with a tremendous weight upon their own shoulders.

I shall now proceed with the consideration of my subject under its several heads, dividing it into sections, each section comprising a simple explanation of its several relevant parts. Firstly, I shall comment upon the small **PROPRIETORY** system, as affecting man in his individual and social capacity ; and will endeavour to prove, that the professed object of political economists themselves can be realised only by the adoption of my plan. In the outset, I must ask the reader to bear in mind the difference between a small **PROPRIETORY CLASS** and a class of small farmers. I am opposed to a class of small farmers, holding capricious tenures under landlords, because they are the most defenceless in point of means of defence, and the most exposed to tyranny and cupidity from the amount of labour expended, and consequent improvement, and to which the landlord supposes himself to have the best claim. For instance, there would be no more hazardous property than the right of fifty tenants, holding four acres each, under a landlord upon a short lease, or at will, because the rapidly improving state of land with so much labour expended upon it, added to the partiality of the tenant for the spot where he had worked, and which he had improved, would confer an influence upon the landlord which no man should possess over another's industry and feelings. Such may be termed the

**SMALL FARM SYSTEM ;**

whilst the small proprietary system, which means the fee or ownership being vested in the occupant, upon the reasonable condition that he shall pay a stipulated **RENT-CHARGE** according to the value of the holding when he gets possession of it, places the labourer beyond the reach of cupidity and oppression. In the one case the confiding occupant, whilst revelling in fond anticipations to be realised by his unremitting toil, may find that he has been labouring for another ; whilst in the other case, he knows and feels secure that he has been labouring for himself. Now, such is the difference between one cultivating land upon a short lease, or upon the will of his landlord, and one who cultivates it for himself.

## SECTION I.

## MAN IN HIS INDIVIDUAL CAPACITY.

I ever have been, and I think I ever shall be, opposed to the principle of COMMUNISM, as advocated by several theorists. I am, nevertheless, a strong advocate of Co-operation, which means legitimate exchange, and which circumstances would compel individuals to adopt, to the extent that Communism would be beneficial. I have generally found that the strongest advocates of Communism are the most lazy members of society—a class who would make a division of labour, adjudging to the most pliant and submissive the lion's share of work, and contending that their natural implement was the brain, whilst that of the credulous was the spade, the plough, the sledge, and the pickaxe. Communism either destroys wholesome emulation and competition, or else it fixes too high a price upon distinction, and must eventually end in the worst description of despotism—the despotism of self-surrender and non-reliance on self; whilst upon the other hand individual possession, and co-operation of labour, creates a wholesome bond between all classes of society, which none can push beyond the will or requirement of his neighbour. A., B. and C. may suppose themselves injured by an exact participation of the fruits of their labour with D., E. and F.; whereas, upon the principle of co-operation, A., B. and C., may be glad to give to D., E. and F., a day's work in exchange for a similar favour. The reader will find these observations, apparently irrelevant, of the greatest importance to the general subject, as my principal object is to show the pleasure of labour, when sweetened with the prospect of individual enjoyment, as compared with the pain of labour when soured with the apprehension of monopoly, or abstraction from its anticipated purpose. In a community a large minority might, and most probably would, be dissatisfied and discontented; whilst in a section of individual possessors, no matter howsoever extensive, a man could only grumble with himself. For these reasons I am an advocate for

## INDIVIDUALS POSSESSING A SELF-CONTROL.

If, then, we consider man in his individual capacity, and not as a member of that general system of COMMUNISM which I contend now prevails, we must come to the conclusion, that not only his usefulness to society, but his HAPPINESS, should be legislated for; and, to effect the

double object, of making him useful to society and happy, I assert that there is no available, nay, no possible means, other than assigning to him just the amount of land, which by his own labour, or by labour upon the principle of co-operation, he can conveniently cultivate. I look upon land as the raw material, and labour and skill as the capital and machinery for manufacturing it into a circulating medium, which gives value to gold and precious stones, and all articles of luxury and necessity; and I hold that no man is so independent as the man who can coin his own sweat and ingenuity into the medium of exchange for everything wanted, and everything in use. Again: if we take into account our present dependence upon foreign countries, all must admit, that the more we produce at home, the less we feel that dependence, and none will deny that a large addition to the agricultural class must have that effect.

The reader must also bear in mind, that, in times of scarcity, like the present, the producer under the present system is the first, the greatest, and the last sufferer; while if every man, or a large number of men, were their own producers, famine or scarcity, when they did come, would bear more evenly upon all. One of man's greatest difficulties now appears to be, how, and where, to get food; and hence I come to the inevitable conclusion, that the best and surest, and most profitable mode of acquiring it, is by the application of DOMESTIC INDUSTRY to the NATIVE SOIL. In my opinion, then, the most profitable disposition that can be made of labour, is its application to the cultivation of the soil to such extent that a people cannot find profitable, remunerative, and satisfactory employment at other work. I say satisfactory employment, because I hold that the most valuable portion of society have as perfect a right to select occupations as the idle have to select amusement and pleasure.

### MAN AS A MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

I shall next consider man as a member of society; and in that character we find that the strong and dominant stand in need of his labour, but fear its application to his own use, lest the discovery of its value should induce him to demand a larger share of the profits. Authority, I have always contended, would prefer a national revenue of three hundred millions a year, with the power of appropriation, to a thousand millions clogged with the horrors of equitable distribution; and yet, strange to say, society, that is, the ruling portion, prefers a capricious reliance upon foreigners



to a certain domestic supply, and merely, lest the secret of the value of labour should be discovered in the latter case. Thus I show, that if the condition of man, in his individual and social capacity, should form any portion of government responsibility, it becomes the bounden duty of those whom we pay for managing our affairs, so to adjust society, that no portion of the earnings of the industrious should go to support the idle, so long as legitimate and remunerative employment can be found ; and I assert that every idler in the state, so long as an **ACRE** of **LAND** is **CAPABLE** of **IMPROVEMENT**, is a reproach to the government of that state, and the more especially, when the fact is undeniable, that poor laws are only tolerated as a means of compelling those made dependent and destitute, to sell their labour at a competitive price, regulated solely by masters' caprice, and the standard to which forbearance may be relied upon and cruelty may be pushed.

I shall conclude under this head, by asking three simple questions :—

Firstly, Is it desirable that the labour of a country should be employed ?

Secondly, Is it just that it should be employed with reference to the happiness, comfort, and independence of the owner ?

And thirdly, Whether would society most benefit—by the employment of labour upon reproductive works, or by maintaining a large portion unemployed and paid for, while there is ample scope and need for its profitable application ?

The reader must answer these questions himself : they will be plain and simple. I shall now consider the application of **TASK LABOUR** applied to the cultivation of the soil, with reference to trade, commerce, and manufactures ; and if I can prove that home will supply what navigators are searching the world in quest of, namely, extensive trade and increased production, then I confirm the belief in every working man's mind, that the point of secure monopoly is the standard to which the represented will allow their **SERVANTS** to foster and manage domestic industry.

As I look to much greater results from the small proprietary system than even the comfort, independence, and happiness of the land occupants, I must be permitted to extend the consideration of this important branch of my subject to society generally ; and with that view I shall select,

as an illustration, a comparison between the benefits conferred upon society at large by ten farmers and their labourers, and those that would be conferred by a population of three-acre occupants, cultivating the same amount of land, 3,000 acres.

In the one case we have ten farmers holding 300 acres each, and employing, on an over-rated average, fifteen men each through the year, and scarcely ever employing a tradesman, with the exception of wheelwright, blacksmith, and harness-maker, and those only at particular seasons, and to no great extent. They are ten customers to the shopkeepers in the town or village for manufactured goods of all sorts, and their custom, and that of their labourers, constitutes a portion of our home-trade in every department. I allow them to employ fifteen labourers each, every day throughout the year, and each labourer's family to consist of five, which allots seventy-five persons to each farm, or 750 to the ten, added to their small trade requirements. Upon the other hand, the 3,000 acres, subdivided into farms of three acres each, more than any man in the world can cultivate, not only supports in comfort, but enriches, 1,000 families, or 5,000 human beings. Here, then, are 3,000 acres of land—under a bad and deteriorating system, giving bad and ill-requited remuneration to 150 labourers and their families—and under a self-protecting and self-remunerating system, giving employment, and comfort, and riches to 1,000 labourers and their families. The expenditure of the ten farmers and their families in the manufacturing and commercial market is much greater than that of all their labourers, but what is that when compared to the expenditure of 1,000 men and their families, who would have a pride in living well? Wether would 5,000 well-paid, self-REMUNERATED husbandmen, women, and children—or 750 slaves, paid at the rate of 7, 8, 9, 10, and 12 shillings a week—be the best customers in the markets of Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Northampton, and other hives of industry, where the bees are now starving, whilst the drones are living upon the honey they have made? Whether would 1,000 women going to market with ready money, and a good week's store—or 150 minus of stores going for A BIT ON CREDIT—be the best customers to the shopkeepers of the neighbourhood? Whose houses would have most and best furniture, and which would give most employment to carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, hatters, hosiers, and, in short, to every department of labour?

Which would produce most ? Which would have most to supply the wants of society after good consumption ? Which would add most value to the soil ? Which would be the best customers to schoolmasters, dancing-masters, and booksellers ? Which would be the most likely to require a heavy poor-rate from the farmers ? And which would be the most likely to protect us against the horrors of famine and want ? And which would cost the State least in police-tax and legal expenses, and all the jobbing by which vicious men are enabled to uphold a vicious system ? And which would most tend to weed the **SURPLUS LABOUR MARKET** of the **IDLE COMPETITIVE RESERVE**, UPON WHICH CAPITALISTS FALL BACK AS A MEANS OF REDUCING WAGES—a right which they claim by prescription, and one which the most honourable Minister dares not invade or weaken ?

I shall now proceed with a consideration of the respective rights conferred, and protection extended, to the three classes—landlords, farmers and labourers—who are relatively engaged in agricultural pursuits.

The landlord leases three hundred acres of barren surface for, say £300 a year, and the possession, or rather ownership, confers a vote upon him ; the farmer promises to pay £300 a year rent, and the responsibility confers a vote upon him ; the fifteen labourers pay the rent and the interest of the farmer's capital, and remunerate him for his skill, and in many instances protect him against his negligence and dissipation—and they have not a vote amongst them. I may go further, and add, that the shopkeeper, who retails the produce of the labourer, has a vote, in virtue of rent, which the wants of the labourer enable him to pay ; the banker has a vote, in virtue of his position, acquired solely by the produce of the labourer, and the **WANTS** of the landlord, farmer, and shopkeeper. So with the merchant and manufacturer, and all who speculate in Labour's produce. I shall not carry the illustration of the political absurdity further, but shall merely ask a few questions. What pays the landlord's rent ? What pays the farmer's interest ? What educates and supports his family ? And what makes the fortunes of those who are thrifty and careful ? What supports bankers, merchants, and shopkeepers ? Observe, I wholly reject the assertion that many farmers are ruined ; because, if one in ten succeeds, they are the rule, and the unfortunate in this

case are the exception; whilst the fact is the reverse, as not one in ten does fail from other causes than neglect or dissipation. Now, will any man, even the most unblushing political economist, tell the labourer that those who employ him do not make profit of his labour; and, if they do make profit, whether would it be better for the labourer to have the farmer's standard of wages, or the farmer's share, the banker's share, the shopkeeper's share, and labourer's share? In fact, the question admits of but one answer.

We are told that the interests of all classes are represented in the House of Commons: **FUDGE, NONSENSE, IMPUDENCE!** Members are but the delegates of those who elect them, and any attempt to represent Labour fairly, would very speedily be visited with expulsion.

## SECTION II.

I shall now reply to those who have asserted that two, or even four, acres of land is too small a quantity to support a man and his family. Land in its present state is, to what it is capable of being made, precisely what coarse sacking is to the finest lace, both manufactured from flax; and I recollect a very general outcry being made by free-traders, in consequence of the increasing exportation of cotton twist, asserting that much of the profit was lost to the nation in consequence of the hands losing the advantage of complete manufacturing, that is, that the cotton was exported in a comparatively rude state. Well, then, surely what applies to any other raw material, the produce of which bears a merely exchangeable value, applies in a hundred-fold degree to the manufacture of human food, which stamps the value upon every other commodity. Necessity is said to be the mother of Invention; and but few understand that if the population of this country were to remain permanently at, say 2,000,000, our present system of agriculture would be thought perfection, because the rudest culture would more than supply the wants of all; while I venture to assert, notwithstanding our present supply drawn for seven times that amount of population, the surplus, after consumption, would be comparatively insignificant. Such is the propensity of man, he supplies his wants and is then satisfied. Upon the other hand, if by any contingency, which I would be most happy to witness, 30,000,000 of a population were doomed to provide subsistence from the land of this

country, in such case, within the very next year, there would be an astounding surplus, after ample consumption. This fact can be easily proved, by taking the average amount of produce that may be raised upon one acre of land, of average quality. If such a heavy **DISPENSATION** was inflicted upon this famine-stricken country, before six months from this time, every soldier and policeman should turn his sword into spade or hoe, and England would be a paradise; but so long as a false system of representation can confine the horrors of scarcity to the **PRODUCERS OF EVERYTHING**, so long will the country remain a wilderness in cultivation, and a sea-bound dungeon to the producer. I do not feel myself justified in taking up space with the publication of what has been accomplished by spade husbandry; I shall deal with that branch of my subject presently; but when the English people, eulogized for their industry, and their patience under trials of all kinds, understand that a Belgian will give over £200 for an acre and a quarter of land—a bundle—and that he will find work and maintenance for his whole family upon it, and that the land is not worth one-half as much as that I am now cultivating—then the Englishman must abandon his boast of superiority, or must presume that what a Belgian can do he can do, **IF HE WILL ONLY TRY**. I am aware of the difficulty of doing a thing **BEFORE IT IS TRIED**, and of the astonishment that success creates. For my own part, I am of opinion that no man living has discovered the value or the capability of an acre of land, and I believe that agriculture in ten years will be, to what agriculture now is, precisely what railway speed is to the old coach jog-trot, and I shall ascribe the change mainly to the increased necessities of an increasing population. It is almost impossible to calculate the difference between spade husbandry, which is a main feature of the small proprietary plan, and that now in general practice, as it is quite impossible to estimate the difference between voluntary task-work performed for self, and slave-labour grudgingly performed for another; and as I hold it to be one of the principal duties of a government to cultivate the national resources to the greatest advantage of society at large, that government which is advertised of the method, and refuses to adopt it, is highly criminal, and justly chargeable with all the evil consequences arising from its own obstinacy; but such ever will be the case, so long as governments are selected by the chosen few, who

have a direct interest in the dependence of the many. I have touched slightly upon the principles of Communism, and I might have added to my observations upon that subject, that I never knew a Communist in my life who had anything to spare. Men are only Communists when they are in need of assistance, and, like all other *isms*, Communism will have its PROFESSORS from other ranks than the needy and destitute, but only its PROFESSORS, not the practical disciples or followers of the proclaimed theory. I will give you a striking instance of the fact, that the English people are not Communists. Scarcely a single member who saw the double houses at Herringsgate, that did not declare that he would prefer an inferior house standing alone. I dwell upon this portion of my subject, because in America, in Germany, and in France, a kind of politico-communism is springing up, and the reason of its progress is this; because the principle admits of a wide range in the field of theory, and the individuality principle admits of practice, which the Communists do not understand.

The foregoing observations are intended as a short preface to the principles of Co-operation, which I am about to propound. What I mean by Co-operation is this: A. B. C. and D., or any other four, are neighbours. A. is ready to perform some spring or harvest work, at which the labour of four men for a day may be worth one man's labour for six. The season must be served in seed time and harvest. A. may be ready to sow, or plant, or reap, B. C. and D., may not, and, not being particularly engaged, their time may not be valuable; but by going a day to A., who should return it when they were ready, the time, otherwise comparatively valueless, may be made extremely valuable—now, *that* is co-operative labour, of which farmers on a large scale never could avail themselves. Again: a man with four acres would be very foolish to purchase a threshing-machine, or to keep a horse; but as the demand insures the supply, one man might find it to his advantage to keep several horses, to hire out as required by occupants, to take gross produce to market, or to put out manure; and so another might find it to his advantage to keep a threshing-machine to work for hire. Whereas, if horses and machines were common property, such is the perverseness of human nature, that all would CONTRIVE to require the use of both horses and machines precisely at the same time.

I am even opposed to public kitchens, public baking-houses, and public wash-houses. In fact, I am for the principle of MEUM and TUUM--MINE and THINE.

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### SECTION III.

I will now place the value of free labour and slave labour before the reader, in so simple a form that the most ignorant cannot mistake it. I will suppose an occupant at Herringsgate under the most unfavourable circumstances in which any of my opponents can imagine or describe him. I will suppose that he is obliged to purchase horse-dung in London at the rate of £8 10s. a boat-load, and to pay £3 10s. a load for delivering it on his land, and that he is obliged to manure one-half of his land every year. We suppose him to occupy four acres—1 boat-load will manure two acres, and will cost £8 10s., and £3 10s. for delivering; that is £12 worth on the land, suppose him to go on in the rudest old-jog-trot way of producing potatoes and wheat alternately. I think I hear some wise-acre exclaiming, "Oh! but the potatoes have failed." Nonsense; they may fail, and so does wheat, and every thing else; but in less than five years you will see them more plentiful than ever: firstly, because they are the most profitable crop that can be grown; and secondly, because it is of all others the **LEAST LIABLE** to failure. Let any one take an average of failures, and it will be found that wheat, turnips, hay and oats are much more liable to failure than potatoes; but we always magnify present ills. But to my calculation; the man pays, say £5 an acre for his four acres of land: I do not estimate the house, which under any circumstances he must have. Rent £5. Dung £12. Now, I will estimate his value by child's labour. I allow him to have two acres of potatoes and two of wheat, and I allow him 60 days to dig his two acres of wheaten stubble and 40 days to plant his two acres of potatoes; 40 days to dig his potatoes and 8 days to reap his wheat; 20 days to sow his wheat, and 20 days to thresh his wheat; and 40 days' labour for picking, and earthing, and weeding his potatoes and wheat; that is 228 days, or nearly double the time that would be required. I will now estimate the produce at his door; 10 tons of potatoes per acre, 20 tons; 4 quarters of wheat per acre; 8 quarters:



	£.	s.	d.
20 tons of potatoes, at 4d. per stone	53	6	0
8 quarters of wheat, at £2 10s. per quarter	20	0	0
Value of straw as he buys dung	6	0	0
Total value of rudest produce } from 228 days' labour }	79	6	0

Rent	£5	0	0
Dung	12	0	0
Rates, and wear and tear of Implements	2	10	0
Total expense	19	10	0
Deduct from total made	19	10	0

Received for 228 days' labour £59 16 0

or about 5s. 3d. a day for 228 days' child's labour; whilst we are assured by the advocates of free trade and high wages that 7s. a week is not unusually paid to agricultural labourers, and when we know that 2s. a day is the highest.

I have made no allowance for seed, which would be over the disposal produce, and the reader must bear in mind that I allow for one half of his ground being dunged, with the best horse-dung, every season—a thing unknown and not required; and he must also bear in mind that I allow much overtime for performance of labour, no help from family, and make no allowance for the increasing richness and increasing production of the land so used; and that, from this rude system, I prove a man's labour to be worth about five shillings and threepence a day, or three times as much as is usually given. I make no allowance for the immense increase in the value of his land, which is a savings bank, and I allow him nearly 100 days' spare time to work at slave labour if he chooses. Under this head I shall treat of a dreaded contingency—

### FAILURE OF CROPS.

Now, I beg the reader's particular attention to my mode of meeting this ghost. I will admit one year in every three to be a total failure—rather an extravagant average to get nothing, not even straw. Well, as labour is money, I will compare the casualty of employment with the casualty of failure, and will ask if the operative and agricultural labourer, and



even the tradesman, will not be satisfied if insured **FOUR DAYS'** work a week throughout the year? So that here, in the artificial labour market, we have one week in three a failure, and in the natural market one year in three, and as one is the third of three years, so are two days the third of six; however, in the artificial market the probability amounts to a certainty, while in the natural market, what I have put down to certainty should rank as a very remote probability. Again: there can be no short time for the man who works on his own land, unless he wishes it, while he never is compelled to strike; and in case of total failure of crops and total failure of employment, whose word would pass for most and at a fair price—the man's with a stake in the hedge and the **HEDGE**—or the man's who is but here to-day and gone to-morrow, or perhaps to be found in the workhouse? Now Task, who will attempt, who will dare, to defend the position of the artificial slave, without house or home, land or labour field, against that of the man with all those inducements to labour, and security against want in case of failure?

The small-farm system of Ireland has been ignorantly juggled in as an answer to my principle of a small proprietary class; whereas, there is no such class in the first instance; and in the second, those who write upon the subject, and those whose evidence is relied upon, know less than nothing of the subject. An Irishman who starves upon ten acres of land, for which he pays £10 a year, would pay the £10 for 5 acres if he had it for ever. Again and again I tell you, that want of tenure, and the tyranny of the Irish landlords, and the expense of law, are the curse of Ireland, and not the small farm system. The most recent information upon the agricultural state of Ireland has been taken from a commission of landlords, not one of whom understands a particle of the subject. Indeed, I will give you an instance: Lord Devon was at the head of that commission, and I confidently assure you that his dining-room at Devon Castle, and up to his hall door, requires draining, and is much more like an Irish bog, than like the test of an agriculturist's fitness to preside over a **GREAT LAND COMMISSION**. Hitherto all these things, whether appertaining to land or farming, road-making or draining, have been transacted with reference to politics rather than fitness. If there were a Famine Commission appointed now, I would undertake to say, that wise commissioners would come to the conclusion, that the famine arose from speculation and inequitable distribution, and not from any scarcity of food.

## SECTION IV.

Having shown the difference between slave labour and free labour as regards man in his individual capacity, I shall now proceed to a consideration of the effect that the general adoption of the small proprietary system would have upon society; and as man has social duties to perform, we shall canvass the means by which he can best discharge those duties without unjust pressure or unnecessary compulsion being imposed upon him; and if I can show that the most perfect performance of those duties to society would be a labour of love, then do I establish a fair claim, at least, to the attention of those who have hitherto been deprived of their individual rights upon the plea, that in their restrained character they best discharge their duties to society. While I contend for liberty tempered with reason and discretion, I am opposed to that species of philosophical freedom which would be likely to degenerate into licentiousness: hence; while I respect knowledge, I am opposed to the means by which it upholds its dominion over ignorance, namely, by PERPETUATING it.

I admire strength, but reprobate its evil use. I honour humanity, but dread the hypocritical use to which it is frequently applied. Society has a right to expect a rigid performance of social duties from every individual, but individuals have an equal claim upon society that the performance of those duties should be equitable and not capriciously enforced. If, then, the fact is admitted, that society has claims upon every individual, it follows, that it is the duty of society to place every individual in that position in which he will be best able to discharge those duties, and with the least possible restraint, compulsion, or coercion.

I will now show that man, in the free labour market, can better discharge those duties, and with less constraint, than man can discharge them if confined to the slave or artificial labour market; and, to illustrate my position, I shall contrast the return made to society by a farmer renting 300 acres of land and employing 15 labourers, as compared with 100 occupants of 300 acres, holding 3 acres each. In the one case a man, his family, and 15 labourers and their families, are supported; the latter as slaves, and never venturing to hope or look for other change than from the miserable hired cottage to the workhouse—in the other case, one hundred men and their families are well fed, well housed, and well clad, and each, if industrious, may look forward to being released from the payment of rent for house and land. In

the one case, the man hires a house from which he may be ejected at any given time, and cannot by possibility so arrange his employment as to ensure its convenience to his home. I have men working who come five miles to work, and walk five miles after work; but this fact will come more appositely under another head.

Now, if I could go no further than to show that 300 acres subdivided would feed 500 well, while 300 acres held by one only supports sixteen families, or eighty persons, seventy-five of them miserably, I should have done enough; but I further assert that the occupants of 300 acres will be able to sell to society, after wholesome consumption, four times as much as the farmer who farms 300, to say nothing more of what each three-acre occupant will be able to dispose of—four bacon pigs every year, besides keeping two for his family; that is, the small occupants would supply 600 pigs yearly, while the farmer renting 300 acres will not supply twenty. A farmer with 300 acres may grow 180 quarters of wheat a year, and I allow a large average; while 100 occupants, farming three acres each, would supply 500 quarters annually; add to this large surplus of wheat and bacon (two important articles of consumption) the fact that each three-acre occupant would be able to sell two hundred-weight of butter annually, or that the 300 acres, subdivided, would supply society with ten tons of butter annually, while the 300 acres, farmed by one man, would not supply one ton, if he grows as much wheat as I allow him; then there is garden vegetables, poultry, fruit, honey, fowls, of which the farmer would sell none. The farmer may sell twenty fat oxen, or 200 fat sheep in the year, and the rest of his produce would go to the support of horses. I do not speak of flax or house-work done in winter; and yet I ask if the two systems will stand any reasonable comparison. I have not spoken of the increased advantage derived by society in the better education and training of the children of those parents who are constantly watching over them; no mean advantage to people and their rulers, to present and future generations, as the government of every country will be precisely what the **WILL OF THE PEOPLE MAKES IT**. It is folly to will freedom, if men are not prepared to execute the will.

## SECTION V.

I shall now contrast the condition of a hired labourer with that of the man cultivating as much land for himself as he can manage to profit and advantage ; and as this is by far the most important branch of my whole subject, I implore your undivided and entire attention. I have been met with the assertion, that two acres of land is not sufficient to occupy a man's full time. I say **IT IS** ; and that no man that ever was born can cultivate two acres to the highest state that it is capable of being brought to. But I will not stop at quantity ; *that* is a matter of detail, and I shall now deal with the principle. Surely, then, we may agree upon the exact amount of land that a labourer can cultivate to advantage ; and what I assert, and what I defy the whole world to deny, is this : that **A MAN'S TIME, OCCUPIED FOR HIMSELF**, which affords him the profit that the master or farmer makes of his labour, together with the wages **HE RECEIVES FOR IT, IS MORE BENEFICIAL THAN THE MERE WAGES, LEAVING THE PROFIT TO MASTER, EMPLOYER, OR FARMER** to be deducted. Now, if you reject, or do not understand, any portion of this, my treatise upon so novel a subject, bear the one plain fact that I have written well in mind,—that the man who works for himself on the land has the farmer's profit and the labourer's profit ; whilst he who works for hire, must work for what he is offered, or starve. In the capacity of a free labourer, a man also renders much more benefit to society than in the character of a hired labourer ; because the one is constantly and cheerfully working at **TASK WORK**, and the other very naturally uphusbands his strength, and works to the master's eye, which is not always over him. Then, take the time saved by the free labourer, which is lost to the slave. The one lives in the middle of his work, and is never out of sight of his house, nor out of hearing of his family, eats his meals cooked comfortably ; the other has a mile, or perhaps two, three, or four, to walk in the morning, taking his breakfast and dinner with him, and as far to walk back after a hard day's work. Then take the fact, that the man at home will always have some in-door work laid out to occupy him on broken days and wet days, while the man from home idles away his broken days and wet days. "Why, then,"

asks some sceptic, "does not society contend for all those advantages?" The answer is easy and apt. "Because society means the law of the powerful, and the powerful derive more advantage from SLAVE LABOUR than they would from FREE LABOUR. I am treating of society as it ought to be constituted — of a nation of HAPPY INDIVIDUALS; while at present it is moulded upon the unchristian will and lust of those who have been able to make SLAVES BY FRAUD, and COWARDS BY FORCE.

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## SECTION VI.

### SECURITY OF THE PLAN.

All those who become members of a society very naturally look to the realization of the proposed objects, and also to their own protection against loss. In order, therefore, to deal completely with this subject, I shall treat it under two distinct heads. Firstly, the security that it affords to individuals against loss of the small amount they are called upon to pay in return for the incalculable advantages SECURED; and secondly, the security of the plan itself.

Firstly, then, *as regards the security of members against loss*.—I shall presume a Section to be full, and a ballot about to take place for the location of members of that section. In such case I venture to assert, that a paid-up shareholder would receive the full amount of his share if he transfers it, together with all expenses paid, and interest, and a large bonus. I will next treat of those selected for location. In many cases where members have drawn prizes, £60, £70, £80, and £90, has been given for preference, together with a paid-up share in another Section. The next security is, that no man located can fail, except through his own negligence. Such, then, is the security which the plan presents to members. I shall now point out its security and permanency, as a lasting and durable plan—one which never can be shaken till the pressure of population shall be the means of an improved system of agriculture, and when the wants of society shall require and demand a further subdivision of the land.

Secondly, *as to the security of the plan*. Many ignorant and some anxious persons have asked me how I can suppose that weavers and tailors, and shoemakers and woolcombers, can be brought to bear the hardships of an agricultural life, and

how they can be turned from their usual routine business to completely different pursuits? As a matter of course, my greatest anxiety will ever be for those who have been induced to try the experiment, from confidence in me, and from a very laudable desire to purchase their own freedom; while, in treating of the plan, I am bound to take a wider range than the certainty of each individual's success. What I assert, however, is this: that not one allotment belonging to the company will be untenanted for a single day; but on the contrary, that for every one who may be unfortunate, or who may fail from neglect, twenty will be ready to step into his shoes. Not by any means supposing the fact, let me presume that twenty, thirty, or even fifty per cent. of the original occupants should fail, yet not a house will be **KNOCKED DOWN**, or **REMAIN UNTENANTED**. Let us suppose ten members in every one division should fail, they can but fail for a year's rent, and, if unable to pay that, their holding would revert to the company, and the person coming in, in place of the outgoing tenant, should pay up the rent due: no great hardship, when persons are now found willing to pay seven years' rent, as a bonus, upon getting possession. Others say, a scamp may make off with his £30, £22. 10s. or £15 premium. To this I answer, if he does he must take away a tank upon his back, and some drains, or loads of dung, all of which are very good security for the capital, and which will be expended by the directors most beneficially for the occupant, and consequently for the society. Again: in the case of a farmer taking 300 acres of land, and that of the company leasing it to one hundred occupants—mark the difference as to ability. The company guarantees £22 10s. capital to each occupant, which amounts to £2,250 for every 300 acres, or nearly eight years' rent of the farmer's land, and more, much more, when it is borne in mind that improvements are made at wholesale price by the company, and at retail price by the farmer. Again: the company can accomplish improvements in one year that a farmer could not effect in the longest life. The security of occupation and rent to the company is precisely as certain as that a good street in a city will always be inhabited. For instance: the houses in a new street are generally occupied, in the first instance, by the lowest order of shopkeepers, publicans, and even worse tenants; but, by degrees, a better description of occupants become the tenants—not that I calculate upon our society ever being able to

boast of a better set of members than those who have nobly and daringly **WILLED THEIR OWN FREEDOM**. But there is a security to the individual, and to society, even greater than any I have mentioned—the security of **MANLY PRIDE** and **INDEPENDENCE**—the security that all could pay double the rent demanded; and that society will look upon the man, who fails from idleness, as a **WILLING IDLER**, and one who has no claim upon the industry of others.

Another species of double security to the individual and to the company, is the rapid progress the occupants are sure to make in the science of agriculture, when the whole plan is in complete operation, as one of my favourite modes of promoting the improvement of agriculture, as well as for dispensing with all Poor Laws, has been by the pleasing process of persuasion through rewards; and to this end I always intended that my plan should have, for one of its objects, the encouragement of occupants by agricultural premiums and rewards for good conduct and diligence. I have often read, with sorrow, of the breeding of pigs being rewarded with 5*l.*, and the breeding and bringing up of a family with 30*s.* I look upon this as the proper place for the developement of my plan of premiums to one of our sections; say 50, and that number will do for a standard. To every section of fifty I would propose giving three premiums; one of 9*l.*, one of 6*l.*, and one of 5*l.*, to be equally competed for by four-acre occupants, three-acre occupants, and two-acre occupants. I will presume a section of fifty to produce 600*l.* a year, as the majority are now four-acre occupants, and as it is my intention to purchase the best land: upon that 600*l.* a year the directors would be entitled to raise 12,000*l.*, and should pay to the depositors three and a half per cent. or 420*l.* a year, leaving 180*l.* a year for the redemption fund; and, surely, three shillings and fourpence per cent. or 120*l.* a year out of the sinking fund, could not be better, more justly, more prudently or judiciously bestowed, than in agricultural premiums. I would propose that all the members should select three neighbouring farmers by vote, and that those chosen should adjudge the premiums. Indeed, I should much prefer a larger amount than that being given in premiums: however, of that hereafter.

## SECTION VII.

## INTEGRITY OF THE PROMOTER.

The reader will say that I have selected a difficult subject for comment ; but I feel that I have not. I believe, and always have believed, that the success of the Land plan mainly depends upon my integrity, and capacity and honour, associated with other and excellent trustworthy coadjutors ; and, however I have at all times submitted my views to a conference of those chosen by the members, yet it never was my intention, and never will be my intention, that any man in any capacity, whether as director, trustee, or treasurer, should make me take one single step in which I saw the slightest danger. The plan is my own. Those who trust to it do so from confidence in me ; and, odd as it may appear, I confidently assert that no other living man is capable of carrying it out in its varied details, and this I ascribe to the fact of having more studied and PRACTISED it. There is no department in which I feel the slightest deficiency. Nevertheless, although I feel my own competency to carry the project out in its several and varied details, yet I see and understand the difficulties and dangers with which my own path is beset. As to the forebodings of ignorant and jealous men, I fling them to the winds ; but I am aware that so much patronage, if injudiciously administered, might be my own and the company's ruin. For instance ; because I have contended for a fair remuneration for the labourer, many have supposed that I was likely to spend the poor scrapings of the poorest of the poor lavishly in order to gain popularity, and not a few have presumed that the fund was to be lent to good-natured struggling persons, or lavishly squandered on DRUNKEN, LAZY PLASTERERS. But I argue thus : 10*l.* might be good-NATUREDLY thrown away upon a house and outbuildings, and 2*l.* 10*s.* an acre might be POPULARLY expended in draining, manuring, sowing, planting, and laying out a four-acre farm, and which good nature, upon my part, would be a tax of ONE POUND A YEAR FOR EVER upon the occupant. My invariable plan has been, and EVER SHALL BE, to have the required work done in the best manner for a fair price, and I will always so demean myself, that I shall be able to dismiss any servant of the company, if he had lived with me for twenty years, who had committed the slightest fraud ; and I shall then allow him to summon me before



any tribunal of members or non-members. Now, I think it right to state this fact here, as it has been often presumed that my position with the working classes, and my love of popularity, would make me yield to intimidation; and I may as well state here, that I never have lent, nor ever will **LEND, OR CONSENT TO LEND**, a penny of the property of the Company; and that I will not purchase popularity or power by spending a farthing for which I do not get the full value. Some people tell me, and some people write to me, that I am getting the name of a "screw!" I care not. Better be a screw than have a **SCREW LOOSE**: better have a **GOOD BALANCE-SHEET** than a dishonest popularity, made up of **SUNDRIES**. I never have had, and never will have, the **ROGUE'S ITEM**—'Sundries', in my accounts. Upon the success of this plan depends my character and my happiness; indeed, I would say, my life; as I feel convinced that its failure would shorten my days. I am the propounder of a great system, which I mean to carry out: it promises to be the redemption of the labouring classes, **AND THEIR THREATS SHALL NOT MARIT**.

I have been lavish of my own money; but the working classes shall have the benefit of my dear-bought experience; and it is my pride to say, that I have not cost the company a farthing, and that I have endeavoured to have twenty shillings in value for every pound spent, and henceforth every bit of work shall be by contract, and only seventy-five per cent. of the amount earned paid, until the work is approved of by the company's surveyor. I do not mean to slave all my life, that idlers and cheats may trumpet my praise. Not one account of mine is mixed with the company's account. When I send for coals I charge the man and horse to myself; so with a messenger, so with my servants, and so in every respect. I remember seeing a comparison between me and some parties who undertook little works upon a small scale, and who were but too glad to live with the settlers from necessity; and the writer asked if Mr. O'Connor would condescend to live at Herringsgate, or at Lowbands, with the occupants? How little he understands about me! I went into a cottage, in three weeks after it was built, at Herringsgate, to enable me to get the materials of the old house: I lived there until we commenced here, and I only wait to know my lot here, for I **HAVE PURCHASED ONE**, to build my own house and go **INTO IT**, and knock down the one I am now writing in: Yes, Mr. O'Connor has lived everywhere

that the work was going on at, and will follow the work until its completion, and then he will go from Section to Section, blessing God that he has been the author of so much freedom, contentment, and happiness. I only wish that the strongest man in the world would follow me in my various callings for one month, and I promise you that he would sink, unless his soul was as deep in the cause as mine is. I am

### THE UNPAID ;

and, although I hold that men who give up their pursuits to labour for the public should be paid, yet I have always thought that the PAID PATRIOT was nothing more nor less than a SPY POLICEMAN—one creating confusion that he may live upon it himself. I never knew of a paid patriot who was not a cheat, nor did I ever hear of one who was equal to an emergency which his own teaching and agitation had created. Necessity compels them to create an excitement which want of moral courage prevents them from turning to advantage.

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## SECTION VIII.

### EQUITY OF THE LAND PLAN.

It is one thing to originate and expound a system, but upon the application of proper details to insure its safe and equitable working depends its value. If a number of persons become shareholders in a railway speculation, a joint-stock bank, a mining or other company, the hundred pounds of each is a measured, ascertained, and understandable thing : not so, however, with the amount of capital vested by the respective members in the Land Company. A. and B. may each have paid £5 4s. 4d. for a share, their preference as to location to be decided by ballot, and so far they stand upon precisely equal terms ; and, upon the principle of co-operation, it would be impossible to avoid this chapter of accidents, inasmuch as the paid-up capital is so trifling in amount compared to the expense of location—£5 4s. 4d. being the amount paid for a four-acre share and out-buildings, and £30 given or expended in improvements ; while the amount paid for the property—suppose here, at Lowbands, would be about £320 : four acres of land, at £50 an acre, £200 ; cost of cottage and out-buildings £90, capital £30—in all £320 ; consequently, many must pay in full before one

is located ; so far, therefore, the selection by ballot of paid-up members becomes indispensable. There is no reason, however, why inequality should exist beyond the unavoidable point, and it would be impossible to select large quantities of land of a precisely equal acreable value. In some instances, estates bought at wholesale price, and all therefore bearing an equal wholesale value, may differ very considerably in retail value ; precisely as if a dealer buys a flock of sheep, or a herd of oxen, or a lot of horses, in the lump ; some may be worth three times as much as others. For instance, we will presume an estate of 1,000 acres to be purchased for £50,000, or £50 an acre ; some acres may be worth £80 and some not more than £20. If there was a considerable portion of inferior land lying together, I should sell it off, as it would not answer the purpose of an occupant, nor yet of the society, to allot to any one person his whole amount of inferior land ; and it would be still more unjust to both occupant and society, to charge one man, who may get four acres of land worth £20 an acre, the same rent as another to whose lot four acres worth £80 an acre may fall. I have said that such an assignment would not be just even to the society, and I will show you why. We profess to raise money upon a deposit and redemption fund. Well, then, every one of the members who got the good land at an average price which the whole cost would redeem at twenty-five years' purchase, while those who get the inferior land, either would not redeem or should pay a hundred years' purchase, as £20 value to £80 value is precisely what twenty-five years' purchase is to one hundred years' purchase. Again, the greater the value of the land, the greater number of years' purchase it would be worth ; thus I would rather give thirty-three years' purchase for land worth £80 an acre, than twenty-eight years' purchase for land worth £20 an acre ; the reasons for which I have so fully explained in my work on the Management of Small Farms, that I need not repeat them here. Hence, I show you that this unjust mode of allotting would be a cheat upon those depositors who had advanced £50,000 on the purchase, as such a capricious assignment may give seven hundred acres to their occupants for one-half their value, and make the occupants of the remaining three hundred acres very poor security either to the company or the depositors. I am very minute upon this branch of the subject, in order that all may understand, that, at no period from entry to redemption at the fair value, can the managers of the company discharge

themselves of interest in the well-being of its tenants. It is a notorious fact, that in most schemes projected for the benefit of wily speculators, the shareholders are only courted until they are plucked, and then all interest in their well-being ceases; whereas, it would be impossible to inflict injury upon one of our members, without inflicting injustice upon all: and this is the extent to which I am prepared to support the principle of COMMUNISM, but no further, until an aggregate of necessities shall present themselves to an aggregate of individuals, who shall one and all be free agents to act, and equal participants in the results. Having so far explained the indispensable necessity of an arrangement which does not appear to have struck a single member, I may now announce that, in all cases of assignment of lots, the rent-charge will be estimated, not by the relative value of the assigned lot to the whole purchase-money, but according to its real value, with reference to the quality and wholesale price. That is, if an estate with buildings and capital shall cost the company £10,000, the annual rent-charge will be £500, the occupant who pays the highest amount, and he who pays the lowest, receiving equal advantage from the wholesale purchase. It would be almost impossible to hit upon two estates of equal size, where the value of allotments will be so nearly equal as at Herringsgate and Redmarley, yet in each there will be some difference; at Herringsgate in not more than about five allotments, at Redmarley some four-acre allotments will run to £4 more than others, though all is first class land; yet the old sward is a savings' bank, for which the value must be paid, and I only hope that my lot may be that of the greatest value, and, as I shall be one of the appraisers, I am not likely to favour myself. Here, then, is the mode of assessing rent-charge. As short a time as possible before location, and when the value of the land may be best ascertained, the valuer, with my assistance, and aided by the information I receive from the neighbours and labourers, who know the value of every part of every field, will go carefully over the whole estate, and having the gross amount of rent-charge to be paid, which will be five per cent. upon the expended capital, we will fairly, honestly, and equitably apportion the amount to be paid by the respective occupants: an arrangement, which I feel assured will give perfect satisfaction to every honest member.

I shall here instruct you in my mode of dealing with unavailable land. Lowlands is beautifully situated, and

bounded on one side by a brook, which floods eleven acres, one rood, and twenty perches of meadow ground, and which would not be available for our purposes, as it is sometimes covered with a foot and more of water. To a farmer, who rented the whole estate, this land would be the most valuable for meadow, but it would not be equally valuable to an occupant of two, three, or four acres; therefore I am cutting it off with a good fence, and intend selling it for about £60 an acre, which I can get, while for our purpose it would not be worth £20 an acre. I trust I have now been sufficiently minute upon this new branch of the subject.

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## SECTION IX.

### SQUATTERS.

Squatting means the occupation or **INVESTING** of portions of land, in small quantities, by tribes or individuals, who very naturally seek the shelter and employment of which society very unjustly deprives them; and such is the tenderness and kindness of the first settlers and their descendants, that, rather than part with their children and relatives, they go on subdividing, hemmed in by the vices of a monopolizing system, till the population becomes too large for the means possessed for its support, and consequently they become paupers or depredators. Noblemen and squires, who feed deer and hounds, and race-horses, and hunters, and wild animals, and wild birds upon their tenants and farms, are denominated lords and proprietors, and those who have an equally good title, nay, a better title to their holding, because they cultivate them for man's use, are called **VERMIN**, and **PAUPERS**, and **INTERLOPERS**, and **VAGRANTS** and **VAGABONDS**.

The evil of this system, created by monopoly and lust, has been grievously felt by society, and by no portion more bitterly than by the innocent settlers who cause it. Howbeit, it has been found an evil, and many opponents of the small proprietary system have very ignorantly urged its probable occurrence against my land plan, and therefore I feel myself called upon to show the folly of those affected fears.

Firstly, allow me to call the reader's attention to the times of English and Irish land usurpation, when the reigning monarch, or conquering general, thought that whole parishes furnished but an inadequate reward for a corporal's

or drummer's services, which were in general measured by the amount of murders and cruelties committed upon the conquered. Those large rewards were given when land was comparatively valueless, because population was comparatively scant; but if the same mode of rewarding murders was practised now, a four-acre allotment would be considered quite equal to what a parish then was. Population has squeezed a greater value out of land, and my firm conviction is, that many now born will live to see the day when such a thing as a fifty-acre farm will not be found in this empire. However, as the evil is a buggaboo, with which the wily haunt the timid, the credulous, and the ignorant, I shall meet it, and show the improbability of its occurring until land shall no longer be sold, or until the natural pressure of population shall make the further subdivision of land necessary. We estimate a family at five—a man, his wife and three children; and I will give the anti-squatters the benefit of sex, by presuming that two will be sons, and one a daughter. As to the females, they will, for the most part, if not altogether, find husbands among the sons of their neighbour occupants, and I should wish to see every young man of eighteen marry a neighbouring girl of seventeen; however, I am to meet the dread of squatters. I will presume that the sons of occupants will have "done school" at fourteen, and that, by cultivating the school-master's allotment, by that age they will be able to help the father in all field operations, and that, besides educating and feeding, the father will feel that he owes his child a further duty, that of providing for his future welfare. We must presume, that land will always be in the market for sale. The father, when his son is sufficiently educated at fourteen, enters him as a four-acre shareholder, and, at sixpence per week, has paid up his full share by the time the son arrives at the age of eighteen. "Ay, ay, ay," says the sceptic; "ay, ay," responds the dupe, "but God only knows—how long he may remain a paid-up shareholder before he is located." Now, every man who reflects upon the state of maturity to which—single-handed, unaided, and alone—I have brought the national mind upon this novel and complicated subject, and who gives himself time to think of the astounding rapidity with which the ill-omened babe has become a giant, must be prepared to expect an advance in this direction beyond any calculation that can now be made. My confident anticipation is—and the

reasonableness of which I shall show under its proper head—that, in less than five years from this day, even with my comparatively imperfect machinery, and the world of **LABOUR MONOPOLY FOR MY FOE**, I shall locate **TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND HEADS OF FAMILIES, OR ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND INDIVIDUALS**; while I feel as well convinced as I am of the ultimate success of the plan, that its results, long before that time, will force any government that may be in existence so to legislate upon it, that the location of each paid-up member of eighteen years of age would be made a matter of all but certainty; and it should be always borne in mind that the plan so far differs from the usual mode of government **TACTICS**, that there would be no necessity to feed one class upon another, as all Labour requires is just protection, to feed, foster and help itself. Talk of Free-tradeism, Reformism, Repealism, and all the **ISMS**, there never was such an **ISM** in this world as the **LAND-ISM. IT IS THE GOLDEN LINK WHICH BINDS THE POOR TO THE POOR.** It must be shown to me that the occupation of 5,000 acres in deer parks, paddocks, training grounds, sheep walks, forests, and shrubberies, by one idler, is beneficial to society, before I shall object to a four-acre occupant making such subdivision of his farm as his own and family's necessities may require; while, to meet the **CHARGE OF SQUATTING**, I assert that land must be a thing not to be purchased before I shall see the necessity of providing against the contingency; and, to conclude under this head, I give the alarmists Scripture doctrine for not providing against such a result, at present,—

**“SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF.”** And as I know economists more honour law than religion, I give them the good legal maxim—

**“WHEN THE CASE ARISES WE SHALL KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH IT.”**

I deal with present ills and existing means of redressing them. Let those who come after me, and whose purposes my plan will not serve, apply existing means to existing necessities.

Having so far replied to the several objections urged against a plan—the only plan by which the **PROPOSED OBJECT** of all classes of philanthropists can be realized—I shall proceed to a general commentary upon the subject of the

## SMALL PROPRIETORY SYSTEM.

In offering so complicated a novelty to the consideration of the working classes as the adoption of a completely new line of life, I was aware that opposition would meet me on all hands; however, I am one of those who believe that "where there's a will there's a way," and, having well digested the whole subject, I resolved to stand or fall by success or failure. I was confident that success must follow the most limited trial, and that failure could only result from ignorance or intimidation. I never had the slightest apprehension of failure after trial; but on the contrary, I felt assured that each fresh experiment would tend to whet the appetite for further progress. I saw a whole people roused to madness upon several occasions, by the promise of social happiness through political change. I was an actor in the Reform delusion; but I cautioned my countrymen against too high anticipations in the following terms. On the 6th December, 1831, I said—"I advocate Reform as an English measure; but I tell you, Irishmen, that for our country it will be the very worst measure ever passed, if not followed by a Repeal of the Union, as the very first Act of a Reformed Parliament will be, to pass some GAGGING BILL to smother the expression of political opinion in Ireland." Now, were not these words, printed in the *Southern Reporter* of that day, prophetic of the IRISH COERCION BILL? I was an actor in the ANTI-TITHE FARCE; and, subsequently, in the SPLENDID PHANTOM—REPEAL. For all, I struggled zealously and honestly; and, finding that the maddened dupes of artful knaves had been disappointed in one and all, I resolved never again to contend for any measure short of that which must eventuate in the SOCIAL HAPPINESS of the working classes; hence, I systematically, perseveringly, and consistently opposed the FREE TRADE DELUSION, because I felt assured that continuous disappointments would relax national energy, cow the popular mind, and destroy confidence in popular leaders. I have always contended that if the People's Charter had been obtained by the mind of 1831, that it, like the Reform Bill, would have been frittered down to class purposes; and, from the hour that I became conscious of the delusion to the present moment, the whole study of my life has been to create a mind which neither force nor fraud could cheat, always keeping the probable social results from any political measure clearly in view; and I am vain enough to believe that the present perplexity



of factions is a consequence of the mind I have created. We have witnessed national pride wounded by the infraction of treaties which we dare not enforce. We have witnessed an anomalous combination of discordant political elements. We have witnessed the severance of old political associations, the annihilation of the old Tory landed aristocracy, the failure of the Whigs, the incompetency of the resuscitators of OLD OPINION, the fallacy of the great fact, the surrender of REPEAL, the terror of monarchs and the conspiracy of wealth; and all, and one and all, are consequences of the march of democratic principles. We have witnessed all these occurrences in the midst of apparent popular apathy, and they are one and all proofs, strong and living proofs, that political ingenuity dare not now attempt what former politicians would have relied upon as a safe lure for ignorance and credulity. There is no lack of invention, but there is danger in experiment. Popular acquiescence and popular favour cannot longer be relied upon; and hence, governments are driven to the necessity of endeavouring to legislate for the people without consulting the people. They find that the lessons intended to serve one purpose have served a different purpose, and they dread their application. In the midst of this astounding social and political chaos, then, is it not marvellous, is it not almost incredible, that the democratic social and political principles should alone live and prosper? Can any one look at the weekly social muster-roll of LANDSMEN, without being forcibly struck with the conviction that the LAND PLAN is destined to be the great social and political lever by which the working classes are to be raised from their present slavish state; and will any dare assert, that the strongest party that shall again exist in this country, will be mad enough to propose any political change short of the PEOPLE'S CHARTER? The idea would be preposterous; and the only question now is, whether the measure shall be conceded to justice, though long withheld, or to NECESSITY when it can be no longer RESISTED? Although most anxious that this treatise should have been confined to a consideration of the LAND PLAN, justice to myself, justice to a higher and a nobler principle, and justice to the reigning monarch—DEMOCRACY—induces, nay compels, me to take a review of what Chartism has effected, and, however wishful to avoid the charge of vanity or egotism, how can I talk of Chartism without mentioning myself? Can one write of murder without mentioning the murderer; of robbery without naming the robber; of predic-

tion without mentioning the prophet? No; and it is my boast, that neither the living denouncer, nor the unborn historian, can ever write of Chartism, leaving out the name of Feargus O'Connor.

Reader—Chartism, though to you an undefined thing in practice, is an intelligible proposition to your opponents; unwilling to confess its influence, they nevertheless bend to its power, while the greatest jealousy as to legislation is a consequence of its strength, and evinces the difficulty of longer legislating for class interests only. Who would now dare to imprison 500 working men for contending for their own rights, according to the improved method of agitation? Your rulers were wont to slight you, but now, without confessing the change, they are compelled to consider your power. And, allow me the pride of asking you, whether any man of ancient or modern times ever resisted the same amount of oppression that I have successfully contended against, and **TRIUMPHED OVER**? And was there ever such a national exhibition as is now presented by the English people, of their union, social and political, increasing and gaining strength, while the best organized combination of their opponents cannot form one party out of the fragments of disbanded factions? In the year 1835, when I started upon my first mission, I proclaimed the value of the land, and declared, that, if the land was locked up to-day, I would not thank you for the Charter to-morrow; and for this simple reason:—Because the land alone produces the **POOR MAN'S MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE FOR ALL OTHER COMMODITIES**, and because a sufficiency of land for man to apply his own labour to, is the only raw material which he can **CULTIVATE FOR HIS OWN BENEFIT**. The monopoly of land has conferred a dangerous political power, which the necessities of our increasing population could no longer bear, and those who contended for its destruction vainly hoped to monopolise power themselves, for even a worse and more dangerous purpose—for the purpose of constituting England the **GREAT SLAVE-LABOUR MART OF THE WORLD**. Let me ask you, working men, if you have ever thought of the motives by which free trade speculators in human misery were actuated, in employing slaves to write against a plan which promises the poor the very results for which, in their humanity, they professed to contend—namely, **HIGH WAGES, CHEAP BREAD, BREAD GROWN BY YOURSELVES, AND PLENTY TO DO FOR YOUR-**

SELVES ? Ay, there's the rub ; the plenty to do was for them, and not for you. As I always told you, their principle was deficient in the most important element of **FREE TRADE—RECIPROCITY**. I told you that their object was, to have the power of buying your labour in the cheapest market, by the standard of your necessities, and selling you your bread upon the principle of speculation, **IN THE DEAREST MARKET**. Now, can any man envy the feelings of a **FREE TRADE** philanthropist, who hires a base and degraded wretch to mar your happiness, by hypocrisy, delusion, falsehood, and mock sentimentality ? I conclude my observations under this head, by merely observing, that, so wedded is the national mind to the National Land Plan, that, in my conscience, I believe any attempt to mar it would tend to national conflagration and anarchy. I now turn to the question of

### THE NATIONAL LAND AND LABOUR BANK.

Perhaps there is no branch of the present system which demands more and receives less consideration from the producing classes than that of Banking. From the Bank of England, which is the great engine of the system, down to the most insignificant Savings Bank, which is one of its numerous fibres, the government derives that support and influence which enables it to perpetuate the rule of the few over the many, while every minor establishment is a cog in oppression's and inequality's wheel; indeed, it has often struck me with amazement, that a system, so fraught with dangerous power, should be so little heeded by those who are the victims of its influence—a striking instance of individual indifference of social arrangements and acquirements. A banking establishment is looked on by the people as a part of creation, and its very existence is received as proof of its stability and life. The banker is looked upon as a superhuman being, and the bank as a kind of charmed palace, filled with wealth and riches to the extent of the managers' desire, as though a **WISHING CAP** constituted a portion of the paraphernalia, while the law considers it a libel to say a word calculated to injure its speculations. Such is the magical and legal influence and protection of this portion of the system ; while I venture to assert that more than one-half of the present banking establishments would find it difficult to wind up their affairs by the payment of fifteen shillings in the pound for which they are responsible—and why ? Because their largest capital is **PUBLIC CONFIDENCE**.

DENCE—a thing which, upon occasions, is most difficult to discount; and yet thousands thrive upon this species of capital, while those whose labour replenishes all, and who profess to have no confidence in any, lack these vitally important means of combination. When a scheme is broached for the benefit of the rich, every pen that is **HIREABLE** is enlisted in its support, but when a scheme is propounded for the benefit of the poor, though upon the very same, nay, upon a more safe and extensive principle, then the upholders of oppression are commissioned, at any price, to write it down, and **DENOUNCE** its **PROMOTERS**, for the very reason I have assigned, because confidence is the best security and the largest capital. Therefore, before I propound my plan for the establishment of the

### NATIONAL LAND AND LABOUR BANK,

I will treat of the two important elements, **CONFIDENCE** and **SECURITY**; and, firstly, as to

#### CONFIDENCE.

Now, I unhesitatingly proclaim to the world, that I have the most unbounded confidence in my own integrity in money matters, while I declare that my habits of life, which are more frugal than, perhaps, one in every ten thousand can boast of, even of the working classes, would justify the world in looking upon my failure as an act of open robbery; while in another's case, it might be good-naturedly set down to hospitality, or confidence, or speculation. Under my direction and management a bank **COULD NOT FAIL**, it would be wholly, utterly impossible; that is, a Bank established upon the principle upon which I propose to establish the

### NATIONAL LAND AND LABOUR BANK.

Firstly.—The bank would not be subject to the hazard of **DISCOUNTING BILLS** as a means of profit.

Secondly.—The bank would rest upon public confidence.

Thirdly.—It would have **FIVE POUNDS** in **LAND** for every **THREE POUND TEN** for which it was liable.

Fourthly.—No power on earth would, or could, induce me to lend a sovereign to my nearest or dearest friend, or to borrow one myself, from the funds.

Fifthly.—I would take care that every farthing invested was laid out in the most secure and profitable manner—namely, in the purchase of land, which would return five per cent., or in the purchase of exchequer bills, till applied

to the purchase of land, which would pay about three and a quarter per cent.

Sixthly.—Those depositing monies to be withdrawn could stand in no possible danger, as all the deposits in the Redemption Department would be liable to the payment of their full demand, and properly and justly, because the concern is established for their sole benefit.

Seventhly.—As I would not be concerned in any thing that could fail, even from the caprice of the working classes, I would provide against such a contingency as a general run, if such a thing were likely, or even possible.

Having made these few observations, I shall now proceed to consider, firstly, the reasons for establishing a bank in connection with the SMALL PROPRIETORY PLAN; and secondly, the several details by which I propose to carry it out.

### REASONS FOR ESTABLISHING THE BANK.

My principal reasons for establishing a bank in connection with the Land Plan, were, firstly, to enable me to carry on operations more speedily; and, secondly, to afford the occupants an opportunity of purchasing the fee of their several allotments, which would be doubtful in case of mortgage, and all but impossible in case of sale. Suppose an estate to be completed, and the occupants located, the slow process of applying their rents to the purchase of more land, would have been a very tedious and dilatory one: upon the other hand, mortgaging would be expensive, and would, sooner or later, place our property and our children at the mercy of some heartless and griping attorney, who, by hook or by crook, being possessed of the title-deeds, would fret and annoy the occupants to such extent as would prevent them from expending the same amount of labour and skill as if they were secure in their holdings—and, again, we should not be able to mortgage for the full value, which would deprive us of at least one-fourth of the capital expended upon each estate; and, most important of all, the attorney of the mortgagee would keep people, whom I mean to be happy and peaceable, in perpetual hot water.

If we sold the land, a purchaser never would allow an occupant the chance of purchasing, except at an enormous sacrifice; and further, our operations may be stopped by some difficulty in the way of selling. Such are my reasons for establishing a Bank; and under this head I may answer a very general question, and one very frequently put to

me, namely, within what time do you suppose a Section may be located? To this I answer, that I can as easily build **TEN THOUSAND** houses as one hundred within the year, and, indeed, upon more reasonable terms; while I could as easily purchase ten thousand acres of land every month as purchase one estate in the year, **IF I HAD THE MONEY**. Indeed, the more extensive and rapid the operations, the greater the saving, and the more I feel myself at home. For instance, I shall very speedily get into the way of saving all the merchant's profit upon timber, slate, cement, and other wholesale expensive articles, as I find I save over 200 per cent. by having my own horses, besides having the **DUNG**, and the work well and seasonably done, instead of being badly and unseasonably done.

I see no reason why I should not locate 5,000 every year when the Bank is in full operation, and of which I have not the slightest doubt.

I shall now treat of the several departments, and show the value of the principle to society, and the security which it guarantees to individuals investing their money; and firstly, of

### THE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT.

The Deposit Department will consist of monies invested in the National Land and Labour Bank, with the power of withdrawing it upon the following conditions, and upon which they **SHALL RECEIVE** at the rate of three-and-a-half per cent. upon the amount remaining to their credit:

Ten pounds, or any lesser sum, may be withdrawn on demand; for withdrawing any sum above ten pounds and up to twenty, a fortnight's notice must be given; and for any sum above twenty to any amount, one month's notice of intention of withdrawal must be given. This precaution, though necessary as a principle of government, may be relaxed by the directors in special cases, such as the necessity of parties' meeting engagements, or any sudden or unforeseen calamity, or the fact that the person wishing to withdraw would suffer damage by the rigid exertion of the general rule. In truth, I would not be a party to any scheme from confidence in which parties could suffer loss, or even hardship, and I would hold it to be a very great hardship to turn popular confidence and observance of general principles to individual loss or wrong. To illustrate this department, it will be necessary to take a review of the Redemption Department, as far as the two are connected. I will presume, then, that the company

is possessed of estates, which bring in £1,000 a year, and that £20,000 is raised on that amount, that is, that the company has five per cent. in LAND AND LABOUR security for all monies invested; and, in passing, allow me to make an observation on the term LABOUR security. It is this: an estate bringing the company in £1,000 a year rental in 1847, would be worth £1,200 a year in 1849. So that, although the occupants would be liable to no more than £1,000 a year, yet there would be the security of £1,200 for that amount, as each year's labour would inconceivably augment the value to the occupant, and consequently the security to the company. That is, £6 a year is better security for the payment of £5 a year than £5 is. But we will presume £20,000 to be deposited—£10,000 in the deposit side, and £10,000 in the redemption side; for the £10,000 in the deposit side the Bank would be liable to £350 a year interest, at the rate of three-and-a-half per cent.; and to £400 a year for the £10,000 in the redemption department, at the rate of four per cent., making a total liability upon the £20,000 of £750 a year, and leaving a surplus of £250 a year to be placed in the redemption department, which also will be security to the creditors of the Bank, and would ultimately be merged in the redemption department to the credit of the occupants, as a means of reducing rent or purchasing the fee. We will presume £5,000, or one-fourth of the £20,000 to be unappropriated to the purchase of land, and that amount, invested in exchequer bills at three-and-a-quarter per cent., or nearly that interest, and £15,000 to be invested in land—in such case the rent paid on the expenditure of £15,000, at five per cent., would be £750 a year, or precisely the amount of liability for interest on the £20,000, to both redeemers and depositors, leaving £162½10s., the interest on the £5,000 in Exchequer bills, as a surplus over and above the liabilities of the Bank. Now, I cannot think, and man cannot devise, better security than that, and the BANK OF ENGLAND does not present the twentieth part as good, and no Bank in the world could present better.

Each depositor will receive a balance sheet of his account half yearly, together with his interest, accompanied with a true and faithful statement of the affairs of the concern in all its departments.

## REDEMPTION DEPARTMENT.

The Redemption Department will be for the investment of monies by those who are occupants, and who wish to provide for the complete purchase of their allotments, and who will receive interest at the rate of four per cent. on the amount placed to their credit, and which amount they will be entitled to apply to the reduction of their rent, at the rate of £4 per cent., or twenty-five years' purchase. This provision gives another additional security to depositors and those members who are not located—and for this reason—because the company charges five per cent. upon the outlay, and receives £125 from redeemers upon the redemption of the amount of interest paid on £100.

I think I hear some scoffer exclaim, "Oh! oh! then so you charge £125 for what only costs the company £100." Yes, good friend, but we don't pocket it, as **OTHER MANAGERS DO**, as, upon the winding-up of the affairs of the Section, each **MAN CHEATED** has his £25 back, with interest; and the plan is just, because it never absolves those provided for from their duty to those to be provided for, until all are upon equal terms, and then all share equally in the general saving.

Persons depositing in this department cannot withdraw more than twenty-five per cent.—one-fourth of the amount lodged—and to enable them to do that, they must give a month's notice—no hardship, as it is **THEIR BANK**, established for their sole benefit, and, therefore, right and just that they should give the most unexceptionable security to those by whose confidence they are the sooner located. They receive four per cent. upon their deposits, because they cannot withdraw.

## LAND PURCHASE DEPARTMENT.

This proposition is an entirely new feature in the small proprietary plan, and, as I have not before treated of it, I shall be pardoned if my present definition should appear long: I promise it shall not be confused. What I mean by this department is, for the investment of monies by those who are not members, according to the general principle laid down in our rules. The accounts of this class of shareholders will be confined exclusively to the Bank, where they will send their remittances in the first instance, under the following conditions:—Each section in this department to consist of fifty members, whose funds will



be applied to the purchase of land in the wholesale market, and allotted to them at precisely the same rate of purchase, according to their respective amounts paid.

This department will consist of three classes: two-acre purchasers, three-acre purchasers, and four-acre purchasers; and they will respectively deposit their monies upon the following condition: I will take a section of class three acres, as the classes will be confined to two, three, and four acres, that is, two-acre men will constitute a distinct class, and from three and four their accounts will be wholly distinct, and so will their estates. Suppose fifty persons, then, in a three-acre section—I will presume good land, first class land, to be purchased at 40*l.* an acre, and it will take 150 acres to locate a section of fifty, at three acres each; less would scarcely be purchased to wholesale advantage; and that is my reason for naming fifty in a section. What I mean by a section in this department is, that when fifty of that class shall have paid the required amount, that that number shall constitute a section entitled to INSTANT LOCATION—those 150 acres, at 40*l.* an acre, would cost 6,000*l.*; and each depositor, in a three-acre section, should pay 130*l.* before the purchase could be made; 120*l.* for the purchase of the land, 7*l.* 10*s.* on becoming a member, to defray the expenses appertaining to this department, and 2*l.* 10*s.* for completing the title, surveying, and other operations. This amount merely refers to the purchase of the land, as I would leave the erection of houses and offices to the several members' own choice, merely undertaking to make their contracts, see to a due performance of the work, and giving them all the benefits of co-operation in dealing wholesale instead of retail for all building, draining, and other operations. I am aware that the establishment of this department will have an immense tendency to stop the sale of allotments by occupants who have drawn prizes, and I rejoice at it, as it is a legitimate mode of preventing gambling, whereas, any interference on the part of the directors would be tyrannical. For instance: Mr. Gamble gave 90*l.* for a four-acre allotment, at Herringsgate, and it was worth it and more; while the four acres only cost about 100*l.*—18*l.* 15*s.* an acre, and about 600*l.*, which I am told is the value of the annuities—that is, less than 25*l.* an acre.

Now, no interest will be paid for monies lodged in this department, and depositors cannot withdraw any portion of their lodgments, but may WITHDRAW all upon giving six months' notice; so that, if the operations be too slow,

they may, at any time, release themselves. It is no hardship for this class not to receive interest, as they will have compound interest, and double their capital, by getting land at wholesale price in the retail market; and especially when they understand, that making out the title would cost one as much as it will cost all. This will be a very desirable department for small shopkeepers and Athenæum tradesmen: because they may almost select their own location; as, firstly, they would be consulted before purchasing, being but few; and secondly, they may exchange after purchase, thus: suppose an estate purchased near Manchester, and A. wishing to be located near Cheltenham, happened to be located there; and B. to be located near Cheltenham, wishing to be located near Manchester: in such case, nothing could be more easy than to effect an exchange. If the conditions imposed upon this class appear to be stringent, the advantages are incalculable; because, the moment a member receives his allotment at wholesale price, that instant his property is nearly doubled, and, in many cases, would be more than doubled, as he has the choicest marketable commodity in the most convenient retail form, while the conditions are indispensable for the protection of the company, as I will show.—Suppose 50,000*l.*, or even 20,000*l.*, to be vested in this department, with the power to withdraw it without notice, or with short notice: in such case, the whole project might be jeopardised by the conspiracy of this class; and, although not at all likely, yet I am bound to provide against even possible contingencies. The same conditions that apply to a three-acre section, will also apply to a two and a four-acre section, with this exception, that four-acre members will pay 10*l.* as their price of membership, and two-acre members will pay 5*l.* Members of this class will have the option of building their own cottages, and may take immediate possession; while I shall see as minutely into the contracts for building and all other works, as I now do for the members of the company, with this single exception—that I cannot, as now, undertake the personal superintendence of all departments of building and agriculture. Some very pugnacious persons expressed an opposition to this addition, but it was most senseless, as no addition could more tend to expedite the workings of the general principle; nor can I see any objection to men who are able placing themselves in the same independent position, that the very objectors aspire to themselves. They need dread no two-acre, three-acre, or four-acre LANDED ARISTOCRACY, as any privilege

enjoyed by one of this class would be equally enjoyed by every member of the company: two-acre purchasers may be located on the best land of their own for about 87*l.* 10*s.*; three-acre purchasers for about 130*l.*; and four-acre purchasers for about 172*l.* 10*s.*—160*l.* the cost of four acres, at 40*l.* an acre, 10*l.* for membership, and 2*l.* 10*s.* for expenses; so that, for about 150*l.*, a two-acre member of this class may be housed in a good cottage of **HIS OWN FOR EVER**, with two acres of prime land. The next department is the

### SINKING FUND DEPARTMENT.

This department would consist of all savings, after payment of interest, profits made by purchase and sale of estates, and profit made by materials, valued by auction, on purchase of estates; all of which would give additional security to every department of the Bank, and all of which would be divided amongst the members of the section to which the profit belonged, when the affairs of that section were wound up. I will explain what those profits would arise from. Firstly: from purchase and sale of estates, upon which, this year, I realized 1,350*l.*, and could have realized 1,750*l.* more, and all in less than five months; that is 3,100*l.* profit in less than five months. 1,350*l.* I made of Carpenders—400*l.* I refused for Herringsgate, and 1,350*l.* for Redmarley. Secondly: profits made on materials—thus: suppose timber, and crops, and other things belonging to the out going tenant are valued to 1,000*l.*, and that I make 1,000*l.* profit, that 1,000*l.* will go to the sinking fund, which will also be applied to the purchase of land; all other casual and incidental profits, such as cheap purchases of manure, and purchases of building and other materials, will go to the benefit of the occupants on that particular estate: for instance; for the occupants of this estate—Lowbands—I made 282*l.* by one purchase of timber. Thirdly: all monies in the sinking fund. Now, such are the profits that would belong respectively to the several sections, in whose behalf they were realized.

### EXPENSES OF COMPANY.

In considering this branch of the subject, I am bound to treat it as though no profit would arise from any department, as we must provide specially for each contingency.

I state the company's expense fund thus: one shilling per year upon each share, and I estimate the number of members at 24,000—as to that number I mean to **LIMIT MY CONNECTION**—those 24,000 would hold about

40,000 shares, which, at one shilling a year each, would bring in 2,000*l.* a year; profit on rules, about 300*l.* a year; till operations were completed and affairs made up—making a total of 2,300*l.*, which would much more than cover all our expenses. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact, that by one purchase I have cleared more than all the expenses of so extensive a company for more than two years, and, but for the necessity of prudence and caution in money matters, I would undertake to pay all the expenses of premiums, general expenses of Land and Bank, and leave an immense annual revenue, by profit on the sale of estates. I may be permitted, without being charged with vanity, to mention a novelty under this head. It is this: that a national undertaking has not cost the members one penny in advertising, while the managers have realized a profit of some hundred pounds on the item of printing, and by one bargain I have netted more than has paid two years' expenses. Now this is a novelty, when it is borne in mind that advertising and printing have been the CHAIN to wind up many such concerns; indeed, I have some bad debts due by railway puffers under this head.

### MANAGEMENT.

This is an important question; and as the lion's share of responsibility is sure to be imposed upon me, and as I cheerfully undertake the lion's share of labour, I shall ask for the lion's share of control. That is, that every FRACTION paid into the Bank shall come into my hands, direct from the depositors of all classes, and that all monies paid out shall BE PAID BY ME, and that I shall have the appointment of deputy-manager, clerks, and servants employed in the Bank; the members resting satisfied that COMPETENCY alone shall be the qualification to insure engagement, and that I should not consider any person competent to undertake the management under me, except one who could produce the most satisfactory testimonials from a respectable banking-house. The manner in which I propose to manage the receiving and paying department is this:—To work in the fields on Monday and Tuesday; to leave for London—wherever I may be engaged—on Tuesday night; to make Wednesday and Thursday receiving days and paying days, and to attend at the Bank from morning till night on those days, transacting the financial department, and examining the accounts; and to start on Thursday night

“ For my cold, quiet home ;”

to work on Friday and Saturday, and pay the men MYSELF; and, although not a practised banker, I make bold to assert that there is not a better, and but few as good, accountants in the Bank of England. On all questions of principle and application of funds, of course I shall be governed by the will of my brother directors; but the MONIES I MUST RECEIVE AND PAY, and the servants I must control.

I conclude, under this important head, by asking what bank in the world offers like security, when it is borne in mind that all the property of the company will be liable to the depositors, as well as the monies in the Redemption Department. I shall not condescend to provide against a RUN upon the Bank, as ample provision in Exchequer bills, which can be changed like Bank notes, would be made to meet such a contingency, if it should occur.

### GENERAL GOVERNMENT.

I have now treated of the Land scheme and the Bank. I have not introduced the question of Insurance and Benefit Societies—of those in their proper place, and at the proper time. And now, friends, not as a director, but as a member, and for the welfare of this company, I ask for a timely and general expression of opinion as to the propriety of holding a Conference in July next, and at this place, (Lowbands) to consider and legislate upon the whole question. I name July, because it is a period when men who understand nothing whatever of the subject, may learn something by seeing something, and I name this place, that I may have a spur to complete it by that time. Winter is not the time, and the town is not the place, to hold a conference for our purpose; and, moreover, I shall have no small pride in presenting my half-yearly balance sheet as early as possible to the representatives of the whole body. I defy any man to urge other than a foolish or capricious objection to this proposition, and therefore, whether the general feelings are for it, or against it, let us have it; and I undertake to send the delegates home astonished and delighted.

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### TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

My Friends, I have now concluded my treatise upon the Small Proprietary Plan and the

### NATIONAL LAND AND LABOUR BANK,

and I shall wind-up with a brief address to your order. I have now entered into my FIFTEENTH YEAR of connec-

tion with you, and during that time I have served you honestly and zealously. I have matured a great national project for your redemption from slavery. The landlords dislike it, because it will make you participants in political power, and because they fear that your location on the land would disturb their game. The employing class dread it, because it will establish the standard of the value of labour in the natural market, below which man will not longer work in the artificial market; and because it will THIN the idle reserve, upon which, in your present dependent state, they can fall back as a means of reducing wages; and the shopkeepers oppose it, because they are fools to their own interest. However, its success now depends upon your own resolution and self-reliance. Let me assure you that, much as you admire the plan, yet not one in every thousand has yet seen all its advantages, or bestowed a thought upon its astounding progress. The plan cannot be said to be in operation more than eighteen months, and mark its distinguishing features. Firstly, it was undertaken by me with the assistance of a few working men, amid the jeers of all. Secondly, while the generality of such schemes perish between conception and birth from exhaustion, here you have the phenomenon of a great national undertaking, which has not cost the members a guinea in puffing or advertising—the tomb of so many schemes—and by an hour's labour I have made as much as has paid for all the expenses, and more; up to this date; and, still more wonderful, we have made a large profit on printing—another of the executioners of many a scheme. It is now ten months, and something more, since I commenced operations, and during that whole period I have never devoted ten minutes of my time to any other service, which may be taken as a reply to the PIONEER that marches immeasurably in the rear of progression, and who asks “if Mr. O'Connor would be reconciled to live at Herringgate or Redmarley?” We hear of building societies, but we never see a house of their erection; we hear of POOR MEN'S GUARDIAN societies, but they but mock poverty and belie their name. The Press has opposed this plan, and scribblers and slaves of all persuasions have shot their weak arrows at it, and still it lives and prospers, and I, its reviled projector, now sitting in a garret, would not exchange places with the proudest monarch that crawls on the earth and lives upon the credulity of fools and treachery of knaves. Talk to me no more, then, of your hardships and your sufferings—you are YOUR OWN ENEMIES.—

Will your freedom and execute your will, and you are free ; but to will it, and no more, is folly. **BE SOBER** and **THOUGHTFUL** for twelve months, and you need not ask for the Charter ; those who thrive upon your dissipation and thoughtlessness will be but too happy to bend to your will, as idleness cannot longer live upon industry than the industrious wish. How is it, working men, that all combinations of the wealthy, such as railways, mining speculations, navigation companies, banking companies, and the like, prosper, while you, or some of you, are foolish enough to believe that similar projects undertaken by you, who are the prop of all, must fail ? How happens it, that the Press and the hirelings laud all such projects when undertaken by the wealthy, and denounce them as impracticable when undertaken by you ? It is because the wealthy plunder the poor, and are able to bribe the Press to the support of any project, however silly or iniquitous. How is it that a combination of all the vices to which flesh is heir—drunkenness, roguery, licentiousness, lust, and idleness, concentrated in a standing army—is able to overpower all the virtue of which you, as a nation, boast ? How do 100,000 hired mercenaries withhold freedom from **SIX MILLION ADULTS** calling themselves men ? It is because they are united, and you are at deadly enmity. Your motto is “Every man for himself,”—the soldier’s is “One for all and all for one.” In your narrow selfishness you forget your duty to society, and society taxes you for your indifference. You hope to meet the foe singly, and he takes advantage of your folly. Rally, working men ; take your affairs into your own hands ; stand by your own order, and you will soon be free !

A word, and I have done. Who, that could be a freeman, would be a slave ? And who, with a house of his own and a labour-field to work upon, the master of his own **MINT**, coining his own industry into the medium of exchange for all the necessities, and even the luxuries, of life, would envy the most **PERFUMED ATHENÆUM SLAVE**, who crouches before the will of a master, perhaps his inferior in all save subserviency ? Who would work for slave hire for another that could earn a freeman’s wages for himself ? Who would be a lodger in a stranger’s house that could live in a castle of his own ? Who would hire land of which he may be dispossessed, that, could purchase a freehold ? Who would crawl under ground that could walk on earth ? Who would gasp in a factory, that could breathe in the open air ? Who would prostitute his wife to insure the coun-

tenance of an overseer, that could provide for her in his own house? Who would leave the nurture and breeding of his little children to a stranger, that could preserve for them the mother's watchful eye and anxious care? Who would allow his children to be brought up as brutes, that could educate them as men? Who would pine and die in a **BASTILLE**, that could live in happiness at **HOME**? Who would die of old age at thirty, that might be young at seventy? and who would accept a throne to mar you of the enjoyments to which your virtues would entitle you? **NOT I!** Our system is false and vicious: I believe there is more of good than of evil in every man, and while those who engender vice and perpetuate crime, are trying to devise means for the reclamation of juvenile offenders, let them give me one-half what their own neglect costs the State, and there shall not be a criminal, old or young, in the land—but then, there would be no **STANDING ARMY**, and no **MILITARY PROMOTION**—no thieves to be caught, and therefore no necessity for a **POLICE FORCE**—no paupers, and therefore no poor-laws—no contention, and therefore no litigation, and, **CURSE IT, NO PATRONAGE!** I will undertake to reclaim all criminals, save those convicted of **MURDER, BESTIALITY, or cruelty to animals.** I would more easily reclaim ten thousand desperate thieves than one ruffian, who, for gratification, inflicts pain upon a dumb animal. I have now propounded my project, which no power on earth can arrest; and, if **MARRED BY FORCE OR FRAUD, I WOULD PROVE TO ENGLAND AND THE WORLD, THAT I AM CAPABLE OF EXECUTING A STILL GREATER AND MORE UNIVERSAL PROJECT.**

The great principle of the plan is Co-operation, by which we shall be enabled to purchase the most valuable raw material in the wholesale market, and to allot to each free labourer a sufficiency to occupy his whole time, in the most pleasing, virtuous and profitable employment, **AT THE WHOLESALE PRICE**, and to enable him to make it **HIS OWN FOR EVER**, with the inducement to work **TASK-WORK FOR HIMSELF WHEN YOUNG**, whereby his labour may be sweetened by the reflection, that each hour's additional toil **HASTENS HIS DAY OF RETIREMENT AND EASE**: the delight with which shopkeepers, and professional men, and traders, look forward, while they pore over their ledgers, their briefs, and their counters, by the fading light of the midnight lamp.

To ascertain the value of labour in the **FREE LABOUR**



**MARKET**, and below which the **SLAVE NEED** not work in the **SLAVE MART**.

To give man the society of his **LAWFUL** infant, the control, and management of his **LAWFUL** children.

To let him rest in his own bed when he is sick, and die in his own house surrounded by **HIS OWN FAMILY**, when his hour comes. To have a nest from which no tyrant **BIRD OF PREY CAN HUNT HIM**.

To have duties to perform, which a virtuous public opinion will compel him **VIRTUOUSLY TO DISCHARGE**. To make men **BROTHERS, INSTEAD OF DEADLY FOES**. To make competition a spirit of honourable and remunerative emulation, instead of a creator of **INEQUALITY, DEPENDENCE, and SUBSERVIENCY**. To make every man **LOVE GOD, ASSIST HIS NEIGHBOUR, and FEAR TO DO WRONG**.

To banish all thoughts of **FAMINE and WANT**, by making the earth yield its fruits.

To enable every man to stand firm and erect upon his own **BATTLE GROUND**, in that position in which it has pleased God to create him, not bending his neck to the foreign foe or domestic tyrant, his comfort not regulated, or his liberty abridged, by the speculations of **JEWS, or LUST OF SPECULATORS**.

To make the husbandman the first partaker of the fruits of his own industry, and thus destroy the anomaly of the **BEEES STARVING WHILE THE DRONES ARE LIVING UPON THEIR HONEY**.

To make a paradise of the Land, and man **AN HONOURED MEMBER OF SOCIETY**. To effect these noble objects I have spent the best days of manhood, and to see them realised would sweeten my old age, and afford me a tranquil death-bed, when I could exclaim—"THANK GOD! I HAVE LEFT THE WORLD BETTER THAN I FOUND IT, AND I DIE HAPPY; MY MEMORY BLESSED BY THOUSANDS, WHOM I HAVE TAKEN OUT OF THE LAND OF SLAVERY, AND OUT OF THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

I HAVE WRITTEN A TREATISE AS DURABLE AS THE LAND.

Your faithful Friend,

**FEARGUS O'CONNOR.**

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*All Manuscripts intended for insertion must be forwarded to the Office by the 20th of each Month.*

For information on Spade Husbandry the reader is referred to Mr. O'Connor's work, "On the Practical Management of Small Farms." Published by Abel Heywood, Oldham-st., Manchester; and which may be had of all News Agents and Booksellers, or at the office of the "Northern Star."

**THE BANK.**—Mr. O'Connor has received innumerable letters from parties asking him in what Department of the Bank he would recommend them to deposit their monies; to all such applicants his answer is, that he will never write a **PRIVATE LETTER** in connection with the Land Plan or the Bank; they must please themselves.

**RULES.**—The several persons asking Mr. O'Connor for information on the Land Plan, must refer to the Rules, which are plain and simple.

Two-acre occupants will have out buildings erected for them, without additional charge to that upon which the rent was originally estimated; that is, the system of charging 5 per cent. upon the outlay will give each two-acre occupant a house and out buildings, for what, under the old arrangement, the cottage would have cost without out buildings, as it is the wish of the Directors to give to the occupants all the advantages to which they are entitled, always having reference to the stability of the plan, the security of the Company, and the honour of the Directors; who anticipate being able to make still greater alterations, and all in favour of the occupants located, and **TO BE LOCATED**. It was not to be expected that the wisest body of men could at once establish permanent details for the working of so large and novel a system; and, as they proceed, the value of **CO-OPERATION** is ever and anon enabling them to suggest improvements.

**A GROAN FOR THE TYRANT.**—Received.

**H. L., Bolton.**—Your suggestion will not be lost sight of.

**THOMAS MAY O'CAPELL.**—Received.

**"SPARTACUS."**—"A COURT FOOL."—No "Court Foo" could have written the verses with that signature, and "Spartacus" is worthy of the name he assumes. Want of space precludes insertion in this number.

# THE LABOURER

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## A SONG FOR MAY

BY

ERNEST JONES.

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Spring is come, and shades depart  
Lighter beats each human heart;  
Ghost-like snow—is fleeting slow,  
And the green spring-grasses grow.  
Streams, that long have crept like slaves,  
Dash along their gallant waves :  
Man, that wanderest by the brink,  
Pause upon thy way, and—*think!*

Every bud is filled to bursting  
With its future fruit and flower :  
Hearts of men ! are ye not thirsting  
For the fruit of Freedom's hour ?

See ! the fields are turning fairer,  
And the skies are more divine :  
Oh ! what glorious growth shall ripen !  
Oh ! what glorious light will shine !

And shall man in slavish darkness,  
Moulder downward to the sod ?  
God made earth an earth for freemen :  
Thou ! be worthy of thy God !

All that beauty of creation,  
On the hills, and winds, and waves,  
All its endless animation  
Was not—was not meant for slaves !

See the sower freely striding  
 With the seed-sheets round him wound,  
 And the gold grain-corn abiding  
 In the treasure-clasping ground.

See the furrows open kindly  
 Where the earth with generous sap,  
 Like a mother, nurseth blindly  
 Fairy-growth on dark-brown lap.

Think ! of all the treasure teeming  
 In that earth, and sea, and air,—  
 Labour's toil to Mammon's scheming—  
 What shall fall to Labour's share !

Think upon the hour of harvest—  
 Little mouths shall ask for bread—  
 But the wain goes past thy cottage,  
 To the farmer's rich home-stead.

Dies away the children's laughter—  
 Hungry hearts are tame and still—  
 And the autumn's on the forest,  
 And the winter's on the hill.

Then, amid the desolation,  
 Stand—a helpless human thing ;  
 Cry : ' We are a glorious nation !  
 Love the church ! and serve the king !'

Then toil on with brow of anguish,  
 From the cradle to thy grave :  
 Oh, if that be God's intention,  
 Man is but a wretched slave !

But they tell us of a guerdon,  
 Won by Labour's thrifty toil,  
 And how he who folds the furrow,  
 Should be owner of the soil.

How the means for man's redemption,  
 In his own possession rest,  
 How the country can be happy,  
 And the people can be blest.

And how some have chosen wisely,  
 And how some have acted right :  
 How the taverns grow more empty,  
 And the cottages more bright.

And how these are proud as monarchs,  
 Living gaily on their own,  
 With their freehold for their empire,  
 And their fireside for their throne.

Where the corn-lands' pleasant tillage,  
 Over-waves the graceful hill,  
 And a wood-embosomed village,  
 Rises at O'CONNORVILLE.

And they beckon to their brothers,  
 Who are still in slavery's wake,  
 To be striving and be stirring,  
 For their own—their children's sake.

People, rise ! and arm thee well !  
 Hope, that care cannot dispel,  
 Self-reliance, firmly wrought,  
 Wisdom by Experience taught,  
 Thrift and order, courage true,  
 These are arms to lead us through !  
 Wield them now—as you would thrive !—  
 Onward ! 'tis the time to strive !

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## LETTER FROM AN AGRICULTURAL LABOURER, ADDRESSED TO ALL IT MAY CONCERN.

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[The following letter, received from a Suffolk Labourer, speaks its own tale. We give it in his own truthful and unsophisticated language ; but, we say to him, he is still an aristocrat among the unfortunate, for we know counties in which the Labourer receives only six shillings a week, and lies under additional disadvantages. Our correspondent forcibly illustrates how the condition of the Working Classes has deteriorated during his experience ; alas ! it is and must grow worse, with every day, as long as the uninterrupted cause is permitted to devolve into effect, and class-legislation still casts its army of paupers on the fulness of

the land. Again, we point the attention of the reader to the tendency of our present system, to mass even the agricultural population in towns, as evidenced by the fact, that our Suffolk friend now walks some miles from Ipswich to his daily task, whereas before he had his cottage amid the scenes of his labour. But thus does capital play its game, denude the acres and crowd the factories, that labour may be laid prostrate under the feet of either monopoly. Happy land ! when the Chartist farmer shall live in his own cottage on his own freehold, instead of having to wander miles to toil as the hired slave on the domains of another.]

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THIS is Sunday, the day of rest for me and my fellow-labourers, to us a blessed day. Our wives and children reverence this day, not only as a day of rest, but a day dedicated to a cultivation of the heart's affections ; a short but welcome day, on which we think of the past, and when we dare, for courage is required for the task, we think what our lot will be in a few years. I am now sixty years of age, a poor hard-working man ; but, thank God, my strength has not yet quite left me : I feel it rather hard, but, even now, I can do a day's work. It is now forty years since I came to live in the parish of Wilton, and at that time, I worked for Sir Robert Harling, but times are sadly changed since then, and though I know but little of book learning, I should like to present to your notice my condition forty years ago, as compared with my present condition and prospects, and, as we hear of nothing now-a-days but about money, I will try to begin with that strange and magical agent.

In the year 1807, my wages were 15s. per week, or £39. per year. I paid for my cottage the sum of £2. 10s. per year. I was allowed for my use ten bushels of malt, which gave me ninety gallons of good beer, and ninety of small beer, and was amply sufficient for my use, and a horn to spare for all my friends that came the way. I was allowed £7. 7s. for six weeks' harvest work, which was £2. 17s. above my regular wages, besides an extra quantity of beer, and three hearty frolics. The first feast, previous to beginning the harvest ; the second, on the first Monday of the fourth week ; and the last, at the harvest home ; ay, and these were feasts, not starve-gut make-shifts as I see now-a-days, but glorious gala days for master and man, plenty

to eat and drink, and no thought for the morrow. My wife Fanny, and the child, a boy of four months' old, stayed at home; I worked hard, but was strong and both able and willing to work; labour was to me no curse; want, I knew not; care and trouble were unheard of.

It would be too long a tale for me to narrate the many changes I have seen, and the troubles I have experienced; but just a word or two. I have six sons and four daughters living, and have buried three children, two boys and a girl, and, rest assured, that if rich folks know the cares and troubles incidental to the bringing up of a numerous family, poor folks feel it ten times more so; poverty embitters the cup of life though it strengthens the affection between parent and child, and—could I but present to your mind a tithe of the sorrows I have endured, the waking nights, and restless days, the sick beds and death-scenes of my children, the struggles and anxieties of the past twenty years—I could bring tears to your eyes, if your hearts are not hard as flint, and your souls as motionless, at the tale of woe, as the cold and lifeless fossil—but I hasten onwards.

My wages at this time are 10s. a week, or £26. a year; I am allowed neither malt nor beer; I am harder worked than I was forty years ago, and pay for my cottage £5. a year. I live in the same parish, and work on the same farm, but instead of living in a cottage on the farm, I now live in the suburbs of Ipswich, and walk every night and morning a distance of three miles, or thirty-six miles a week. I was yesterday engaged in cutting down some elm trees, and, from the excessive exertion, keen March winds, and a rather scanty supply of food, I experienced much difficulty in returning home to-day. I have pains in the loins and back, and my shoulders ache with rheumatism, but can I rest to-morrow? No—my circumstances have never allowed me to save a shilling; I never was tipsy in my life; my wife has ever been industrious and frugal; she is now old and infirm; my daughter Jane, who has been blind these ten years, lives with us; they must be supported, and while nature enables me to walk, I must toil on. It was but the other week, that young John Forbes was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, for snaring a rabbit, this was punishment for a crime. If to punish crime be just, to reward industry cannot be unjust; I wonder what his worship will allow me 'for forty years' industry; will I be found guilty of being a good labourer and a useful citizen, charged with working laboriously, and living frugally for fifty years, rearing a

large family respectably, and contracting no petty debt? Will I—I ask, be sentenced to receive a sufficient supply of food and clothing for the remainder of my life? I fear not, yet I think, if to punish be just, to reward cannot be unjust; if a soldier receive a pension for fighting, a rich man per centage for his money, a landowner rental for his land—I have given to my country my all, my strength, my energy, my labour; I am old, and have served my country faithfully, is it too much to expect that I and my wife, and helpless child, should be provided for? Perhaps some of the clever people who understand law-making, and writing for newspapers, will think it over. I am no scholar, but I certainly think, that if the maxim spoken of old,—“He who labours not, neither shall he eat,”—was to be the ground-work of law-making, it would be discovered that he who has laboured much, should surely eat when unable to labour. To toil and starve seems to me to be a strange kind of justice, there is something wrong somewhere—something very wrong.

There have been many changes in the course of these last forty years, we have had a long, and, as the parson says, a prosperous peace, and with it more changes than war could have made. 'This town is quite changed, it has grown a great town; there are many men now great men, merchants and lawyers, doctors and tradesmen, keeping their gigs, and horses, and dogs, living in great houses with back entrances to them, keeping their servants, and in every respect equal to the old squires in point of rank and pride, they have their parties and balls, their wine and fruit. These mushroom great people have all grown up since I remember, and if I speak to any of them of the hard times, they tell me to look at the great improvements, the new docks, the cheap postage, the fine railways; really, say they, this is a grand and glorious country; Sir Robert has repealed the Corn-Laws, and Lord John will drain our streets and erect baths. Oh! what a blessed land is this. Well, well, say I, very good, but what benefit has it conferred on me? Here am I working harder than ever, poorer than ever, with no remedy for want, and no hope but death.

The railway whizzes past my door, but I never had my foot in a railway carriage. I have no correspondence but with my neighbours, and the penny-postage brings me but little benefit; my brown bread is dearer, my wages are no higher. The great docks with their many ships, the great railway stations and fast-running mail carts, have added not a stone to my cottage, nor a crumb to my table. Even the great



Reform Bill added nothing to my interest. The shopkeepers bustle about at an election, and vote to please their rich customers ; the farmers ride on their best horses, and vote blue or yellow, as their landlords do ; the Parliament folks make many speeches, but here I toil day after day, and get worse in health and wealth, just as I grow the older. I repeat, there have been many alterations since I remember. I have much to say about the past and the present : there are many grand institutions ; mechanics' institutes, with very liberal gentlemen to patronize them ; only a guinea a year to be a member. Very liberal ; extremely beneficial for a man who never has a guinea to spare ! Young Master Charles is a manager, and Squire Straw is president ; it is true they both pay very low wages, but they speak much about ignorance and improving the intellect ; it is all for the good of the Labourer, if he could only see it in the right light. The clergy and gentry all support it, and, surely, it is for our good ; never mind the wages, if you be only clever. There is a great building too, built by the Government, and supported by the parish. It is to receive us when we can work no longer ; we are to go in there to be helped to the grave ; extremely generous ! how careful and kind ! I and Fanny will be separated from each other, for fear we should grieve over being parted by death. Mr. Stamp, the old schoolmaster, is governor ; and our stomachs shall not be overloaded with victuals ; greens and cabbages are best for old people ; children are fed on spoon food, it must be best. It is certainly true Mr. Stamp, the governor, eats solid meat, but then we have many advantages—the blessed satisfaction of reading in the great hall, “ Godliness and contentment are great gain.” Such an appropriate reading of a consolatory passage must make amends for being starved and separated from our dearest friends. I could write to you many other things, all excellent and for the benefit of the poor : the management of our charities ; the enclosure of the common lands, &c. In hopes that this letter will be read by some of the great and clever people, who see all sorts of good in the present state of society, and, perhaps, induce some working-man in the manufacturing districts, in Bradford or Manchester, to write a short letter for the “ Labourer,” and let me know how he lives, and used to live, as I have no doubt some *Bright* people can prove to us the many advantages he enjoys over his forefathers—I say over his forefathers, for I do not expect to hear from many factory operatives sixty years of age, and capable of doing a day's work,— I am, your obedient servant,

A SUFFOLK LABOURER.

## THE JOLLY YOUNG POACHER.

(Continued from page 78.)

When we took leave of our sporting hero, we doubtless left the reader, who must feel considerable interest in the life and adventures of the 'first whip,' in suspense as to the result of his interview with Squire Jollyman; but as suspense, doubt, anxiety, anticipation, curiosity, and even alarm, are the very life's-blood, sinew, marrow, meat, drink, and clothes of romance—for such will turn out to be the proper definition of the 'Life and Adventures of Will Rattles,'—we should esteem ourselves deficient in taste, and wanting in courtesy to the reader, had we served as one gluttonous meal what will constitute delicacies for many a dainty repast. For the present, therefore, we shall merely announce Will's promotion to the enviable situation of Huntsman of Squire Jollyman's hounds, *vice* Sam. Smellum, whose comfortable provision was honourably stipulated for as a part of Will's condition of accepting office.

The reader may probably smile at the term *promotion* being applied to the appointment of a well-educated, high-spirited young fellow to the office of huntsman, but then it must be remembered that a man's mind is his kingdom, and that Will's element was the chase. In a few days Will found himself in possession of a lovely cottage, hard by the parsonage house of Little Banks, with a stud of first-rate hunters of his own, with no other labour than to ride them, and SEE to their care and management. The event, trifling as it may appear to the majority of our readers, was a source of great rejoicing to a large sporting community, who began to look upon old Sam as too slow to go the pace, and of envy to many who aspired to the honour of hunting the Squire's celebrated pack.

We must now take leave of Will to take a glance at a variety of circumstances, all of which had more or less to do with his future life and prospects. Squire Jollyman was possessed of immense landed property, and consequently of extensive influence in his county; he was a widower, in his sixtieth year; a justice of the peace, always upon the grand jury, and was colonel of a corps of yeomanry cavalry, kept a rattling pack of fox hounds,

and was the very soul of genuine hospitality. His great ambition in his younger days was to represent his native county, an ambition, however, which was frustrated by the fact of Colonel Touchpenny, a neighbour of immense wealth, and a brother Tory, having heavy mortgages upon the estates of the most influential landlords, and who consequently dared not oppose him. The Colonel had grown tired of the fatigues of a political life and late divisions, which he was compelled to attend in return for the patronage of his county, and very naturally resolved upon making the representation of THE PEOPLE a daughter's marriage portion. These family arrangements, though not advertised, are communicated in the proper quarter with exceeding accuracy, and the Squire at the time being in his thirty-fourth year, and unmarried, took the bait. His visits at the *Forest*, which was the name of the Colonel's seat, became more frequent, and, in process of time, Miss Touchpenny and Squire Jollyman became better acquainted; they rode and drove out together, and took their evening walks alone; they met at parties and danced together, until at length the knowing ones decided that it must be a match. The politicians were curious, and the girls, who looked upon the Squire as a great catch, were jealous. They declared that the representation of the county even would be a dear purchase, encumbered with a frightful, uneducated wife; for Miss Touchpenny was not a beauty, and her education had been criminally neglected. Howbeit the Squire had set his heart upon the appendage of M.P. to his name, and the marriage took place, the result of which was one son, who about the time of Will's promotion was in his twentieth year, and a captain in His Majesty's Life Guards, and a most consummate puppy. We have now informed the reader of as much of Squire Jollyman's previous history as is necessary for our present purpose, and shall pass over the first five-and-twenty years of his married life to introduce other parties, whose history had a more immediate effect upon the fortune of our hero. The Squire had a princely establishment, but the most important personages that we have to do with were Mrs. Softsoap, the old housekeeper, and Miss Betsy Fusty, a *protégé* of the late Mrs. Jollyman, and assistant housekeeper. Mrs. Softsoap knew the length of the Squire's foot, and, except upon weighty occasions, could wind him round her finger, as the servants used to say. She always appeared to give him his own way, but in the end always had hers. Miss Betsy had

come with Mrs. Jollyman to the Downs, after her marriage, and when she was quite a child, and, by close attendance upon her mistress during her confinement, she caught a violent cold, which turned to as violent a rheumatic fever, and from the effects of which she became a most hideous and pitiable object; her nose resembled a water-spout, the nostrils being turned upside down, her upper lip turned up, and her under lip twisted in all directions; her eyes were looking both ways, as Mrs. Softsoap used to observe when out of temper, as if she was born in the middle of the week, looking both ways for Sunday, and the housemaids swore they resembled two burnt holes in a blanket; her hands were turned upside down, and she walked cross-legged, so that the reader may imagine she was out of sorts with everything human. However, strange as it may appear, she had considerable influence over the Squire, from the fact, that Mrs. Jollyman, when upon her death bed, elicited a promise that he never would part with poor Betsy, whose misfortune had been occasioned by attachment to, and attendance upon her during her confinement. The servants were all aware of the cause of the Squire's toleration of Betsy, and therefore never tried her temper or her power too far, and the Squire was equally conscious of the impossibility of the poor creature passing through life without being now and then subject to the ill-natured taunts and remarks of the more fortunate. About this time a circumstance occurred which tested the influence of those two females, between whom there was much jealous rivalry. Parson Blastem, the Rector of "Little Banks," a living in the gift of the Squire, departed this life, and upon that occasion Captain Jollyman of the Life Guards came post-haste to the Downs, to solicit the WINDFALL for a rakish young divine, a friend of his. The Captain was accompanied by his gentleman, Mr. Reginald Adolphus Puff, from whom Mrs. Softsoap learned his master's business, and who, being supposed to have some influence with the Squire, was enlisted upon behalf of the young parson. But few country bumpkins are at all aware of the moral influence which a perfumed gentleman's gentleman has over the domestics of a country establishment; and so powerful was the impression made by Mr. Puff upon the religious sensibility of Mrs. Softsoap, that that lady declared she would make use of all her influence to insure the presentation of Mr. Scorchem to the living of Little Banks. Her hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment, for, upon the morning after the Captain's ar-

rival, Mr. Puff came down with a woful countenance, and declared it was all up, that his gentleman informed him that his old FOOL OF A FATHER had promised the living to one Mr. Moses Jollyman, a distant relation, and that high words had passed between the Squire and the Captain, who had ordered him to pack up, as he intended leaving the Downs after breakfast, never again to return till the old buck was tucked in with a DAISEY QUILT and had a STONE PILLOW. "And quite right too," exclaimed Mrs. Softsoap, "I have no patience with the absurd prejudices of old men, and especially old parsons; we have had that old Jollyman here, why, he is as grey as a badger, and who'll mind what he says?"

"Right, quite right, my dear madam," replied Mr. Puff, "religion, like free trade, must march with the progression of the age; upon my soul! I do wish there was an act of parliament against men living after fifty, ha, ha!"

"O I would allow them to live," retorted Mrs. Softsoap, "but not to act in clerical matters; I'm sure it was quite painful to hear poor Mr. Blastem mouth out the prayers, and as for his sermons, they never made no more impression upon me than a dog barking."

It was now ten o'clock, the hour at which the Captain had ordered his carriage, and Mr. Puff was summoned to pack up.

When this ceremony was performed, the Captain rushed down stairs, got into the carriage, Mr. Puff mounting the box, and drove off, leaving the housekeeper in tears. While her grief was hottest, it was the misfortune of poor Betsy to enter the room, and, upon inquiring the cause of her grief, Mrs. Softsoap burst into a flood of tears, denouncing the Squire as an old ass, and his appointment to the living an act of the grossest sacrilege and profanation. Betsy, who looked upon the word of the Squire as holy writ, could no longer restrain her rage at her superior's impertinence, and the result was a regular set-to, accompanied with the most terrific squalling and yelling, which brought the Squire, who happened to be passing by, to the door, and not receiving an answer upon knocking, and hostilities rather increasing, he rushed in, to the great astonishment of the belligerents, when Mrs. Softsoap, recovering her presence of mind and presuming upon her influence, exclaimed, before the Squire had time to speak,—

"Now, sir, this impudent fright or I must leave the house,

for I will not stand by and hear Captain Jollyman, or one of the name, insulted."

Poor Betsy, having taken great liberties with the name of the gallant Captain, was struck dumb by this piece of *finesse*, and, holding down her head, made no reply.

"She said," continued the triumphant housekeeper, "that the Captain was a fool, and that he had no more brains than a cuckoo, and, oh dear me! so much more that I'd be ashamed to mention all she said."

"Now," said the Squire, who had recovered HIS presence of mind; "let us hear what Betsy has to say."

"Well, sir," observed Betsy, whose consciousness of right inspired her with courage, "Mrs. Softsoap called you an OLD ASS!"

"Oh! you liar!" vociferated the enraged and discomfited housekeeper.

"Well, perhaps I am," said the Squire; "but go on."

"Why, sir," continued Betsy; "she said that young master was a better judge than you as to who should save our souls; and I said, if she thought so I did not, and that the Captain was a much greater ass than you are; and then, sir, she went on so about Mr Moses knowing nothing about the Scriptures compared to one just fresh from college, and about the progression of religion, and that men should all be killed by act of parliament, when they passed fifty, that I couldn't stand it any longer; and then, sir, she, sir, and I, sir, began to fight, sir,—I, sir, for you, sir, and she, sir, for the Captain, sir."

"Oh! you deformed piece of animated bestiality, you twisted mound of clay!" vociferated Mrs. Softsoap, no longer able to restrain her rage; "you lie, you b——h, you must leave the house or I will."

The reader may imagine that the simple narrative of Betsy carried conviction home to the Squire's mind, and he may also conclude that men of sixty do not wish to have notions of their unfitness to live and govern inculcated in the minds of those whose duty it is to obey; and, turning to the housekeeper with unusual warmth, he said—

"Mrs. Softsoap, I shall take you at your word; you go and Betsy shall remain." And the Squire left the room, having first separated the belligerents.

In a short time after the Squire's departure his study bell rang, and the sound denoted unusual excitement, which considerably alarmed old ears, accustomed to the modest tinkle, which appeared to say "I'm sorry to trouble you."

The summons was instantly obeyed, and the footman was ordered, rather petulantly, to send Mrs. Softsoap up. We are not aware of what transpired at the interview, nor is it of much importance, beyond the fact that the housekeeper returned with her wages and her discharge, and with a heavy heart betook herself to the disagreeable task of bundling up her traps for a start.

The fate of Mrs. Softsoap added considerably to the dignity of Betsy, who was installed upper housekeeper *pro tem.* a circumstance which had a most magical effect upon the optics of her fellow-servants, all now declaring that she was not so VERY UGLY after all, and, if she was, it was her misfortune and not her fault; and that her personal deformity was more than compensated for by her goodness of heart.

The loss of so important a personage as a systematic housewife is one seriously felt in a large and regular establishment like that of the Squire's; and, shortly after the departure of the dame, an advertisement appeared in the 'Times' newspaper, stating that a housekeeper was wanted, that a liberal salary would be given, and directing application to the Downs. On the morning after this advertisement was read in the servants' hall, and in the housekeeper's room, to the great mortification of the recently promoted Miss Fusty, that lady began to lose her newly-discovered charms, and all excuses for her personal disadvantages vanished.

Upon the following morning a post-chaise drove up to the door, and when the old porter answered the bell, a stout lady in black, of the middle age, asked if Mr. Jollyman was at home, and, being answered in the affirmative, she sent up her card as Mrs. Pringle. A powdered footman shortly made his appearance, and requested the lady to walk up stairs, when she alighted and was followed by a lovely girl of about four-and-twenty, fashionably but neatly dressed, of majestic appearance and with all the buoyancy of youth and gaiety in her step. There could not, in fact, be a more lovely creature. Shortly after the ladies had been introduced, the postboy was ordered to put his horses up, and after another short interval, lunch was ordered. All now became matter of mystery to the upper servants, as the old butler declared he never saw the Squire so familiar and condescending to strangers.

But, alas! the mystery did not rest here, for the next order was, to tell the post-boy he need not wait, as the ladies would remain at the Downs. Speculation was now on tip-toe,



but no one could be found to solve the mystery. The Squire and the ladies remained together all the morning, dined together, and sat up till a late hour. On the following morning the Squire's carriage was ordered to take Mrs. Pringle to town, but the young lady remained at the Downs; and upon the following evening the usual quantity of luggage arrived, addressed Miss Frances Dorothy Pringle, and who, upon the following morning, was installed, not as housekeeper, but as mistress of the Downs.

A very perceptible change became daily visible in the Squire after the arrival of Miss Dorothy, as the servants called her; he lost his love for society, and even the hounds and Will appeared to lose their wonted charm; he dined in the study with Miss Pringle, and, contrary to his usual custom, was denied to his most intimate friends. In short, he became an altered man, as if spell-bound by the charmer, and who could blame him? no one, we feel assured, who had felt the influence of the lovely charmer's glance and smile. We shall here break our narrative, merely observing that Mr. Moses Jollyman was presented to the living of Little Banks; that, like his predecessor, being a bachelor, he had a knife and fork laid for him every day at the Downs, and like others of his cloth, never allowed them to rust for want of use; and, according to Church discipline, kept his claim alive, by not allowing an interregnum of a single meal to militate against his perpetuity of tenure.

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## THE PHASE OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

My Lord,

In the January number of the "Labourer" we published an article upon "Ireland," briefly setting forth the condition of the people of that misgoverned country, and calling attention to the several abuses, from which their manifold grievances have arisen. We treated the subject dispassionately and without allowing a particle of party bias to weaken the object we had in view, which was to impress upon your mind the proper use to be made of a great calamity. Nay, we even pleaded for an entire political truce, to enable you to meet the GREAT DIFFICULTY; while, meantime, duty compelled us to express a well-founded



fear, lest you should make national suffering a PARTY CRY, and endeavour to turn a frightful calamity to party purposes. We showed you how the people might be spared, the landlords saved, and the Government honoured; while that devotion to electoral power, which has ever been the characteristic of Whiggery, created a just suspicion, of which we duly and frankly apprised you.

Since the meeting of Parliament we have narrowly watched your every move, and, without a single exception; they have been one and all governed by the old and debasing policy of catering for party support. Your Poor Law has been emasculated by your mode of appointing guardians from that very class from whom you have been compelled to admit the poor invariably receive insult instead of relief. But as Ireland has no hope from your policy, we hail this lesson of self-reliance taught to the Irish people, while we warn you of its evil consequences. Indeed, my Lord, it would appear as though English duty to Ireland was confined to the enlistment of Government support, without any the slightest reference to the nation's welfare, as one moment's reflection might have taught you that your mode of appointing POOR LAW GUARDIANS will and must result in deadly feuds between the IRISH OPPRESSOR AND THE POOR OPPRESSED; and pardon us, my Lord, if, from past experience of your policy, we arrive at the conclusion, that such was your object in submitting to the condition, a conclusion based upon the fact, that the principle by which England has invariably governed, not only Ireland but her own people, at home and abroad, has been "DIVIDE ET IMPERA." But, my Lord, we would caution you against pushing this principle NOW TOO FAR; for, believe us, however unpalatable the assurance may be, the mind of man has gone beyond the limits of party expedience, class necessity, and ministerial intrigue, and that, sooner or later, you will be forced to yield ungraciously, because tardily, or to surrender ignominiously, because defeated. Your whole policy during the present session has been precisely what we predicted in December last, before your views were known. But, my Lord, we were prepared for it; we rightly estimated that it would be a faithful reliance upon the old Whig tactics, without the slightest reference to PLAGUE, PESTILENCE, OR FAMINE, GOVERNMENT, CHARACTER, OR NATIONAL HONOUR. And were we not justified in the estimate? Have you not endeavoured to

turn famine to Whig purposes by allowing the Irish landlords to all but dictate their own terms? and have you not blighted your Educational grant, by excluding from its influence the very class which you and your organs aver stand most in need of it? Thus you have used Famine as a political bait to catch the Irish landlords, and an exclusive system of education to entrap the professors of pure Protestantism by patronage, and the Wesleyan Methodists by insulting the Catholics. Do you yet indulge in the exploded notion, my Lord, that because one Mammon-speculator can affect Europe by a single OPERATION; that because a couple of Jew houses can enable you to carry on your system for yet a little longer; that because a few gorged idlers, speculating in human misery, can sustain you by their speculations in human fears and susceptibilities; that because one idle capitalist can regulate the domestic affairs and the comforts, nay, doom to starvation and the grave the thousands who create his riches and minister to his absurd, unmanly, and unchristian luxuries; that because one Church has assumed to itself the exclusive prerogative of the salvation of souls; that because one woman swears impiously to preserve the intolerance, supremacy, and dominion of that pampered Church; that because one man and his servile, place-hunting followers see their own supremacy in deference and subserviency to these several corporations of speculators, that all unitedly can much longer hold the vast corporation of men and mind, intellect and necessity, in base and servile submission? Believe us, my Lord, that the cold and lifeless bodies of men, women, and children, prematurely cut off by the blight of Misrule, in the bud of life, the prime of manhood, and winter of old age, are more portentous and significant omens than those eked by cunning priests and hired soothsayers out of the smoking entrails of wild birds and wild beasts, and on which, in olden times, the fame of tyrants, the fate of nations, and history of empires has been founded. My Lord, even the mind of Ireland is beginning to awaken from the influence of the cawing of crows, the croaking of ravens, and the howling of wild beasts; and pray do not lay the flattering unction to your soul, that because you have MESMERISED THE CHARMER you have captivated the Irish nation, or spell-bound reason—no, my Lord; the mind of man is as the mainspring of thought and action; the great juggler failed to lure the fancy of a starving people by the old appliances of his art, yet so much wisdom have his tales of necromancy taught,

that the deceived will now turn it to a better purpose. My Lord, your friend and coadjutor is merely SHAMMING ABRAHAM, as military men characterise such a timely retreat, and no worn-out actor better understands the value of absence than does Daniel O'Connell. You will read of his miraculous recovery, of his reappearance and his enthusiastic reception after a pilgrimage to the Reforming Pope, and you will hear your every measure, which he feared to oppose, characterised in his best style of bestiality, should the next harvest promise a more profitable return than the last. MY LORD, HE FLED TO AVOID THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MEASURES WHICH HE WAS PLEDGED NOT TO OPPOSE ; HE WILL COME BACK AND DENOUNCE THEM. He fled to allow his son the opportunity of conciliating the Young Ireland party ; he fled to avoid an exposure of the accounts of his show-box ; he fled because he was not equal to the emergency he created, and lest his confiding dupes should insist upon his making ENGLAND'S WEAKNESS IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY. My Lord, you revel in political venality, while the most valuable portion of a whole nation—cursed by your sway—is perishing of want. We read of thousands of famished Irishmen, women, and children, lying uncovered in the churchyards, while you are talking of educating the growing generation in the exclusive faith, the maintenance of which has been the cause of so much ignorance, crime, and cruelty, which you and your supporters vainly hope to perpetuate for no better purpose than to insure your continuance in office. That, my Lord, is the grand, the all-absorbing question which now monopolises your every thought, and regulates your every act and vote. But do not deceive yourself, my Lord ; the universal shout from every insulted freeman in England, and from the SURVIVORS in Ireland at the next general election, will be, “DOWN WITH THE BASE, BLOODY, and BRUTAL WHIGS !” So that you see, my Lord, if the Juggler has fled, he has left us words of FEARFUL HATE TO CONJURE WITH. You had famine, sharp and universal famine, to contend with, and you have turned that cold and desolating national calamity to mean and pitiful party purposes. You hope to concede an insatiable faction, by buying them at their own price, just when you should have sacrificed them to the consequences of their own lust, and all in the vain hope of securing their support or neutralizing their opposition at the next general election ; but, as far as

you have gone, your foundation is insecure ; for rest assured, that, however false professions may insure you a majority when public opinion is next tested, or however Peel may permit you to amuse yourself with the experiments of office when famine renders power a dangerous tenement, that neither YOUR professions nor HIS forbearance will reconcile the improved mind of this country to Whig policy and imbecility. My Lord, whatever your tactics may be with regard to the Irish Church, rely upon it, that neither Peel nor Inglis will allow the polluted hand of Whiggery to lop a single rotten branch from that Upas tree, while Peel will use the very power, which will be a nullity in your hands, to destroy the tree root and branch ; and for this reason,—because he is a man of mind and prepared for the times ; and because nature, God, common sense and necessity tell us, one and all, that the shocking anomaly of an overgrown State Church cannot exist under FREE TRADE INSTITUTIONS ; and the people who struggle for the ascendancy of Democracy will understand that Peel is unshackled by those royal grants which bind old and corrupted blood to old and corrupted follies. My Lord, while thoughts of what justice would compel the house of Bedford to disgorge would make the pruning-knife tremble in your pigmy hand, the stout convictions of the necessity will enable Peel to lay the axe to the root of the evil. Can you eat, or drink, or sleep, while you think of Ireland and your manifold impositions practised upon the confiding Irish people ? Can you call yourself A FREE-TRADE MINISTER while you allow the flock to starve, whilst fatted shepherds are not stinted of a single full meal ? Is it because your tenure of office may materially depend on your defence of State Church corruption, that you positively imagine the juggle can continue ? No, my Lord, man is arousing from a long and drowsy sleep, and awakening Thought will keep pace with the march of Progression. How could you insult the famishing with the unchristian mockery of a FAST—the very enemy, the deadly enemy from which they are struggling to release themselves ? Did you fast, my Lord ? and did you pray ? and if you did pray, whether was it for abundance for the hungry, or that it may please God to preserve the Irish landlords to your kindly use, so as in due time you may enjoy the fruits of their corruption ? My Lord, as we predicted, you have lost a great opportunity. In the littleness of your nature, you have looked upon the few Irish landlords as Ireland, and upon your time-serving supporters in the House of Commons as Europe ; but, believe

us that a tide of Mind is pressing upon the barriers of Corruption with an ungovernable and irresistible force, which, if not met and directed into suitable channels, will overwhelm you and the system of which you are the advocate.

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## THE CONFESSIONS OF A KING.

*(Continued from page 133.)*

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Men often pass through the world amid a trance of care and misery—surging on through the slough of despond for months or years, until at last, perchance, they alight on a piece of firm land, where they gain a moment's breathing-time, and, as from an eminence, look over the two divisions of their lives, the past and the future. Then it is that a vague, uneasy recollection of their sufferings comes over them—and as one salient feature after the other stands out more prominently before their mind's eye, they are at a loss to conceive how they could have mastered the difficulty—their memory does not even serve them to point out the means, but they feel the exhaustion of the past struggle, and the firm but cheerless conviction, that they could not undergo such a trial again.

Thus it was with me. I wandered with my Myrrha through the world—I scarce remember where; we lived, I scarce remember how. Many keen recollections rise up before me, from the black tumultuous surge of past events, with its ever-shifting images and never-ending turmoil; but one bright light illumines the dreary chaos—it was the birth of my son. I well remember the room—the hour!—I had returned home from a desperate venture—my wife was suffering hunger—and my unborn child appealing to the world, whose relentless frown its first smile was soon to meet. I had perilled life to steal food—I had killed a prince's deer, and as the firelocks were snapped behind me, and the accursed bullets whizzed past, I bounded, like one shot, in mortal apprehension. Oh! never have I felt such an intensity of fear, for on my life depended that of Myrrha, and of her child. Love made a coward of him who was a scorner of death; and when, breathless, I staggered to the bedside of my wife, I cast myself on my knees, and prayed in gratitude to Heaven for having been made—a thief!

The carriages were whirling on the drives, the loungers were laughing in the *cafés*, the sun was gleaming on the palaces, when my poor starveling came into the world. As its first faint music thrilled upon my ear, I took it up in a frantic joy, and holding it to the casement of our wretched hovel, as though to shew it the splendour of the world, cried in the spirit of a fierce prophecy: "This shall be thine, and thy foot shall be on the necks of men!"

Thus in a squalid den, around which wallowed a tide of splendour—thus, amid misery, wretchedness and guilt, the son of a mighty king was ushered into life.

We were not permitted to live long in the same place;—wherever we came, the objects of suspicion—wherever we staid, the objects of pursuit—since our existence was a necessary protest against the forms of society, and we were punished for not being strong enough to sin with impunity. Thus on our wanderings, we came one evening across the mountains to a place where the stony hills opened on a valley of surpassing richness and immense extent. A river and its tributaries interlaced the green plain, thickly studded with towns, villages and palaces; the thin, yellow lines of the high roads were seen winding in all directions—and on each passed a fluent and reflux tide of life. Its distant murmur came up to the stony mountains. In the centre of the plain rose a graceful highland, and on this was grouped a mighty city. In the centre stood a domed and pinnacled palace—beside it towered the sharp fretted spires of a cathedral;—the bold masses of a fortress loomed indistinctly, buried in a golden flood of sunset; a sea of stately houses appeared showered around this nucleus of power, and far away on every side stretched the green gardens of the citizens and the patrician mansions of a proud nobility. The several phases of society were instonified before me:—the cross, the bayonet, the sceptre and the purse, had each created their peculiar type. I gazed on it all—on Heaven, and the sunset and the rivers and the fields, (the visible presence of God,)—and thought on myself, the outcast on the barren rock, representative of the vast body of mankind. I felt a proud but bitter pleasure in gazing on the mighty scene before me in a spirit of antagonism; the solitary athlete scowling on a hostile world—but I felt another world within my breast and brain.

I glided into a wild train of thought, the voice of Myrrha roused me—she was seated beneath the shade of a yew tree, the only growth visible on those sterile rocks;—she pointed

to the plain below ;—the Court had been hunting that day, and the returning cavalcades swept homeward in the sunlight. I coiled myself up like a snake beneath the shadow of the death-tree, and looked on the scene beneath, as the basilisk may watch a happy bird. The red gleam of the sinking sun floated on the towers of the capital—passion and toil lulled me to exhaustion,—and insensibly I sunk into a dreamy slumber. I dreamed that those towers and the vast realm around me were mine ;—that I had won them by my own achievement, not by hereditary idleness ;—and methought that I stood on the highest balcony of the palace, and could see the spot where I then laid—could see myself—(such is the strange inconsistency of dreams)—lie there, pale, weary, dispirited and forlorn, and I dreamed that I laughed in scorn at that image of myself. My laughter was echoed—I awoke with a feeling of utter wretchedness at finding myself the miserable being I had despised in my dreams. Myrrha had started up in terror, clasping her child in her arms—and over me stood two soldiers belonging to the body-guard of the mighty monarch, on whose capital I had been gazing. I bounded to my feet. The strangers commanded me to depart from out of the shade. The sun still burnt against the mountain-side.

“Depart!” I cried—“and wherefore? God gave to us, as well as to you, a free gift of earth and air.”

“Depart! The Prince will have his tent pitched in this cool shade.”

“I will not!” I almost shrieked. “See, I am weary—my child droops its little head in the deadly heat—my wife is foot-sore and faint to death—we have no roof but the dark shelter of these branches—there is many a lovelier spot for the Prince’s ten—go ye to the vineyard, and leave to the outcast his yew-tree.”

There was homicide in my looks—and the minions stood appalled. The Prince now came up with his wild and joyous train,—buoyant with luxury, and heated with the chase.

“Why is my tent not pitched!” he exclaimed. “Whom have we here?”

“A strolling bandit, who claims a right to rest; and refuses to depart.”

“Away with him! Scourge him! Seize him!” cried a hundred voices.

Momentary wrath swept over my soul, and, like an o’er-mastering demon, levelled two of my assailants at my feet.



I heard the click of an arquebus,—I saw Myrrha glide between me and the aim,—when a stately man rode forward and laid his hand on the soldier's arm.

"Who is that woman?" he asked, as she sunk breathless before me—then, turning to the Prince, the graceful courtier laughed and jested while the blood kept gathering to my face, and a smile and approving nod were given to the favourite by his master. While busied in tending my Myrrha, strong arms were passed around me, and I was bound before I could resist.

"Lead them away—" said the courtier—"harm them not, —and guard them till I send."

When we arrived at the city-gate, I was separated from Myrrha; the child was torn from her arms, and hurried off, down the street; I could hear its cries, fainter and fainter in the distance—I struggled wildly—but hunger had unstrung my otherwise herculean frame, and I was powerless. I implored them not to part me from my child, and my unheeded prayers changed into curses. Oh! last weakness of a baffled wretch, to curse in words, when you can no longer curse in deeds! Meanwhile, Myrrha was led away in an opposite direction; and as I caught her last glance, it seemed one of melancholy reproach. I shuddered, thought of Venice and the murdered father, and soon found myself a lonely captive in a dark and noisome dungeon.

You have been told, captivity is terrible in solitude, but I was not alone! Hell was with me, within me and around me! Whether my sufferings had maddened me, I know not; but wherever I turned, seemed multiplied the image of that murdered father, his livid eyes protruding from the gallows, appeared glaring into mine; and then came visions of my child; methought I heard it beaten, and its faint cries died along my heart in thrills of agony; then, I beheld Myrrha struggling in the grasp of lust, and as I started to the rescue, the clanking of my chains struck the vain fancies deeper in my brain.

How long I remained thus, I know not, but one evening the door opened, and a stranger stood before me. I could not see his face distinctly, but I started at his voice, it fell on mine ear like that of **THE MERCHANT!**

"Do you wish to be free? It is in your power."

I gasped for breath. "How—how?"

"By obeying me."

Ay, by surrendering my wife to the lust of the tyrant! She had been taken to the palace, to dwell in sumptuous



apartments, and tempted with the luxuries of vice; but she had resisted persuasion, and baffled violence by attempted suicide. I smiled in bitter triumph; strange it may be, but it was more gladness over a foe's defeat, than joy at a wife's virtue.

"Ha!" I said, "and now you come cringing to me, asking your prisoner to do that which your King upon his throne cannot effect!" I spurned his offer, darted forward, and would have struck him, but the shortness of my chain dashed me back in its recoil, and I was again alone.

On the next morning, a lamp was placed in the dungeon; I wondered at the seeming kindness, when to my astonishment, my wife, my Myrrha was ushered into the dungeon, and chained to a pillar, near that to which I was fastened, but beyond my reach. There was a fearful change in her appearance. The gold-tissued draperies of splendour clung around her form; but the bright bloom of nature's gift had faded from her face, and the round moulding of her once lovely arms and neck had shrunk beneath the sharpening hand of grief. Strange that a tyrant should still desire: but strange indeed are the longings of over satiated and thrice-palled passion, in the hearts of tyrants. During the day my boy was brought to its mother; it looked well and beautiful; this was in truth a kindness! No—it was the last refinement of cruelty! We were left without food! Even the miserable pittance I had hitherto received was denied me, and there, by the glare of that infernal lamp, I could see all I loved on earth before my eyes, but beyond my reach, suffering and dying by slow degrees! The phantoms of imagination left me, for the real was far more terrible. The sharp, thin, but still beautiful face of my wife grew daily more transparent with the hues of death; and oh! to watch the bloom fade from my poor boy's cheek, as the starving mother's sustenance began to fail; to hear its piteous cries and see its weak convulsions. I have knelt down amid my chains, during those fearful hours, praying her to end its misery and dash it on the stony floor beneath; or if her heart shrunk, to throw it into my arms; I would kill it quickly—quickly and without pain! but the mother's love was too strong, and we lingered, lived and suffered!

At length, when mother and child hovered on the brink of death, the tempter came again, and offered food, and liberty in guerdon of compliance.

"Oh, save our child!" gasped Myrrha.

Her true heart was still staunch, but the love of our child

triumphed over us both ; had I bade her die, she would have obeyed. This the tyrant's minions knew, and therefore they deigned to torture me, instead of flinging my body to the waves that swept around the dungeon wall.

I consented ; a gleam of joy lightened in the eye of Myrra ; and, strange inconsistency, a jealous curse fell burning from my lips, but the ready tact of woman deserted her not even now, and she stipulated my liberty and my company as the condition of compliance. It was dangerous to refuse, by those who wanted her alive ; one pang might hurry her to eternity, and she held them to her thrall by the last fine link that separates life from death. It was then that the thought struck me to improve upon the plan she had formed. I became supple and pliant, feigned repentance, and that I felt honoured by a tyrant's lust. I was believed ; and think this not strange, for there was not one among the proudest chivalry of that empire, who would not have felt himself ennobled by his monarch's passion for his wife or kinswoman.\* Out upon aristocracy !

I was soon promoted to the Royal Household—and as, step by step, I rose in favour and in power, I knew how, day by day, the syren had enthralled the tyrant more and more.

I stooped to flatter the lowest, and therefore soon rose to be among the highest,—while none would have suspected in the smooth-browed courtier the fierce, weary outcast they had met beneath the fated yew tree.

I now stood on a lofty eminence. Had I felt as erst I felt, when I left my northern home, I should have employed my power to make the people happy and the king beloved : but I was changed. The crimes of others grew reflected in my soul ; men had sown the storm in my heart, and they must reap the whirlwind !

Kings are capricious, and, as I grew into favour, the favourite, who had first pointed out my Myrrha's beauty, fell into disgrace. He had led the tyrant's thoughts to her, thinking thus to divert them from a favourite's crimes ; he had succeeded for a time, but, as evil ever does, the curse began recoiling on himself. When he found that I was fast supplanting him, and that his arts and calumny failed to procure my destruction, he embraced the last plan of fallen favourites—ingratitude and insurrection. I was the first to

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\* The aristocracy of France, England, and other countries, have been the foremost to covet such honours, and some of their noblest(?) families boast of being bastards of a Louis, Charles, George or William.—[ED. NOTE.]

discover his secret—for *I hated him* ! Oh ! Hate is a more watchful companion than Love. I waited patiently until he was fully implicated, proof beyond doubt, and consummation near : then I told the monarch of his danger. He trembled and clung to me for aid. I loved his fear, for it was wreaking retribution ! I dallied with his anguish, and let the conspiracy go on step by step. The military power was placed in my hand, and yet I used it not ; the conspirator was on the very eve of triumph, success appeared within his grasp, the king sunk in despair—when I stretched forth my arm, crushed the full-blown conspiracy in my grasp, and my enemy was punished on the scaffold for the only good deed he had ever done—attempting to subvert a tyrant.

I now succeeded to his place, and to far greater power than *he* had ever enjoyed, although the charms of Myrrha had palled on the king—the cast-off mistress was returned to her husband, and that husband, who had since saved her spoiler's life, now laboured to avenge her honour. I could have stabbed him on his throne :—that would have been poor revenge, for I should have fallen too ; my subtler plan lay in casting him from his throne into the grave beneath a weight of infamy, and out of his shame carving empire and immortal glory for myself.

I had tact enough to perceive, that, as I was of plebeian birth, I was secretly hated by the aristocracy, and that I therefore could never use *that* party for my purposes. The king was rather popular than otherwise with the masses.—“ Like to like ! ” I cried ; “ they must hate him, and love me ! then I shall triumph ! ”

Accordingly, in his name, I lavished favours on the nobles of the land, and aided them in their oppressions of the serfs. There came a famine ;—Hunger always infuriates a people against any thing or any one that crosses their path. They clamoured for bread, they petitioned for relief ; the bayonet settled their clamour, their petitions were repelled with ignominy ; while, again, in the king's name, I showered grants of gold upon the landlords to improve the estates they had impaired by their wasteful prodigality. The people murmured. I paraded the king's army ! Their leaders issued a protest—I reddened the king's scaffolds ! Never was courtly splendour at a greater height ; never were want and misery at a dreader pitch. The aristocracy almost forgave me my birth, while the people cursed the king ! I watched the giddy fools on either side rush into the toil, and drew the alternate wires of this giddy phantasmagoria of

life, while the scale of my ascendancy kept rising in its midst. Yes! *I* was not suspected by the people—the blame fell not on *me*,—on *me*, who often publicly interceded with the tyrant, against the very measure I had made him pass! But the worn-out debauchee was a puppet in my hand, and the thin frame, prematurely old, bore even in its brain the penalty of royal lust, while his Churchmen preached of the divinity of kings!

(*To be continued.*)

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## THE INSURRECTIONS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

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### CHAPTER IV.

*The Revolts of Ditmarsch.—Stedingen and Kennemara.*

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Next in order of time Ditmarsch and Stedingen claim our attention, not only as continuing that strange current of insurrection which rose in the north, and swept southward until it reached the Roman capitol; but as evidencing how mighty the resistance of one small community can prove, when animated with the spirit of democracy—and how well that aristocratic league was designed and cemented, which held industrial Europe in subjection during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

To the south of Jutland lies the fertile country of Ditmarsch, between the Eider and the Elbe, impassible morasses, and the sea. Its small agricultural population had successfully resisted every attempt at subjugation, and rendered neither homage nor tribute to any power, with the exception of a small voluntary stipend to the Bishop of Bremen. The earls of Stade watched their prosperity with a jealous eye, and, desirous of reducing them to vassalage, erected two fortresses on their frontier, whence they soon rendered the men of Ditmarsch their feudatories, and enforced an annual tribute of corn and cattle, which enabled them to increase the number of their soldiers, and, through these, the amount of their exactions.

In the year 1142 a sudden flood laid the country under water. This was succeeded by so severe a winter, that the

cattle perished in herds, and the people were reduced to the extremity of beseeching Earl Rudolph the Second for a remission of their annual tribute in consideration of the calamity.

About this time the Earl had been entertaining a wealthy yeoman, who dwelt at Heinevirt, between Schafstadt and Egstadt; and having diverted his guest with sumptuous banquets, music and various devices, the former, in return, invited the Earl and Countess to his house, where he seated them on sacks full of corn, instead of chairs, and in lieu of masque or music, had his swine, sheep, calves, cows and horses led past them in procession, proudly to contrast his wealth with the general scarcity. The Countess was the more indignant at his arrogance, since her hatred was roused against the entire class to which her host belonged; the Earl having conceived a violent but unrequited passion for a peasant's daughter in the neighbourhood, whose love he could not gain, and whose virtue he was unable to undermine, but whose beauty, perhaps, combined with her honesty, roused the jealous envy of the haughty lady. She therefore fired the anger of her lord: the petition of the men of Ditmarsch found the Earl in no conciliatory mood, and instead of granting their request, he not only demanded the arrears of tribute, but ordered those for the current year to be delivered simultaneously on a proximate day.

On the given morning a long line of wagons filled with corn-sacks were seen advancing up the road to the castle; on the foremost sat the beautiful peasant-girl, who had raised the passion of the Earl, and her father guided the team. Lord Rudolph, astonished at the rapidity with which they had collected the tribute, was watching their approach from the gate-tower, under which they were driving in great numbers, when suddenly a cry was raised of:—

*“Quick with your hands!  
Cut the sack-bands!”*

The sacks were ripped open; out of each emerged an armed man; the drivers and carriers drew forth their concealed weapons, and in an instant the castle was in possession of the insurgents. The panic-stricken Countess leaping from the wall, was drowned in the stream below, and the Earl fled into a secret chamber, where he might have remained undiscovered, had not a tame magpie, to which he was very partial, flown after him and betrayed him by its chattering. He was dragged forth and slain, (tradition says Edemans Iurgens, the peasant-girl's lover, struck the first blow,) the castle was destroyed, and the men of Ditmarsch enjoyed their liberty until 1147, when the Archbishop of Bremen and Henry the Lion combined against them, caused them to be put under the ban of the empire, and devastated their little country with an irresistible army. Shortly afterwards, Lord Renold of Artlenburg was appointed to govern them, as a conquered people; and to coerce

an outbreak and ensure obedience he erected the strong castle of Steller, in the midst of dense woods and almost inaccessible morasses. The peasantry bore their yoke patiently until the year 1164, when tidings arrived that their ruler had been killed by the Slaves in the battle of Demming. They seized the opportunity for a rising. It was Whitsuntide when the conspirators assembled. The officers of the garrison had left the castle to participate in the popular games customary at that season, and the Marshmen advanced through the forest, covering themselves with green boughs and bearing large branches in their hands, which prevented the warder from distinguishing their approach until close to the ramparts. He then began to shout:—" *The wood is coming! The wood is coming!*"—but the soldiers in the castle, less vigilant, owing to the absence of their leaders, only laughed at what they thought a jest, and the insurgents thus gained sufficient time to reach the open gates before the truth could be discovered and their entrance prevented. The garrison were put to the sword, and their officers, cut off from the castle, fled the land. The foreign nobility were forced to imitate their example, and every attempt to reintroduce feudalism was baffled, until Canute, King of Denmark, jealous of the independence of so small a state, invaded and conquered it, in the year 1201, and gave it as an earldom to Schack, a nobleman of Holstein. The Danes erected a new fortress, the castle of Lin, and held undisturbed possession until 1227, when the German Earls of Holstein and Schauenburg, the Prince of Mecklenburg and the Archbishop Gerard of Bremen, forming a hostile league, obtained a promise of support from the Marshmen, under the solemnly-pledged restitution of their former rights. Pursuant to a previous arrangement, the latter deserted the Danes in a decisive moment, during the battle of Bornhovede, near Kiel, levelled the castle of Lin, restored their old democracy under the nominal protectorate of the see of Bremen, and though noble names were still frequent among them, these descendants of their former tyrants were compelled to live henceforth, divested of privilege and power, as simple yeomen, on the produce of their farms.

It is a singular circumstance that, despite foreign aggression and the rapacity of mighty neighbours, this little community maintained its democratic independence intact from that day down to the 19th century, when the rage for modern constitutions swept even that relic of old liberty away.

The tide of insurrection continued setting southward, and, crossing the Elbe, spread along the banks of the Weser, where the Stedinger, a branch of the Frieses, had been seated from time immemorial, securely girt by their streams, canals and dykes. Since the 12th century they had paid tithes to the see of Bremen; but commerce, industry, and courage, maintaining their independence, and ensuring their prosperity, rendered

them an object of envy to the serfs of the surrounding countries, whose masters began to think their vicinage dangerous in example to the maintenance of feudal usurpation. As with Ditmarsch—so here: the spiritual and temporal princes combined in erecting fortresses along the frontiers, and attempting thence to make gradual inroads on the liberties of their humble neighbours; while a licentious soldiery were let loose across their confines, seeking cause of quarrel, and refusing the proffers of peace. Hereupon the Stedinger took arms in 1187, stormed the castles, expelled the garrisons, and beat back the Earl of Oldenburg, who advanced in support of his allies. As in the case of Jutland, the Church excommunicated the insurgents, who replied by banishing the clergy, and refusing to pay the tithes. To quell these refractory Christians, the Archbishop of Bremen, Hartwich II., received a consecrated sword from the Pope, which, however, proved of no service against the Stedinger, although said to be the sword wherewith Peter had smitten off the ear of Malchus. The victors were enabled to consolidate their independence during the eight years' struggle of their enemies for the see of Bremen, vacated by the death of Hartwich. No sooner, however, was that interlude completed, than the old current of hostility set against their frontier with renewed force, and the occasion for its outbreak was afforded by the act of a Bremen priest, who, dissatisfied with the donative given by a yeoman's wife, placed, at the Lord's Supper, the confessional penny in her mouth, in lieu of the consecrated wafer. The complaint of the husband being not only disregarded, but the plaintiff personally maltreated, he struck, some say slew, the priest, and the people took up the quarrel; whereupon the Archbishop sent an army against them, which was signally defeated in an obstinate engagement. Stedingen was placed under a renewed interdict by the Church, who ordered her clergy forthwith to abandon the country. They did so, but with ignominy, being escorted to the frontiers amid the jeers and shouts of following crowds, glad to be relieved of these insolent and proverbially dissolute intruders.

The banished priesthood, however, became the apostles of persecution; and spreading themselves over Europe, preached a general crusade against the honest people of Stedingen, whom they depicted as heretics, sorcerers, and witches, in constant intercourse with the devil, worshipping a great frog, toads and inform monsters as their idols, and living in a constant round of obscenity and sin. In accordance with a recent law, the priestly interdict involved the ban of the empire as well, and history presents us with the extraordinary spectacle of all the powers of Europe combining to overwhelm a country, numbering but a few thousand inhabitants at most. From the north and south the great lords and knights brought their retainers to this new crusade; some impelled by superstition only, others wishing to distinguish their young arms in the eyes



of their lady-loves, true to the spirit of chivalry ; but most from the knowledge, how dangerously a small community of free yeomen must operate on the minds of their own enslaved and feudatory populations. Even by water came the champions of feudalism, for the Archbishop brought a large fleet from the port of Bremen to co-operate with the land forces of his allies.

The men of Stedingen saw at once that it was a war of extermination, and one and all prepared with a calm resolve for the decisive hour. The first attack of the enemy was not made as anticipated, on their head quarters, between Hunte and Ochtum, but was directed against a small tract of marshland, on the eastern bank of the Weser, inhabited by the men of Osterstade. These were assailed by land and water simultaneously, on the festival of St. John the Baptist ; four hundred were slain and the rest taken prisoners, and burnt alive with their wives and children ; the trees and harvests were destroyed, and the villages razed to the ground. Neither party spoke of quarter ; the Church had pronounced a sentence of extermination, and feudalism devoutly laboured in its execution. Many of the assailants had, however, fallen in this desperate encounter : the main body of the Stedinger was still intact, and the Archbishop, therefore, directed the land-forces to retire to higher ground, while he sailed with the fleet during the night, intending to cut through the dykes unawares, thus let the waters of the sea and the Weser over the country, and drown the entire population, as by a dispensation of the Deity. His diabolical plan was discovered, and his men were beaten from the dykes with a heavy loss. The land-forces then re-commencing operations from the side of Oldenburg, the Stedinger, with the assistance of Otto, the Guelph, Duke of Luneburg, who was a bitter foe of the Archbishop, again beat their assailants at Himmelskamp, on the western bank of the Weser, and slew Earl Burkhardt of Oldenburg, their leader. It was now discovered that this brave peasantry were not to be beaten so easily as had been imagined. Success that sanctions wrong, sanctifies right ; and the people of surrounding countries began to look with an altered interest on this gallant struggle of the Stedinger for their liberty. They compared their own strength with that of the latter ; whose inferior numbers were victorious over the very lords who were oppressing *them*, and soon fresh rumours of insurrection were rife in Germany, the Netherlands, and Normandy.

This stimulated the leagued princes to still greater exertions ; papal threats detached the Duke of Luneburg from the interest of his humble allies, and in the month of May, 1234, a force of 40,000 knights and men-at-arms was concentrated from all parts of Germany against the Stedinger, who, with 11,000 freemen, the utmost force at their command, steadily awaited the approach of their invader.

On Sunday, the 25th of June, the battle of Altenesch was



fought near Bremen. Bolke of Bartenflete, Thammo of Huntorpe, and Ditmar of Diecke, headed the Stedinger, who by their impetuous bravery drove the enemy before them. The action had already turned into flight and pursuit, when the Earl of Cleves, who was marching to the assistance of the allies, suddenly appeared on the field. He fell upon the rear of the pursuers, the fugitives rallied, and the victory was changed into defeat.

Six thousand peasants and as many of their red-cross enemies were slain, (among these, Earl Henry of Oldenburg, third of his race who fell in this unhallowed war,) the remainder of the peasantry perished in the Weser; not a prisoner was made; and old men, women and children were seen to the last, fighting before the doors of their burning cottages. The crusaders left nothing living in the country, save the herds of cattle. Stedingen was divided among the victors and a tragedy was thus consummated that has, alas! too many parallels in history, but that has failed to darken the false glories of chivalry in the eyes of ignorance and prejudice.

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The strange current of insurrections which we have undertaken to follow, still carrying us southward, becomes, at every successive stage of its progress, imbued with fresh elements of vitality. Thus we find not only marks of renewed democratic vigour among the people, but also symptoms of division on the part of the aristocracy. The evils of a perverted legislative system were beginning to prey inwardly on the originators, and feudal dissensions among royal and noble rivals smoothed the pathway for returning freedom. The men of Friesland were the only community that had never bent beneath the yoke of clerical or temporal vassalage; the erection of hostile forts along their frontier had never been effected, priestly domination never tolerated, and the see of Bremen saw itself constrained to make concessions in direct violation of the established canon. This free people formed a confederation of seven independent republics, embracing the provinces of Friesland, Grœningen, Eastfriesland, Yever, Knipphausen, Wasel and Oldenburg—whose delegates met annually in a central Diet at Aurich. Vainly neighbouring princes endeavoured to dissolve or crush this league. William of Holland and his 30,000 men-at-arms were destroyed in the attempt in the year 1255—and the youthful prince, unhorsed in the midst of the battle, as vainly begged his life of an enemy who either knew him not, or thought a royal heart as good a mark as any other, for the weapon of a freeman. These successes were not without a powerful influence on the surrounding states, and the men of Kennemara, emulating the freedom of their more fortunate neighbours, rose against their oppressors in the year 1268, and after battling nobly for their rights, sought and obtained the support of the Frisian confederation. Having cleared Kennemara of their enemies, the PEASANT LEAGUE now determined to retaliate on these the policy that had been adopted towards themselves, and, sounding the tocsin of revo-

lution, marched against the lands of Utrecht, the head quarters of Church and Aristocracy in the maritime West.

It chanced that a nobleman, Gisbert by name, lord of Amstel, a vassal to the see of Utrecht, was the first with whom they came in collision—and he, long at variance with his liege-lord and his peers—beheld in the invaders rather an ally than opponent. The peasants, too, began to feel the want of an experienced leader—and under his guidance the popular army proceeded on its march. Consternation reigned in the episcopal city at their approach, and the burghers thronged the ramparts, uncertain how to act. “Friends!” cried the democratic general, “drive the nobles who oppress you from your town, and give their treasures to your own poor. This is all we demand at your hands!” The summons flew from man to man—a change was soon visible within the walls—the weapons prepared against the external assailants were turned against the internal foe—the gates opened, and a long train of flying nobles were seen to issue through them—no blood was spilt, not a man was injured—Utrecht was free—and, amid the cheers of its grateful citizens, the peasant-host marched onward on its mission. Amersfoort was next invested, and, with the like result; the Bishop and the Earl of Guelders, at the head of the banished nobility, were defeated, and Gisbert of Amstel enjoyed the revengeful triumph of levelling the castles of his enemies, and satisfying the mean promptings of a feudal hate.

But his purpose had been served—his former foes were at his feet ready to make reparation: his next care was to break the power he had used for his victory. He now laid siege to Haarlem, but the time was wasted in useless negotiations, and John Persyn, a Netherland lord, was permitted to gain the rear of the peasant-host, intercept their convoys, burn their villages, and destroy their harvests. Their army was broken up in small divisions, and these were played one by one into the hands of the enemy—until one morning the gay banderol of Amstel was seen waving among the squadrons of the feudal power.

Though treachery might weaken the strength, it could not tame the courage nor blunt the energy of the insurgents; they fought with the determination of despair, when hope and succour came from a quarter least expected:—Florence the Fifth, the young Earl of Holland, suddenly declared for the popular cause. He, too, had felt the oppressive yoke of his own feudatory vassals; he had witnessed and deplored the miseries of his people, and, though but twenty years of age, he grasped the reins of power in his vigorous hand, with a courage equal to execute the noble promptings of his generous spirit. Tithes were abolished, all unnecessary taxes remitted, and the impartial execution of justice was enforced between rich and poor, to the dismay of his nobility, and the horror of the Church. Still further to humiliate his proud vassals, he declared that merit should be equally rewarded, wherever it was found, and

raised forty peasants into the patrician order. Beloved of the people, and to such an extent that a portion of the unconquered men of Friesland voluntarily chose him as their sovereign, he could afford to smile alike on the threats and taunts of his haughty barons, who called him the "villeins' God," and the "Curse of the Church." Their revenge, not the less deadly since concealed, found a ready instrument in the very man who owed his sovereign most—the son of that Gisbert whom the generous Florence had pardoned, and restored to his estates. This man invited the prince to a great hunting-party, and while his unsuspecting guest was intent upon the chase, set on him unawares with a number of the nobility, ostensibly invited in his honour. Seizing the bridle of his horse with the words, "Your bold riding is at an end, King of the Peasants!" they bound him to his saddle, and hurried him across the country, in the direction of a seaport town, where a vessel was in readiness to convey him to England, there to be immured for life in the dungeons of their brother tyrant and ally.

Their plan, though well conceived, and promptly executed, could not be shrouded with such perfect secrecy as not to reach the ears of the people. At the first tidings the entire peasantry started to arms, for the cause of their friend and prince; even the men of Friesland poured their legions across the frontier; and the avenging masses swept after the fugitives and their captive. The country lay silent on their march; the castles were deserted or closed; and eagerly the infuriated peasants rushed on the still discernible track of the flying nobles. In the midst of a wood they found the body of a young man, mutilated by one-and-twenty wounds: it was Florence, Earl of Holland, whom his captors had sacrificed to their revenge, when they could not otherwise baffle his pursuing people.

The hardy peasants wept, but their sorrow took a terrible turn, and the nobles of seven generations mourned in blood the treason of their ancestors. From that day aristocracy decayed in Kennemara; civic rights began to flourish in the seven states, where, in a later age, the crowned despot of America and Europe wailed over the perished flower of his Spanish chivalry.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE LAND.

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By what we may term almost superhuman exertion, one man has made a novel subject the all-absorbing topic of the industrious classes of this country. From time immemorial agitation has been distinguished more by the

vigour of agitators than by the novelty of their principles, and the arena of disputation has been the mart where those who feared progression have been enabled to stop the current by the purchase of those who directed the waters. Hence the extreme Reformers were induced to relinquish the most valuable principles of the REFORM BILL, upon the condition that THEY should be allowed to produce perfection from their own imperfect measure, their object being men not measures. Again in 1839, when the country had been disgusted with the duplicity and treachery of the reforming Whigs, and when the people of Birmingham, of all people in England, owed the nation some reparation for the disappointment which their confidence had created, and when their chosen leaders had once more pledged themselves most solemnly THEN to see the promised thing realised, and when national expectation was naturally high, those dishonoured leaders again sold themselves and the people for their share of the loaves and fishes, presented in the miraculous form of corporate corruption. This example was followed by other treacherous leaders, who hoped to make themselves sufficiently obnoxious to the ruling party to insure their purchase, but so grossly ignorant were the majority of those public instructors, that the qualifications upon which they relied as a stepping-stone to pelf, but helped their confiding and enthusiastic followers to the gloom of a prison. The movement party thus broken up by deceit and treachery, according to the true principles of COMMUNISM the intellectuals proposed setting up business on their own account, pledging martyrdom as a patent for new political inventions, the aim and end of all and each being to LIVE WITHOUT LABOUR; and such WAS the gullibility of the people that each patentee had a moderate demand for his improved political machinery, and which generally became transformed into dear necessities in the shape of retail bacon, soap, and candles; cheap education in the form of dear speechifying, cheap washing, teetotalism, moral-force essays, cheap newspapers, and though last not least a cheap system of spiritual consolation, which, however, did not relieve the participants from payment for State-Church services. These nostrums being directed to the acquirement of equal laws and equal rights for the millions, each touched a chord in the susceptible heart of men, women, and children, for there were wares in abundance for all: tea for the women, teetotalism for the men, the pure essence of spirituality for the religious, cold water for the nervous, and bacon for the lusty. Perhaps

there is no similar instance of baseness upon record to that furnished by the majority of the Chartist delegates who undertook the management of the democratic cause in 1839, and indeed so great was the disgust created, that it required a long period of mental rest and government persecution to arouse the working classes once more to a sense of their duty; nor should we yet have emerged from the despondency then created had not some tangible social advantage been tacked to the political principles—an advantage of which all could see the benefit, and which none could magnify beyond the power of proof, or diminish below the unerring standard established by practice. The Land agitation, then, is a novelty, because, much as the abstract right of man to its possession has been discussed, no man living or dead has ever pointed out the means by which the working man may become possessed of it by co-operation, or the fact that its possession would confer political power—a direction in which no political agitation has ever advanced the working classes, who have been invariably used as the means of procuring it for those who promised the most extravagant results in return for popular aid. Our great admiration of the plan, then, consist in the facts: Firstly, that it is practicable. Secondly, that it insures to each occupant the most wholesome and profitable field for his industry. Thirdly, that it makes him independent of capitalists and employers. Fourthly, that it gives him a location, a home, and a character. Fifthly, that it developes all the virtues, and curbs all the vices of his nature. Sixthly, that it makes him lord and master of his own household; and Lastly, that it confers upon him political equality. We might add that it insures for him that respect which arises from the necessity of others, as the rich and powerful are never slow in discerning the value of poverty! when in need of pauper aid. The comfort, then, which we derive from the Land plan, in a word, is, that henceforth no mere POLITICAL PEDLAR can make merchandise of the credulity and confidence of the working classes. We doubt, meantime, that those for whose special advantage the plan was established have yet bestowed upon it one-twentieth part of that favourable consideration which it so richly deserves, as we feel assured that such a plan, nationally undertaken, would effect for the working classes more real political power than any political measure, however popular or extensive, unaccompanied with the possession of the Land: for instance, the working classes of America are now beginning to discover the inefficiency of mere political rights.

as a means of producing social happiness; in fact, they have found out that capital has a pernicious effect upon corporate political power—an effect which it could not have upon a society of independent individuals, acting politically in their corporate capacity with a view to individual social comfort and independence, inasmuch as each voter would then see self-destruction in individual turpitude upon the one hand, and, upon the other hand, the great majority, whose social rights would be affected by individual dishonour, would act unitedly, for the protection of those rights and comforts which required political co-operation to defend and protect them.

On this Saturday, this 1st of May the greatest national reform ever attempted by man as being practically illustrated, but never will become popular with those classes who have at their disposal all the engines and appliances for promoting or damning any project, however delusive or promising, and hence the promoter will, as of yore, have to struggle alone until the benefits from the system insure for it an amount of popular favour and support which it will be dangerous longer to resist. The Land Plan is no speculative undertaking—the land produces the staple of life, and its produce stamps the value of all unchangeable commodities, and hence the truth of the worn-out proverb, “that labour is the source of all wealth.” A political speculation may require years to mature it, and, when the promised boon arrives, it is found to be a great national delusion, while one TRIAL SEASON matures, develops and tests the value of the land; and that which on the 1st of May, 1847, may be considered problematical, on the 1st of May, 1848, will be acknowledged as a truism, namely, the power of the labouring man to secure a better livelihood from his own FREE LABOUR, than from the largest amount of hire it can command in the slave mart. With moral reformers who deny a people's right to repel fraud by force, a right for which with our last breath we shall contend, the Land Plan should receive especial favour, and yet we find the greatest Professor of the Age, while denouncing physical force, AVOIDING all means to secure social happiness, and from the paltry apprehension lest he should endanger his popularity with that class who make profit of labour weakness and dependence.

We would ask our Irish friends, who have so morally and sentimentally denounced those their false leader taught them to designate as physical-force Chartists, what O'Con-

nell's position and the state of Ireland would now be, if, instead of producing some hundreds of thousands of vouchers for some hundreds of thousands of pounds spent in a great national juggle, he could point to ten thousand cottages with out-buildings, occupied by 10,000 free Irishmen, subject only to 5 per cent. on the outlay, and their own for ever? What a pilgrimage for the men of Meath to Tipperary to see one thousand Irishmen going to take possession, each of a good stone-built slated cottage with out-buildings, and each having £30 capital to commence with! To such a holy fund £100,000 a week and more would come from America, Newfoundland, St. John's, from England and Scotland, and even from New South Wales. What a mission for a holy priesthood; what an exchequer for national redress; what a theme for a Liberator; and what a crown of eternal glory for the projector! Can any man attempt to guess what the amount of the American weekly tribute to such a fund would be, with Father Mathew as the expounder and collector? Here would be a holy mission for the young priesthood of Ireland, and a honourable patronage for Ireland's Liberator; and here would be "Ireland for the Irish." Let us draw a modest picture. Let us suppose 1,000 men to be located upon a May morning in Tipperary on 5,000 acres of land, with a village of 200 houses beautifully laid out for the several trades required by such an agricultural community, with the proud chapel standing in the centre of five acres set apart for exercise ground and play ground for the village folk and their children, and four schools, at convenient distances from the occupants, for the education of their children. Is it not maddening to think of what might have been effected for the taste, the happiness and regeneration of the poor Irish, with those funds that have been lavishly dissipated by place-hunting politicians, drunken brutes, and foul-mouthed agitators. But, alas! a people so well prepared by habits and occupation for such pursuits, and so well deserving all the blessings they would bestow, have been deluded, plundered, sold, deserted, abandoned and betrayed, when griping Avarice could no longer live in Idleness upon the poor pittance from Poverty's scanty board. And should the Juggler again return to the stage of his former iniquities, it will be to take jealous and vindictive vengeance upon those whom he has betrayed, by acting as the Pope's nuncio in aiding the English Government to bribe and pension the Irish priesthood. He never again can restore himself to popular favour, and will next seek repose in the bosom of the Church.

## THE ROMANCE OF A PEOPLE.

*(Continued from No. 3.)*

That defence might have taught the invader what he had to expect from the heroism of the country on which he trampled ; it was a protest, before Heaven, of the oppressed against the oppressor ; but no ! fearfully came his vengeance ; this circumstance was made the ostensible cause for taking every remaining means of defence from a people that had already been disarmed. An ukase appeared, commanding the Poles to surrender all the metal they possessed ; and so rigidly was this enforced that even the common household implements were taken away, the very knives from the tables and the ploughshares from the fields.

The Russian was thus baffled in his hopes of possessing the Palatine's mansion, and when, after a time, he reappeared with fresh hordes to people the ruined solitude, he found the waters of the Vistula rolling over the domain, as though the noble river had risen to finish the efforts of man, and stepped between the tyrant and his spoil. Thus had he sown ruin,—and as yet the harvest had not ripened to his hand,—but such as he had sown might be growing out of the lap of futurity.

Years passed. The dungeons of the Belvedere were full—so full, that an order came for drafting a number of its inmates to Siberia, to make room for other victims. Among those to be removed was the Palatine. By the time necessary to reach the Ural Mountains on their march to Siberia the Palatine was the only prisoner who had remained alive. He sat, surrounded by his guard, who had come to a halt, while crossing a lonely and lofty pass,—of such extent, that it exceeded one day's march, obstructed as the tract was with heaped-up snow. They had kindled a watchfire, and were making preparations for their belated meal.

The evening lowered down, and around the peaks of the loftiest mountains might be seen gathering dim white massy clouds, from the outer edges of which flared long, pale streaks, like streamers heralding those wan aerial legions.

The Cossack-guard looked up and trembled at the appearances portending a snow-storm, then, signing the cross, folded their fur cloaks closer, and turned to rest ; all but one, whose duty it was to watch above the prisoner.

Gradually the clouds became more dun and settled, and from peak to peak slowly sailed detached masses ; presently the heavy and lifeless air was rent by a moaning sound, coming from a distant mountain, and the prolonged but echoless howl wound along the entire chain, like the hungry cry of some approaching monster scenting a far-off prey.

The next moment a commotion was discernible amid the



loftiest clouds, and then the eddy cleft their masses, and they seemed gurgling down the sides of the rocks. Anon came a blast, sharp, clear, and shrill; the fantastically shaped vapours, that looked like images cut out of lead, began to shift and change, and glide past each other in strange confusion. Another pause, and the whirlwind burst from its prison, casting the snow-chains that had bound it, indignantly to the earth.

The awakened guards started up, as the dreadful masses fell over them, but in vain! The fierce demon of the Ural was upon them; in vain they struggled—the exile beheld their writhing forms through the ever-thickening folds of the snow, that beat them down as they rose, while the mad wind hissed its ghastly music in their ears. The soldier, who had waked and watched, resisted the longest; and had he followed the example of his prisoner, who clung to a projecting mass of rock, that partly sheltered from the storm, might have escaped.

Closer and closer the white shroud swept around the doomed group, till they were visible no longer. A smooth cold surface spread over what but a few moments back was a glowing mass of life, and the terrible storm went away, singing and yelling over the distant mountains. The prisoner was free—none but God and himself in that dreadful solitude:—he knelt and prayed:—exhausted nature asserted its sway, and, praying, he sunk upon the ground in a trance of death-like sleep.

In the morning he was awakened by a strange, confused clangour, and, looking up, saw a black cloud wheeling above him in wide circles and rapidly descending. The vultures of the Ural were coming down on their prey,—a turmoil of raw, naked necks, red glistening eyes, and large black, waving wings. Companions of the storm, they follow in its train, scenting havoc, and gather in thousands amid the passes of the Ural, holding sentry for those whom the snow may bury, or the road may baffle. They were busy that morning,—a swarm had partly settled, and was in part wheeling around a peak above, from the now naked crest of which the hurricane of the preceding evening had dashed its frosty avalanche; while others, in almost countless numbers, were flitting in the hollows of the pass. The steady blowing of the wind throughout the night had shifted their snowy covering from the dead, and they lay exposed to their implacable enemies, hundreds of whom were disputing over their prey, and alternately plunging their hungry beaks into the mangled bodies, or twisting their wiry necks around each other with a serpent-like tenacity. Deafening shrieks of hunger and of rage—shrilled through the mountains, and, as they encountered in mid air, large drops of blood distilled upon the snow from their torn throats and raking beaks and talons; and anon several would dart after each other with some ghastly booty, into the low grey clouds that veiled the hideous struggle, and after a time spin down like lead upon the rocks.

The exile closed his eyes upon the horrid sight, and was at

times forced to repel the mad assaults of those aerial fiends, whom sharp hunger drove even to attack the living.

While stooping for this purpose to take a weapon from one of his ill-fated guards, he perceived a paper protruding through the torn vest of the soldier. It was an order, signed by the Grand Duke Constantine, and addressed to the Muscovite officials to grant free passage and obedience to the bearer.

"The hand of Heaven!" cried the Palatine. "Thanks, thou God of Justice! The sword of the avenger is sharpening!" and he rushed down the western declivity of the pass.

As he fled, he heard the stunning shrieks of the vultures darting after him, the flapping of their huge wings close behind his head, and felt the poison of their tainted breath as they flitted around; but gradually he left the clamour behind, it died into a confused faint din, like stifled moans that froze the very heart with horror,—and then came silence in the solitude.

Screened by this document, the Palatine was able to baffle his most watchful enemy, and guided by an instinct of revenge more than the light of a reason, which some averred his misfortunes had impaired, had won his way back to the scene of his former splendours, to find his castle destroyed, and the waves of a morass weltering through its ruined halls. He had arrived in time to save the family of Scyrma from further outrage, and the farmer from the effects of his own rashness.

When the Russian music had died away on the snowy flat of Saudomir, and the last gleam of bayonets had sank down the distance of the causeway, the Palatine still stood, watching, as it were mechanically, the void horizon, the sun gleaming on his large, hollow, sunken eyes, that kindled with a look of inspiration; but, when he heard the words of Zaleska, he bent over the prostrate girl with a sudden impulse, and raised her from the ground.

"What? *you* here!" exclaimed the farmer, endeavouring to prevent him. "Touch not the girl!"

"She is dead! Scyrma!"

"Murderer! Then you have killed her."

"No, no! She breathes! She moves! Water! Fetch water!"

The old farmer, forgetting who was the speaker in the sorrow of the moment, mechanically obeyed the sharp, quick mandates of his guest, who seemed unaccountably stirred from his former cold, stern apathy, while the bereaved mother sat wringing her hands in silent anguish, unable to proffer assistance, and scarcely conscious that it was needed.

When, however, returning signs of animation showed all fear for Zaleska's life to be unfounded, the current of feeling that had been diverted by the incident set in with redoubled force, and the farmer again became conscious of the presence of his guest. He started back, as though in terror.

"Not yet gone?" he cried. "Ah! I had forgotten. She lives! My son! What? here, and alone!—go, go!"

"No, Scyrma, I cannot. There is too much to be said."

"Nay, then, I beg you—go. Listen, I beseech you!"—and there was a fierceness in the hoarse undertone in which he spoke. "I am not a safe man to be with—I should not wish—a little time ago there were many with you—and I should not have cared—but you are an old man—and I am maddened—you understand—go, go!"—and the farmer turned his back towards the stranger, and looked intently in an opposite direction, as though forcing himself to forget his presence.

"Michael Scyrma! men are not ever what they seem. Look well at me, Scyrma."

"Ha! I know that voice! you are——not a Russian!"

"Look again. Fifteen years—fifteen years are hung before my face."

"My master—my poor old master!"—and the farmer was at the feet of the Palatine. "What! not to know you? But who could expect you under the mask of the Muscovite?"

"Liberty must seek many disguises, Scyrma; and the most dangerous foe is he who is in the camp of the enemy."

"And your commission——"

"Torn from a slaughtered soldier. Scyrma, we are brothers in misfortune. Your wife told me you were at heart a Russian. She did so because she took me for a Russian spy. Had I known the other evening that you were a true Pole, I might have warned you of what was in reserve for to-day, and your son might still be free; but, from what I gleaned before your arrival, I held you for a foe, and shunned you."

"Now, glory to the God who gives and takes, Palatine! I lose a son to-day, but you have gained a daughter!"

Saved by the honest farmer from the wreck of the burning castle, the child was in her father's arms. The painter of old drew a veil above the face he dared not paint,—thus must silence reign above that meeting, where the girl who lost a lover she had slighted till too late, found a father she had never known,—and the suffering martyr clasped a daughter to his heart, like an angel rising from the grave of his past agonies. Tears gushed from the rough farmer's eyes as he beheld their meeting, and recalled his son,—and well might those three unite in one sad prayer, of "glory to the God who gives and takes!"

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE ROYAL BOUNTY:

A LEGEND OF WINDSOR.

[From a recent number of the *Court Journal* we learn that the Queen, in consideration of the sufferings of her starving subjects, has been "graciously pleased" that the crumbs of bread from the Royal tables should be given to the Poor, instead of being thrown into the dust-bin.]

A Song for the Queen ! our gracious Queen,  
 Who giveth her subjects bread !  
 Paupers ! throw up your caps in the air ;  
 Little for the Poor-laws ye need care,  
 For the Queen will see you fed.

In Windsor Palace, 'neath plate and chalice,  
 The many tables groan :  
 The Queen has eaten and drunk her fill ;  
 And she thinks (thought cometh, do what you will)  
 How the children of Famine moan.

The thought it was one too wo-begone  
 For a Queen's digestive powers :  
 She had never a wink of sleep that night ;  
 She had time to think, by the morning light,  
 Of the world a " State " devours.

The very next day, scarce the Dean could pray  
 For a blessing on the meat,  
 When the Queen stood up with a pleasant face ;  
 Thought she, it would be a much better grace  
 To give the poor folk to eat.

So her Grace spoke out, not roundabout,  
 But straightway to the point :  
 Quoth she—" Lord Steward ! methinks you carve  
 Too recklessly, while our subjects starve !  
 Good Lord ! how you hack the joint !

“Is there never a hound in the royal ground  
 Would be glad of these dainty scraps?  
 Who knows but some unfed human thing,  
 Worn, and naked and perishing,  
 Might care for them—perhaps!”

“There is never a hound upon royal ground  
 But is sleekly overfed;  
 To be sure there are poor in Windsor town,  
 Paupers with misery overgrown :”  
 Says the Queen—“Give them the bread !

“The dogs love meat ; it would be no treat  
 To dish for them the crumbs :  
 There’s a race, I think, call’d the Skilly-fed ;  
 Suppose you give them the broken bread,  
 To any one that comes !”

At the Queen’s command, now every hand  
 Is grabbling on the floor :  
 The fat dogs sleep while the courtly rout  
 Sweep up the crumbs, and fling them out  
 To the paupers round the door.

And day by day—newspapers say—  
 The Royal bounties pour :  
 Our gracious Queen so giveth a zest  
 To pauper meals, and a thankful breast  
 To—thirty slaves or more.

Yet some will doubt, if a hearty shout  
 From Windsor flies to Heaven  
 For the Royal Lady, whose bounteous heart  
 Daily returneth SO SMALL A PART  
 Of all from the pauper riven.

A story is told of a traveller bold  
 Who, being in want of food,  
 Cut off and ate the tail of his hound,  
 Returned him the bone, and strangely found  
 The brute had no gratitude !

MONTHLY REVIEW.

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An eventful period has elapsed since we last addressed our readers; and in many parts of the globe the affairs of nations are culminating to a crisis. In England, a question has of late obtained paramount prominence, which is not only in itself of vast importance, but which has long engaged the attention of political philosophers. Whether the education of a people should be intrusted to the care of a government, or remain under the voluntary direction of the people themselves, may, in many instances, depend on the condition of those governed: in some countries the attendance at school is made compulsory, and the parents are fined for the absence of their children. There evidently, the moral and intellectual standard being at a low ebb, the Government may adopt even arbitrary measures, if tending to elevate and enlighten the rising generation. This is a dangerous power intrusted in the hands of even the best legislature, and though our Government Scheme is merely framed to afford facilities for educating the working classes, it behoves the people well to examine what is the character of the instruction to be imparted to their children. Now, we should freely support a measure tending to further all branches of education that may strengthen the mind and develop the intellectual faculties of youth; but we contend that any Government would be acting a most unwise and unjust part, by attempting to bias the tender mind in favour of any one religious dogma or tenet. Such is the power of truth, that a true religion needs no external influence and insidious teaching to engraft it on the heart; whereas, no Government can be justified in dictating to man the way in which he is to go to Heaven. This is a thing for man's own conscience, assisted by his own powers of thought. The child is there asked to decide on that which requires the full-grown mind of man to embrace; nay, he is not even asked, but he is forced into an unconditional belief. On this ground the position taken by the Government is weak. A national education should not be sectarian, nor the education of any one creed. To be national it should be that on which all parties forming the nation could agree; it should be based upon a moral, practical, and scientific groundwork. The ministerial measure, however, implies a deep censure on the Governments who, with all facilities at their command for educating the people, find occasion at the eleventh hour to

complain of popular ignorance. Had they done their duty the people would not be ignorant; did they speak the truth, they would not accuse them of being so. We rather suspect the Government dread the enlightenment of the people more than their ignorance; and, seeing how rapidly the working classes are educating themselves, want to take the work out of their hands, in order to retard its progress, or mix it with counter-influence of their own. The ministerial scheme is but the acknowledgment, not the payment, of a debt owed by successive Governments to the people.

The Ten Hours' Bill is meeting with every obstacle its Free-trade opponents can place in its way—in the attempt to throw it over for the session; it is, however, only a question of "time" in more senses than the original one, and must be carried in the teeth of opposition. Meanwhile, the Free-traders are taunting the Protectionists with having merely brought forward the measure as a blister to punish them for Free Trade. Thus neither party will give the other credit for political honesty. No doubt they know each other well!

The spirit of Progression is still busily at work. The crusade against the Reform Act has lost nothing of its vigour, and it is with pleasure we hear of numerous meetings throughout the country in support of Mr. Duncombe's proximate motion for the Repeal of some of its most obnoxious Clauses. Meanwhile, the Chartist body are growing more active, and showing some signs of taking the field in anticipation of the Dissolution of Parliament. A series of Camp-meetings will be held, we believe, and we draw good augury from the intention. These organised displays of the moral power of the people have a great effect on Governments. Why should not England have its Clontarf and its Tara, but with a better result and with a peaceful aim? The power of Co-operation and Union has again been signally displayed in the case of the "Warrington Conspirators," and the great question has been triumphantly solved in the affirmative, as to whether working men have a right to "combine and persuade" against submission to monopolists.

As in this instance co-operation has baffled wrong, so in another, that must be ever memorable in the annals of Labour's history, it is reaping the first-fruits of perseverance and industry—it is establishing a fair foundation for the age of Right. On this first day of May the first Pilgrims to the Land of Promise are in possession of their Sion, and stand as pioneers of Labour's camp, and sentinels of Labour's

citadel. This day the allottees take possession of O'Connorville—happy emigrants from the land of slavery to the land of freedom—fortunate colonists of some of the *wasted* (if not waste-) lands at home ; and as colonies often change to great states, so we hope this Chartist colony may grow into a Chartist empire.

Some more of those distressing and disgusting exhibitions, public executions, have taken place within the last month. In one case the victim was a woman—and her sufferings were prolonged, while a dense crowd, in great part consisting of women, had assembled to witness the scene. If Government truly intended to make an advance in education, they should commence by the abolition of such dreadful and demoralising exhibitions, and by diminishing the number of those places, which often lead to the crimes thus punished—we mean the gin-palaces and beer-shops.

In Ireland the next great link has been added to the effects of class-legislation : Famine is deepening into Pestilence—and Death, who, as the Roman says, “seeks alike the rich man’s palace and the poor man’s hovel,” is invading the ranks of office, and thinning off the distributors of famine-fare. History proves that the next step from pestilence is—Insurrection.

In our Colonies comparative tranquillity reigns. No “glorious victories” have of late enlisted the thanksgivings of our prelates—but one of our bravest and noblest enemies in Hindostan, Akhbar Khan, has died. His opponents write him a worthy epitaph when they say he was chivalrous in war and kind in peace.

On the Continent a solemn farce has been perpetrated by the King of Prussia, on the occasion of opening the “Diet,” on which he thinks to starve the People’s “Constitution.” The Royal Speech seemed a compound of the “liberalism” of a Bright, and the “feudalism” of a Manners, and appears to have had the success it deserved, in meeting with the contempt of the thinking portion of the Prussian people—since, in the discussion on the Address, the opinion to that effect was plainly expressed, and the demand for further reforms unconditionally made.

FRANCE, too, has had its little constitutional interlude, in the motion of M. Duvergier de Hauranne for an extension of the suffrage—an extension so trifling, that it implied, in fact, a commendation of the present system, and, as such, was duly scouted by the nation.

The grave wisdom of the Chamber has further been shewn by a sharp discussion, as to whether a town in France



should be called *Napoleon Vendée*, or *Bourbon Vendée*; and as to whether the bust of Napoleon should or should not be placed on the "Legion of Honour." Such frivolities occupy the French Legislature in a time of national calamity. What can France expect at the hands of such a Government? At the same time, the Chamber decided against the re-admission of the Buonaparte family into France.

The slaughter of the Arabs is proceeding in Algeria. The French are reaping "military glory," in obtaining questionable victories over indefatigable enemies, one of whose gallant leaders, Bou Maza, they have, however, succeeded in capturing, and are going to show him in Paris as one of the trophies of their kidnapping expeditions.

French influence, meanwhile, is on the decline in SPAIN, where, to the surprise of all, the Queen has suddenly broken from the bondage of her Camarilla, asserted her Royal prerogative with surprising vigour, and, what is more, exerted it in favour of popular liberty. She has dismissed her ministers, and replaced them with others, opposed to French influence and Christina. She has proved the falseness of the old saying, that "the Queen of Spain has no legs,"—by walking and driving about among the people, unattended; believing that the best safeguard of a ruler is, the love of those governed. Accordingly, she is greeted with the most enthusiastic favour wherever she goes, and for once a Spanish Queen has risen to the dignity of a woman.

Pleasing as this picture is, the reverse is presented to our view in PORTUGAL, where a sensual Court and selfish Queen have retarded the prosperity of the country, by years of notorious misrule. Deranged finances, a venal legislature, a bandit-army, a rapacious Church and a capricious monarch, are about to meet their own reward, if matters go on progressing much longer as at present. The Conde de Mello and Sa da Bandeira are endeavouring to effect a junction; and these revolutionary leaders, when united, intend marching direct on Lisbon, where destitution and consternation reign more absolutely than Queen Maria.

It is a gratifying fact of modern Democracy, that men have ceased to put their trust implicitly, even in a liberal ruler, but quicken the good intentions of the latter by the speed of public opinion. Thus, in ITALY, the Roman people are pouring in petitions for the re-appointment of the civic guards, communal and provincial councils, and the formation of a council of state, consisting of laymen. Austria meanwhile is exerting her influence against the adoption of such a system by the Papal government. May the latter be

enlightened enough to see it has more to hope from Italian nationality than to fear from Austrian bayonets !

We had hoped to have given some note of encouragement from POLAND—we have none, however, but the reliance all must have on the indomitable energy of her heroic children, but in taking the result of continental politics, we find increasing symptoms of popular progress : kings and prelates yielding, and nations, strong against the hand of power, equally on their guard against the greater danger of being lulled into security by false promises, or gulled, as they have often been, by a few fine words from a royal or a ministerial mouth.

No so in America. There the work of slaughter is proceeding, and the UNITED STATES are emulating England not alone in commerce and manufacture, but also in “ military glory ” and the desire to accumulate a national debt. The last news from the seat of war is anything but encouraging for the American war-party. General Taylor has suffered a defeat and claims a victory—after which he has been forced to fall back, pursued by Santa Anna’s army, with the enemy surrounding him on all sides, and has taken refuge in the town of Monterey. Other engagements have taken place with separate detachments of the American army ; while the main body, 10,000 strong, under General Scott, is co-operating with the fleet against Vera Cruz, if not recalled to the assistance of General Taylor. We trust the American people will soon grow tired of these crimes and follies, and that the *Agrarian Reformers*, who have risen simultaneously with the war-party, as though to hold them in check, will succeed in crushing that tendency to despotism which a military power invariably facilitates and fosters.

#### ERRATA IN THE LAST NUMBER.

14th line from bottom, page 157 : “ Say £5. an acre ; ” should be “ £5. for his four acres,” the words AN ACRE, between £5. and for, should be omitted, and then the sentence would read thus—“ say £5. for his four acres.”

Page 165, 7th line from bottom. The figures “ £120. should be £20.” The sentence would then read thus—“ £20. a-year out of the sinking fund ; ” the £20. being less than 2s. 4d. in the pound on the sinking fund ; and the whole sentence should read thus : “ And surely 2s. 4d. in the pound, or £20. a-year out of the sinking-fund, could not be better, more justly, more prudently, or judiciously bestowed, than in agricultural premiums.”

